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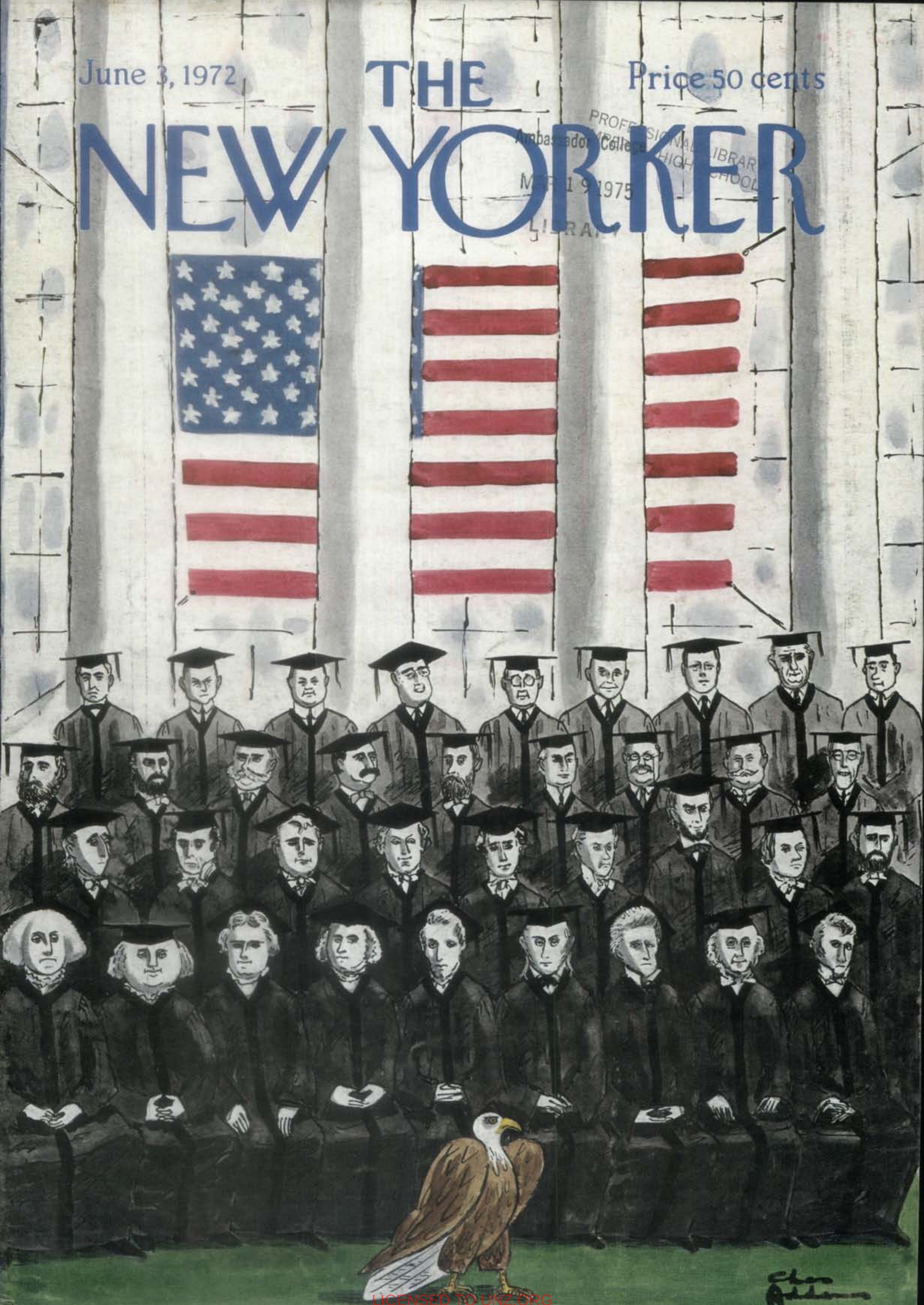

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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4	5	6	7	8	9	10

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Ain't Supposed to Die a Natural Death—An all-black musical show, full of blistering recitatives and a couple of touching laments. The handiwork of Melvin Van Peebles, made flesh and blood by a superlative cast. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

And They Put Handcuffs on the Flowers—A horror play by the Spanish dramatist Fernando Arrabal about the sufferings of political prisoners in Spain. The action is graphic, explicit, and ultimately self-defeating. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30.)

Anna K.—Eugenie Leontovich, an enchantress if ever there was one, here directs and participates in a free-form studio production of "Anna Karenina." It doesn't quite work, but much of it is charming. (Actors, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-1980. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Beggar's Opera—The beguiling Chelsea Theatre production has now crossed the river from Brooklyn. (McAlpin Rooftop Theatre, Broadway at 34th St. 239-6688. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Chickencoop Chinaman—A play written by Frank Chin and directed by Jack Gelber. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30, and Tuesdays at 6:15. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, June 24.)

Conditions of Agreement—A play by the late British playwright John Whiting. (Roundabout, 307 W. 26th St. 924-7161. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Don't Bother Me, I Can't Cope—A sparkling, witty all-black revue directed by the dynamic Vinnette Carroll and with delightful songs—music and lyrics—by Micki Grant. All the performers are very good; the presence of the great gospel singer Alex Bradford and of the captivating Miss Grant herself is especially encouraging. (Playhouse, 359 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Don't Play Us Cheap!—A musical, old-fashioned in form and content, in which Melvin Van Peebles sketches the horseplay of a Saturday-night party in Harlem. Full of rousing songs. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Frederick Douglass . . . Through His Own Words—Frederick Douglass, born a slave, escaped to the North and became one of America's most eloquent, original political thinkers of the nineteenth century. This program of selections from his writings, public and private, is the final production this season of the Negro Ensemble Company. Its rewards are more intellectual and literary than dramatic, but they are there, all the same. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Wednesday through Friday at 8:30; Saturday at 7 and 10:30; and Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, June 4.)

Four for One—New one-act plays, two by Ed Bullins and one each by Oyamo and Ilunga Adell. Opens Wednesday, May 31. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum—Funny clowns and pretty girls in an admirable revival of the musical about a Rome unknown to Gibbon or, indeed, to Romans. With Phil Silvers and Larry Blyden. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Grease—A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. Your attitude toward the show may well depend upon your attitude toward that tiresome decade, or upon the fragility of your eardrums; microphones abound. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 260-5200. Moves on Wednesday, June 7, to the Broadhurst, 44th St., W., 246-6699. Nightly, except Monday and Tuesday, June 5-6, at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday, June 3-4, at 2:30; subsequently on Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Hark!—A dim, plaintive little revue, but with an engaging performance by a young singer and dancer named Sharron Miller. Dan Goggin and Marvin Solley wrote the music; Robert Lorick wrote the words. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Hunter—This play is as annoying as it is puzzling. The performances of Michael Hadge and Robert Glaudini as a pair of soldiers, Douglass Watson as an old hunter, and Kathleen Cramer as a girl off the prairies are creditable, though. (Public Theatre Annex, 442 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Jamimma—A consistently interesting play by Martie Evans-Charles about a meek black woman and the funny and tragic results of her inability to assert herself. The performance, under Shauneille Perry's direction, is good. Marcella Lowery, Dick Williams, Roxie Roker, and Lucretia Collins head the all-black cast. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 240 E. 3rd St. OR 4-1414. Nightly, except Mondays, at

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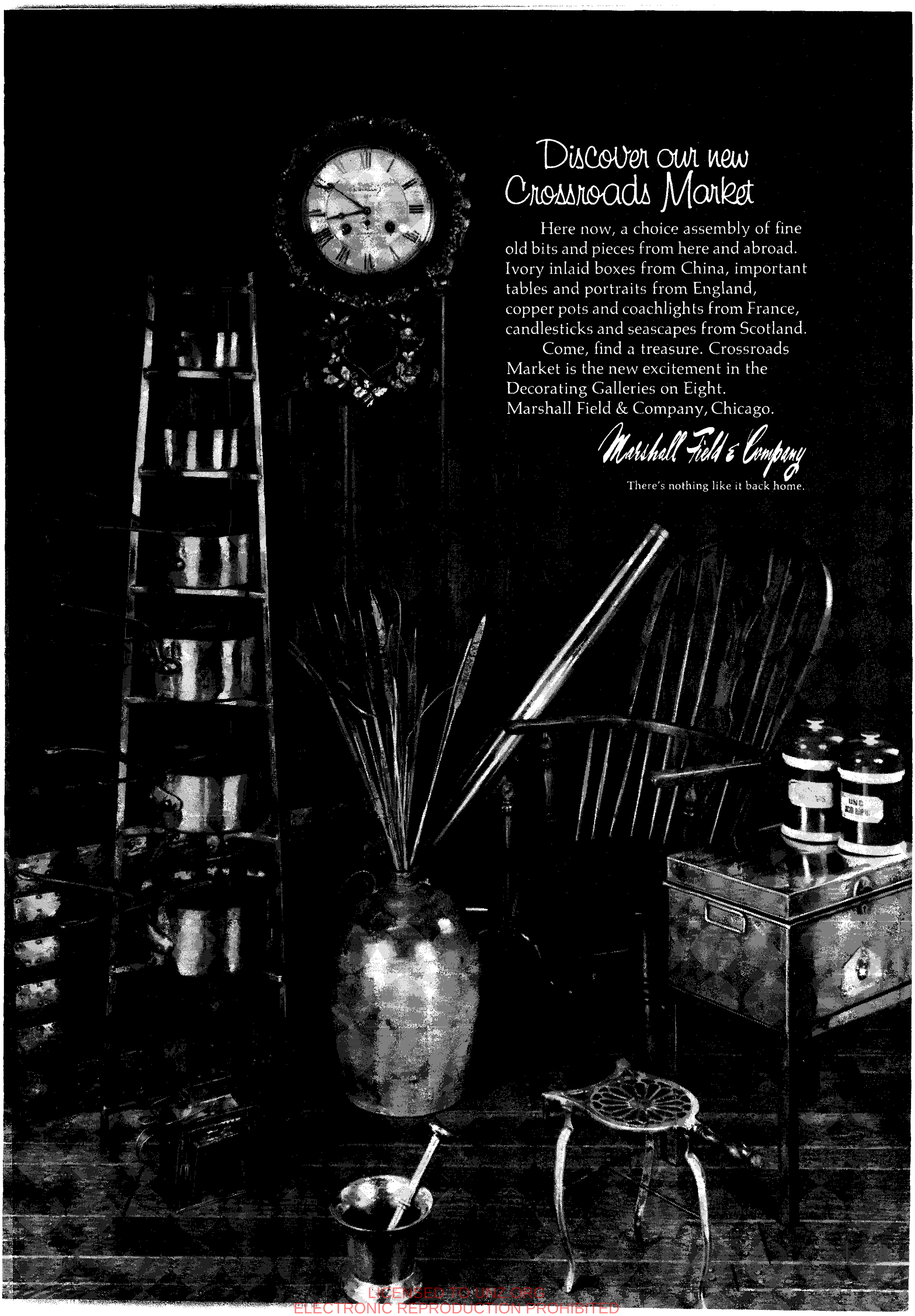

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Jesus Christ Superstar—Agreeable young people singing agreeable songs. The Tom O'Horgan production is crummy-colossal. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Night Watch—A thriller with a splendid trick ending but with many a carelessly scattered red herring along the way. Joan Hackett is the seemingly nerve-wracked heroine. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Older People—John Ford Noonan's skittish fantasy about the elderly comes in the form of vaudeville sketches and doesn't add up to much of anything, in spite of a few entertaining moments. It is well played, though, by a cast of six, under Mel Shapiro's direction. With Barnard Hughes and Bette Henritze. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

One for the Money, Etc.—This selection of numbers from three revues of the nineteen-forties by Nancy Hamilton and Morgan Lewis is more often entertaining than not, and the period settings and costumes by Fred Voelpel give it style and charm. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Prisoner of Second Avenue—Neil Simon's latest laff riot, directed by Mike Nichols, to the great advantage of every verbal and visual gag, and marvellously acted by Peter Falk and Lee Grant. Starting Monday, June 5, Art Carney and Barbara Barrie will replace Mr. Falk and Miss Grant. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Real Inspector Hound and **After Magritte**—Two one-act samples of the British playwright Tom Stoppard's wild, sleight-of-hand comedies. Both are very funny. With Carrie Nye, Tom Lacy, David Rounds, and Remak Ramsay. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

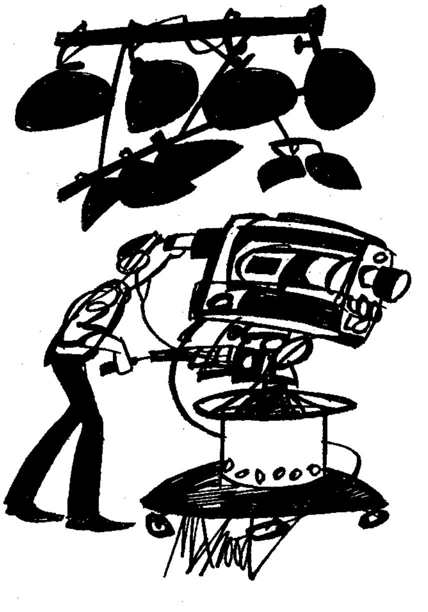
Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—An excellent revival of Arthur Miller's **THE CRUCIBLE.** (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Nightly at 8. Matinée Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, June 3.)

Small Craft Warnings—A nebulous and rather meandering play by Tennessee Williams about a passel of seedy types who assemble each evening at a bar in southern California. There are some good moments amidst a lot of soggy ones, and there are two superior performances by Helena Carroll and William Hickey. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 777-3240. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Sticks and Bones—David Rabe, author of "Pavlo Hummel," has pulled off the impressive feat of writing a highly stylized comedy about the suffering of a young veteran of Vietnam and his family. Ably directed by Jeff Bleckner. (Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Sugar—A lifeless adaptation, in musical-comedy form, of the great movie "Some Like It Hot." Robert Morse works hard at being funny, and often is. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

That Championship Season—This extremely well-written and important comic tragedy by Jason Miller is about the reunion of an old basketball coach and four of the five players who, years ago, won a trophy for him, and about many other matters besides. The performance, under A. J. Antoon's direction, is all that any playwright could hope for. Richard A. Dysart is the coach, and Walter McGinn, Michael McGuire, Paul Sorvino, and Charles Durning are the ex-teammates. All of them are perfect. Santo Loquasto's setting is one of the best in town. Voted the best play of the year by the Drama Critics Circle. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)



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Twigs—A very funny and touching account of the lives of three sisters and their ramshackle Irish mother. Sada Thompson plays all four roles. The gifted playwright is George Furth. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Two Gentlemen of Verona—Lots of good-looking young people dancing and singing and paying mercifully little attention to the original Shakespearean plot. With Raul Julia, Clifton Davis, Jonelle Allen, and Diana Davila. John Guare wrote the book with Mel Shapiro, who directed, and the songs are by Mr. Guare (lyrics) and Galt MacDermot (music). Chosen the season's best musical by the Drama Critics Circle. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Walk Together Children—Vinie Burrows, an appealing and accomplished actress, in a revival of her one-woman show made up of prose, poetry, and song by black authors. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE:** A comedy by Leonard Gershe, filled with surefire jokes and the merest pinch of life. With Gloria Swanson, Dirk Benedict, and Pamela Bellwood. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **FOLLIES:** A show with music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim and book by James Goldman. Alexis Smith is very good as an old Follies girl, and several of Mr. Sondheim's songs are delightful. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **LENNY:** An American "Orlando Furioso" about the life and death of the bedevilled comic Lenny Bruce. The brilliant star of the show is Cliff Gorman. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** 1,813 performances so far. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 5,030 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** 3,209 performances so far. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . **HAIR:** 1,716 performances so far. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **NO, NO, NANETTE:** Burt Shevelove's ingeniously tailored revival of a nineteen-twenties smash musical. The cast includes Ruby Keeler and Helen Gallagher. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Belasco, 44th St., E. 586-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except May 31, and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST:** Dale Wasserman's hack adaptation of Ken Kesey's novel set in an insane asylum. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE PROPOSITION:** An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but there are a few bright spots of mimicry. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SLEUTH:** Paul Rogers and Brian Murray in Anthony Shaffer's intricate melodrama about one way of stamping out adultery in the English countryside. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, May 31, at 8: "Four Temperaments," "In the Night," "Episodes," and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Thursday, June 1, at 8: "La Source," "Watermill," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Friday, June 2, at 8: "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3," "Episodes," and "Who Cares?" . . . ¶ Saturday, June 3, at 2: "Donizetti Variations," "Bugaku," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Saturday, June 3, at 8: "Divertimento No. 15," "Episodes," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Sunday, June 4, at 1: "La Source," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," "Dim Lustre," and "Agon." . . . ¶ Sunday, June 4, at 7: "La Source," "Dim Lustre," and "The Goldberg Variations." . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 6, at 8: "Four Temperaments," "Apollo," and "Raymonda Variations." . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 7, at 8: "Donizetti Variations," "The Concert," and "Who Cares?" . . . ¶ Thursday, June 8, at 8: "Bugaku," "Dances at a Gathering," and "Agon." . . . ¶ Friday, June 9, at 8: "Jewels." . . . ¶ Saturday, June 10, at 2: "Watermill" and "Dances at a Gathering." . . . ¶ Saturday, June 10, at 8: "Divertimento No. 15," "The Concert," and "Western Symphony." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, July 2.)

Royal Ballet—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday matinée and evening, May 31: "Anastasia." . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday evenings, June 1-2: "The Invitation," "Thaïs," "The Nutcracker Pas de Deux," and "The Rite of Spring." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée and evening, June 3: "The Sleeping Beauty." (Metropolitan Opera House. 787-3880. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

Pearl Lang and Dance Company—Final performances—Thursday, June 1, at 8: "The Encounter," "Passover Moments," "Shirah," and "Shore Bourne." . . . ¶ Friday, June 2, at 8: "Moonways," "Dark Tides," "Piece for Brass," and "Shirah." (Hunter College Play-

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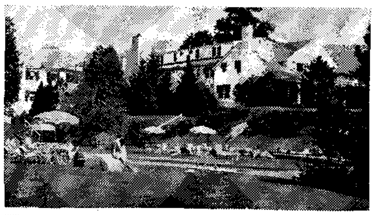

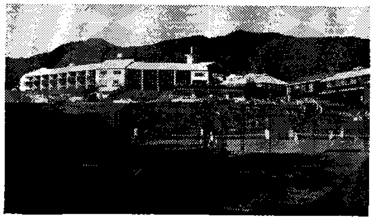

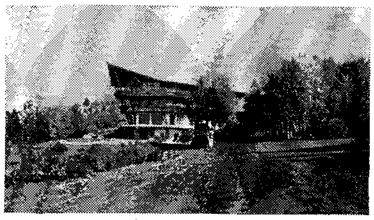

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—The New York Rock Ensemble, which is less baroque than it used to be, will play through Monday, June 5. Seatrain, which opts for eclecticism, comes in on Wednesday, June 7, along with singer Yvonne Elliman. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers. Coffee and tea are staples.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—A dining and drinking establishment with aged-in-the-wood vibrations. A jazz combo plays most nights from nine-thirty to one-thirty. Mondays, author-pianist Frank Conroy and a bass violist substitute for the regulars. Closed Sundays.

Cellar, 70 W. 95th St. (866-1200)—Leading the way in its part of town, this restaurant has soft lights, a respectable menu, and a self-confident appearance. But keep the acoustics in mind: For listening, it's best to sit at the bar; in the dining area, you may not hear much. Sundays through Tuesdays, pianist Nat Davis leads a duo. Wednesday through Saturday, May 31-June 3, Duke Jordan will be on piano and Major Holley on bass.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Eddie Heywood, a genial pianist, is doing his usual crowd-pleasers, characterized by that rockaby left hand. He plays from eight until one every night but Sunday, when (from seven to midnight) Dick Hyman takes over. On Friday, June 9, the impeccable Marian McPartland will succeed to the Steinway, accompanied by a couple of musical colleagues. Dining in relaxed surroundings.

Fiddlestix, 1487 First Ave., at 77th St. (RE 4-9777)—An unpretentious spot that is helping to foster the current expansion of jazz into the upper East Side. Through Sunday, June 4, Rahsaan Roland Kirk, a reed virtuoso, will be here with his Vibration Society. On Tuesday, June 6, Dakota Staton—who hasn't sung around here in some time—will arrive with a trio. No music Mondays. Italian food.

Gaslight, 152 Bleecker St. (674-2580)—This major coffeehouse ranges from jazz to rock and hits most of the stops in between.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A new, warm little corner in which Ellis Larkins displays his long-perfected piano technique, in company with a bassist, every night but Sunday. Snacks.

Guitar, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-0334)—Small and shadowy and all that, but No. 1 for all that, at least in the jazz-guitar field. Through Saturday, June 3, Gene Bertoncini and bassist Linc Milliman will alternate with classical guitarist Bill Matthews. Beginning Tuesday, June 6, Jim Raney will work with Milliman. Music from nine-thirty to two-thirty. A limited soul-food menu.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Tenor man Zoot Sims is leading his reliable quartet. Closed Mondays. Some Italian dishes.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—It came up the river from New Orleans and, *mutatis mutandis*, it found its way here. The musicians are Roy Eldridge, Bobby Pratt, Chuck Folds, Joe Muranyi, and Eddie Locke. Music from nine-thirty to three. Closed Sundays.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—The upstairs portion of this steak-and-lobster palace is furnished in carpentry-shop contemporary, and the place offers some correspondingly contemporary sounds. Through Sunday, June 4, the group will be White Cloud. Opening Wednesday, June 7: Beans. Mondays and Tuesdays are devoted to acts by new folksters and rocksters, after which (from midnight to two) people may dance to records. Drinks and snacks.

Peewee's, 202 Ave. A, at 12th St. (473-9596)—Power to the cats who run it, for they know what jazz is. The street is lonesome, and the interior design is rudimentary, but the music is often at a high level. Friday through Sunday, June 2-4, some musicians known collectively as Brethren Crazed Man and Wildlife Assembly will perform, after which there will be no music for the summer. Music from nine until closing. Soul food is available. N.B.: Jazz prerequisites should be completed before enrolling in this course.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—Just the spot for looking over old four-leaf clovers. The banjo band twangs, ancient movies flicker, and patrons drink beer while staring at taxidermic polar bears. Closed Mondays.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—Through Sunday, June 4, drummer Max Roach will lead his quintet. Sun Ra, who dwells somewhere in the sidereal beyond, will bring in his spacecraft crew on Tuesday, June 6. Let it be said that the atmosphere of this club is a bit murky, as are the environs. Closed Mondays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs: Ahmad Jamal, who lately has been fancying an electric piano, is alternating with an accomplished keyboard man named Bill Rubenstein. Mondays, all these people are absent, and new talent is auditioned. Dining. . . . ¶ Downstairs: NRBQ, an electric band, plays through Saturday, June 3.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—The Modern Jazz Quartet (perfection under glass) will be on the stand through Sunday, June 4. Rahsaan Roland Kirk arrives with a sextet Tuesday, June 6. Mondays are reserved for the big Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Stained glass, candles, and conviviality contrast with its location, which is not far from Desolation Row. The menu offers soul food. Thoughtful jazz on piano and bass from eight to two by Nat Jones and Michael Fleming Mondays through Wednesdays, and by Nina Sheldon (who sings while she's at it) and Carl Pruitt Thursdays through Sundays.

Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (675-4630)—Vigorous Dixieland is being produced here every Sunday from six-thirty to eleven by Balaban & Cats. People may dance to the jazz. The rest of the week, a banjo band entertains in this squarish establishment, whose days (and nights) are unremittingly of yore.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

L'Etoile, 1 E. 59th St. (751-7025)—A quiet, polished restaurant that opens a part of its floor for dancing to records, on Saturdays only, from nine-thirty to one. Dinner and supper of an advanced sort.

Hippopotamus, 154 E. 54th St. (486-1566)—One of those relentlessly hip clubs that yearn for the glow that café society once had. The interior architecture has an Anglo-Indian aspect. The menu is ample, except on Sundays, when only couscous is served. Dancing to records. Reservations are required for dining.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Quasi-Cairo, with a Continental chef lurking somewhere behind the sphinxes. Dancing to records from five, but three times a night live performers do pop songs with a hard sell: Clint Holmes and the Bacchanal do pop songs. The dinner menu is substantial. Closed Sundays.

Thursday's, 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777)—A soft-carpeted playpen that has a pair of restaurant floors, a brace of bars, and—midway between floors I and II—a dance floor on which people move to tapes. A fairly complete menu.

Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7900)—Some old-timey mementos—principally fading photographs—along with Tiffany-type lamps and fancy woodwork are enough to let patrons know that somebody once had an epoch in mind. Upstairs is for snacks. Downstairs is for dancing to discs.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Dangerfield's, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—A Mermaid Tavern redivivus, and

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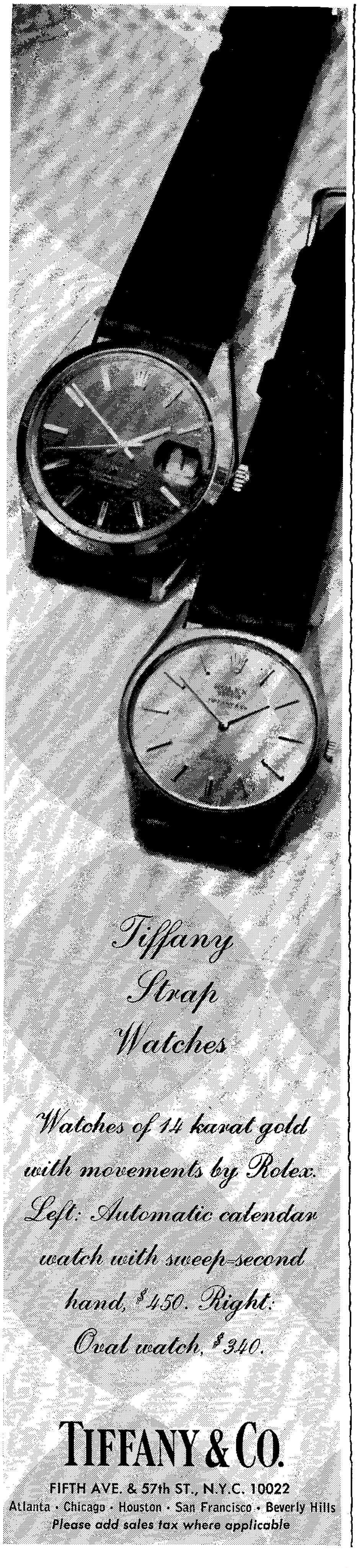

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

anything can happen. The best of it usually happens when the owner of the tavern—Rodney Dangerfield, a commentator and wit whose words are often constructed of arsenic and old Mace—ascends the stand. The speechmaking starts around eleven, and an hour earlier on Fridays and Saturdays. Steaks and such as well. Closed Sundays.

IMPROVISATION, 358 W. 44th St. (765-8268)—A blend of beer garden and bear garden, but now and then (amid the wits copycatting their betters in night life, and the sopranos ditto ditto) one comes upon a fledgling humorist being himself, and being very funny about it. It's pot luck for the customers, but then what isn't nowadays? Dinner. No Sundays.

MERCER ARTS CENTER, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. (673-3937)—Some young, insistent, and variously talented performers play and sing nightly in the Blue Room Cabaret, on the second floor of this theatre complex. Drinks and snacks.

UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—Beginning Thursday, June 1, Dick Gregory, man of action, will speak firmly to his constituency. Closed Sundays.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

ALPINE CELLAR, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—The Alps are the Bavarian ones, and the aura is all *brauhaus*. No activity on Sundays and Mondays.

AMERICANA, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—Pearl Bailey will end her dinner and supper sessions in the **ROYAL BOX** on Saturday, June 3. The next occupants, due on Tuesday, June 6, will be Gladys Knight and the Pips, who will sing their heads off. A Ray Bloch orchestra and Arturo Arturos's band play for dancing. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

CHÂTEAU MADRID, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—It's Boys Town of Spain (senior division, though) when Los Chavales de España, those inveterate romancers, deploy onstage. Dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty and Sundays from four. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Down the hall is a minute theatre in the round, assigned—beginning late and ending late—to other flamencans, who work things out in a real spur-of-the-moment madrileño fashion. Closed Mondays.

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Wednesday, May 31, is the final night for singer Al Green and comic Gene Brenner. As of Thursday, June 1, the Supremes will do the singing and Herb Eden will supply the humor. No nights off. . . . ¶ From the main-floor bar, the planes to Vegas move out at frequent intervals, bringing back one lounge act after another.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—In **LA FORÊT,** a magic *forêt* if there ever was one, a Peter Duchin band plays for dancing from eight-thirty to two-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. (The band is an absentee-landlord proposition.) The manner is *haute cuisine* and *haute couture*. Closes for the summer after Saturday, June 3. . . . ¶ In the **CAFÉ,** Phil Wayne's threesome, whose dance tunes are gentle on the mind and the ear, is around Sundays and Mondays, seven-thirty until curfew. Herb Winner's threesome prevails the rest of the week.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the **PERSIAN ROOM,** there is great activity by Paul Anka, just about the best of the youthful minstrels-with-a-band. Shows at ten during the week, and at dinner and supper on Fridays, Saturdays, and Thursday, June 1. Burt Farber and Mark Monte, who go with the lease, are in charge of most ebullient orchestras. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Not a trace of the Edwardian Room appears in its transformation into the blooming **GREEN TULIP,** a restaurant patrolled on foot by Sig and Gary, two characters both folksy and rocksy. Additionally, every night but Monday, there is discothèque dancing after ten. . . . ¶ In the **PALM COURT,** which remains palmy and courtly, Sandu Marcu is on the business end of a violin from four-thirty to seven-thirty; Ernest Schoen and Jules Kuti, those old Viennese cronies, do fiddle-and-piano duets from eight to one. No Sunday evenings.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Saturday, June 3, is closing night for the Herbie Mann quintet. On Monday, June 5, Louis Prima brings in his entourage. The enterprise is in session every night but Sunday, and dance music commences at eight.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Dick Haymes does his final song recitals in the **MAISONETTE** on Saturday, June 3, so that the Mills Brothers (ah, memory, memory!) can move in on Monday, June 5. George Cort's orchestra is in charge of the customers' footwork. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA BOITE** is a quiet glade stirred only by the fiddle of Jani Sarkozi. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Mabel Mercer, ombudswoman to all who have ever played at love, sings—with both rue and wry humor—for them and for the rest of us in the **ST. REGIS ROOM** from nine every night but Sunday and Monday. She is assisted by the impeccable piano of Buddy Barnes.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The **EMPIRE ROOM** returns to action on Thursday, June 1, with the arrival of Melba Moore. That night she sings only at ten; thereafter, she will be a dinner and supper item. The dance music will issue from Charles Turecamo's orchestra and the Felipe Yanez trio. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): In this seat of the mighty, the songs of Bobby Short lead rewardingly down one well-appointed primrose path after another. Following in his merry footsteps are his two great sidemen—Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **DUNCAN'S,** 303 E. 53rd St. (838-6154): A brick-walled clubhouse in which Bill Halsey's piano can turn almost any kind of tune into a little show-stopper. In company with bassist Leonard Gaskin, he plays nightly, except Sundays, from eight-thirty to two. . . . **DIONYSOS,** 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): Architects, take note of the new Greek Revival; dieticians and choreographers, take note, too. Athenian musicians, Athenian singers, and

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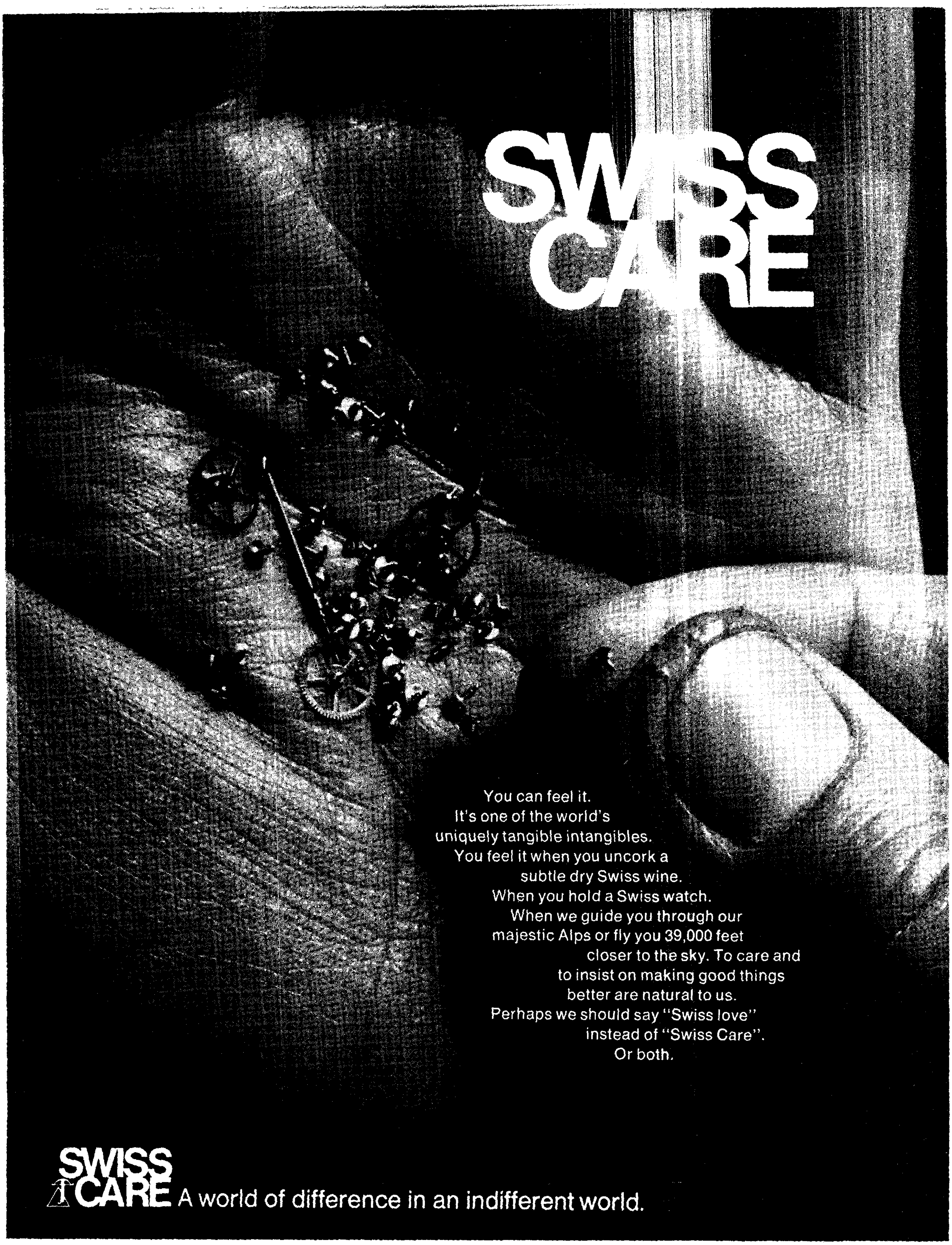

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

explosive ambience as high as an elephant's eye. Such a Western World touch as a rock band is not necessary, but it has been added. Until all hours, but no Sundays. . . . **ADONIS**, 1230 Second Ave., at 64th St. (249-2773): More Greek Revival, and in the same sunlit manner, with another coruscating troupe of musicians (they start at eight-thirty) and singers. The staff itself precipitates and participates in the choreography, which is very Attic folk-dance. Again, until all hours, though not on Sunday. . . . **MYKONOS**, 349 W. 46th St. (265-1590): *Another* Greek revivalist meeting, not as elaborate but conducted under the same sunny skies. A most vigorous foursome goes zing! on the podium, even though there is no choreography. Nobody thinks of going home early. Sundays are a minus quantity. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): The forum for Rita Dimitri, who was designed by Lautrec to be a Parisian soubrette, is the top of the piano in her tiny parlor—a parlor not so tiny that it does not have a dance floor, which is in session as early as eight. She sings at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **CHEZ VITO**, 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): Fiddledeedee by the hour, from a collection of avid violinists, and operetta, too, most likely at the next table, from Leyna Gabriele, prop., and her most hearty companions; i.e., a lot of good-natured decibels for your money. Closed Sundays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER**, belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): An underground movement all its own, from the busy bar to the tiny tables (glassed-in, but only by strings of beads). From nine-thirty until three Tuesday through Saturday every week, there is piano by Bubber Johnson, an old hand at barside music. Nourishment, yes, and even a stirrup cup to end your evening. . . . **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): An opera house quite as mad as the one the Marx Brothers once inhabited. The entire staff joins in, even during the process of serving dinner. Closed Mondays. . . . **RUBY FOO**, 240 W. 52nd St. (541-9230): A little Shanghai, a little Peking, and quite a lot of Danny Apolinar, who commands attention with true Broadway style and grace each time he sits at the piano and sings, which he does, in the lounge, Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to one.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

IPERBOLE, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): Armando Mei's concept of Imperial Rome is mod on the surface, but the city planners in the scullery preserve his, and Rome's, culinary traditions. The food of love is supplied by the voice and guitar of Dino Palermo, who knows all there is to know about such a menu. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 137 E. 55th St. (832-1128): Down underneath Iperbole is a Roman grotto, just as decorative. Here a threesome makes dance music, seven-thirty to one-thirty, except on Sundays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM**, in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): A refectory way up top in the leisure class. George Feyer, a feudal lord of the Hapsburg empire, conducts his piano recitations Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to one. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Fit for a king, but a tight fit, what with all the moats and drawbridges and ancient weaponry. George Cardini, peripatetic fiddler, and Herman Arminski, one of the last of the truly romantic pianists, are on hand Tuesday through Saturday every week. Another pianist fills in on Monday; nothing doing on Sunday. The refectory is calm; the bar can be boisterous. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): In the old homestead, Dick Hankinson addresses his piano off and on from six until one; Sundays, someone understudies him. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): The bar-restaurant is unarguably on the ground floor, but the echelon is unarguably upper. Ronny Whyte and his piano are in evidence from nine to one-thirty. No music Sundays. . . . **THE GRIFFIN**, 313 E. 46th St. (371-4542): A mod home indeed for a mythological beast, and a pleasing home indeed for diners who wish to proceed at a petty pace—a pace that today is itself practically mythological. Piano, constructivist and contemplative, from seven-thirty to eleven by Ray Onley. Closed Sundays. . . . **JACK DELANEY**, 72 Grove St. (AL 5-7905): Where do the surviving pianists of the late, late night-life shows now congregate? Well, two of them (Charles De Forest, Mondays and Tuesdays, and Murray Grand, the five other days) congregate in this aged Village bar; and so do a sprinkling of other reminders of these shows, often to sit in at the upright. . . . **LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE**, 341 E. 43rd St. (689-5445): A clinging vine on the wall that rises from First Avenue. It is, furthermore, a vine that offers Bacchian accompaniment to its dinner and supper guests, and piano accompaniment, too, by Norman Rollings, who is in service from eight to one during the week, nine to two Fridays and Saturdays. No music Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Sort of a Roman den of propinquity, with a fair amount of tablehopping by both guests and Ricardo Roda's set of prowling instrumentalists. Closed Sundays. . . . **BARCLAY HOTEL**, 111 E. 48th St. (PL 5-5900): Mondays through Fridays, a Lester Lanin duo plays for dinner in the Gold Room of this old architectural ornament. . . . **CARLTON BAR-RESTAURANT**, in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): Ray Hartley, justifiable pride of Western Australia, is holidaying in this fetching ancestral hall, where, from four-thirty to ten-thirty, he is serving up his own keyboard specialties. Mr. H. takes Saturdays and Sundays off. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Lynn Mullinax, a country cousin from down South, gives the piano in the bar an air of being very well educated and extremely good-natured. He is in session from six to one, though not on Sundays or Mondays. . . . **CAMEL DRIVER**, 72 E. 56th St. (980-3860): Marty Berns maintains an even keel at the keyboard in this diminutive, candle-lit retreat. He plays from seven to two Mondays through Fridays. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Berenice Abbott—Around fifty photographs of New York scenes done in the thirties on the W.P.A. Art Project; through Wednesday, June 7. (Midtown "Y" Gallery, 334 E. 14th St. Sundays through Thursdays, noon to 8.)

Jean Arp (1887-1966)—Thirty sculptures, four paintings, and drawings and graphics dating from 1927 to the year of his death, in a show that is running concurrently with his exhibit at the Metropolitan Museum; through June 30. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Rosemarie Beck—Paintings on a mythological theme by a figurative artist; through Saturday, June 3. (Peridot-Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Ben Bianchi—Nude females seen through sheets of fibre glass; first one-man show here. Through June 17. (Benedek, 380 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Charles Burchfield (1893-1967)—About eighty drawings and doodles; through June 30. (Raydon, 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St. Closed Mondays.)

José de Rivera—Twelve constructions in stainless steel and aluminum in a show that is running concurrently with his exhibit at the Whitney Museum; through Friday, June 2. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Jane Eakin—Realistic still-lifes and landscapes by an American who works in Europe; first one-man show here. Through Friday, June 9. (Myers, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Philip Evergood—Recent paintings by a social realist and fantasist; through Friday, June 2. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St.)

Lyonel Feininger (1871-1956)—Twenty watercolors and twenty-two drawings; through June 30. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Allan Hacklin—Abstract paintings by an artist who lives in California; through Wednesday, June 7. (LoGiudice, 59 Wooster St. Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 6; Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Winslow Homer (1836-1910)—A benefit exhibition of more than a hundred paintings, watercolors, and drawings covering all phases in

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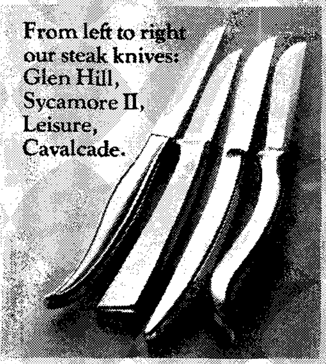
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Repeat until there is nothing left to repeat.

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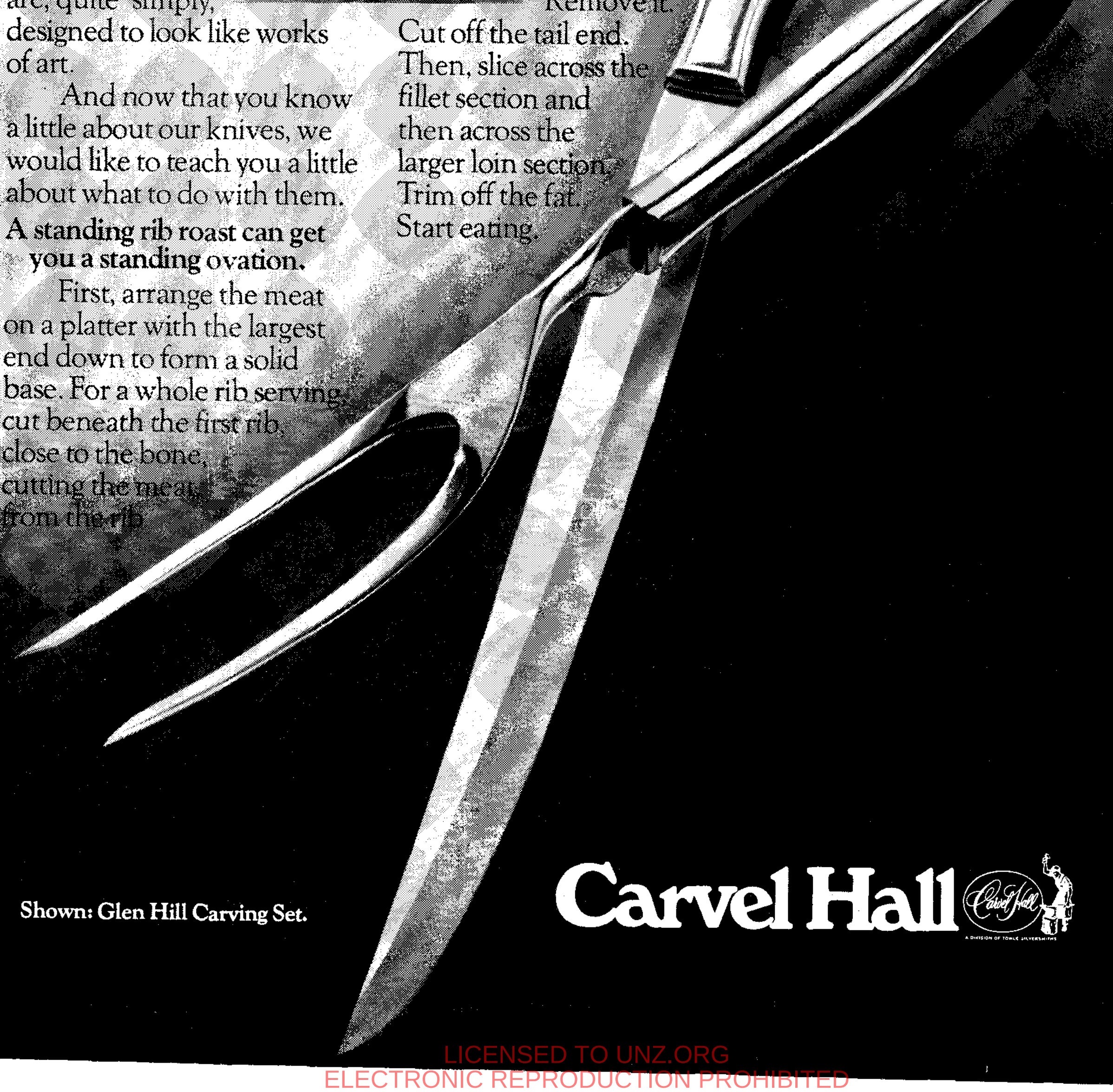
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the career of this American landscapist; through Saturday, June 3. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

Laurace James—Viewer-manipulated kinetic constructions; through Thursday, June 8. (55 Mercer Street. Tuesdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Alfred Jensen—Recent paintings of checkerboards of thick color with arcane references; through Wednesday, June 7. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

John Kearney—Animals made of car bumpers; through Saturday, June 3. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

Joseph Konopka—An artist who paints his wife in interiors and landscapes; first one-man show here. Starts Saturday, June 3. (Spectrum, 464 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Mark Lancaster / Thomas George—Abstract paintings by a British artist working in New York. / Drawings inspired by northern Norway. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Through Saturday, June 10. Closed Mondays.)

Le Corbusier (1887-1965)—Thirty-three lithographs and etchings; through Saturday, June 10. (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Fernand Léger (1881-1955)—Thirty gouaches from the artist's late period, with such subjects as figures, machines, and bicycles; through Saturday, June 10. (Wally F. Galleries, 17 E. 57th St.)

Giacomo Manzù—Recent bronzes and reliefs by this artist famous for his ecclesiastical figures; through June 30. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Joan Mitchell—A new series of landscapelike paintings done in France by a leading "second-generation" American Abstract Expressionist; through Saturday, June 3. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

Isamu Noguchi—A single abstract sculpture in three bronze castings of different tones, plus two in aluminum; through June 17. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

Frank Owen—Paintings with the effect of brilliantly colored spreading chemical substances; through Saturday, June 10. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Elijah Pierce—Painted sculptures, mostly reliefs, depicting religious and social subjects in naïve style; first one-man show here of an eighty-year-old black wood-carver. Starts Tuesday, June 6. (Danenberg, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Clayton Pond—Closeups of details of objects enlarged to the point where they are identifiable only by their titles; through June 16. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Monday through Wednesday, June 5-7.)

Lucia Salemme—Abstract Expressionist paintings, most of them showing traces of New York City; through Friday, June 2. (Zierler, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Nicholas Schöffer—Sculptures by the internationally known Constructivist who works in light and motion; included are early works, plus a model for his Tour Lumière, now under construction on the outskirts of Paris, which will be taller than the Eiffel Tower. Through July 1. (René, 6 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Richard Serra / Don Judd—A floor piece consisting of six steel rods. / Plywood boxes arranged in a parallelogram against the wall. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway. Through Saturday, June 10. Closed Mondays.)

Herman Somberg—Paintings in bright colors, influenced by Cubism; starting Monday, June 5. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Theodoros Stamos—Twenty-one color-field paintings done in the past two years by this former Abstract Expressionist; through Saturday, June 10. (Marlborough, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **ACA**, 25 E. 73rd St.: Paintings by such American artists as Luks, Avery, Soyer, and Shahn; starting Monday, June 5. . . . **ALONZO**, 26 E. 63rd St.: Black-and-white works in various mediums by, for example, Ben Bishop, Don David, Martin Hurtig, and Golda Lewis; starting Thursday, June 1. (Closed Mondays.). . . **BERRY-HILL**, 743 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Oil paintings by prominent American landscapists; through June 30. (Closed Saturdays.). . . **LA BOETIE**, 1042 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Fine and applied art produced in early-twentieth-century Vienna by, among others, Klimt, Schiele, and Kokoschka; through June 30. (Closed Mondays.). . . **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Paintings and sculptures from Latin America, selected from New York collections; through July 29. (Daily, noon to 6.). . . **DE NAGY**, 29 W. 57th St.: Drawings, watercolors, and prints by gallery artists—Bannard, Boxer, Goodnough, Gourevitch, and Kozloff, to name several; through June 24. (Closed Mondays.). . . **DINTENFASS**, 18 E. 67th St.: Works in various mediums by gallery artists (Birmelin, Broderson, Gablik, Gwathmey, King, Oliveira, and Tovish, for instance); through June 30. (Closed Mondays and Saturdays.). . . **EMMERICH**, 420 West Broadway: Paintings and sculptures by about twenty young New York artists; starting Saturday, June 3. (Closed Mondays.). . . **FEIGEN**, 27 E. 79th St.: A benefit show of works from the fifteenth century through the twentieth; through Saturday, June 10. . . . **FRUMKIN**, 41 E. 57th St.: Works by William T. Wiley, Willard Midgette, Philip Pearlstein, and other gallery artists; through June 30. . . . **HUTCHINSON**, 127 Greene St., at W. Houston St.: Figurative sculptures in plastic by four artists; starting Saturday, June 3. (Closed Mondays.). . . **JANIS**, 6 W. 57th St.: Twelve young Los Angeles artists never before shown in the East; through Saturday, June 3. . . . **KORNBLEE**, 58 E. 79th St.: Gallery artists—Mon Levinson, Janet Fish, Larry Zox, and Rack Straw Downes—plus Fausto Melotti; through June 23. (Closed Mondays and Saturdays.). . . **LEFEBRE**, 47 E. 77th St.: Paintings and sculptures by, for instance, Alechinsky, Antes, Bissier, and Bury; starting Tuesday, June 6. (Closed Saturdays.). . . **LOGIUDICE**, 59 Wooster St.: Bill Alpert, Carl Gliko, Saito, and Edvins Strautmanis; through June 17. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 6; Saturdays, noon to 6.). . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Works shown during the season by gallery artists, who include Bishop, Cadmus, Thon, Vickrey, Moller, and Mayhew; starting Tuesday, June 6. . . . **O.K. HARRIS**, 465 West Broadway: Works by two sculptors and two painters; starting Saturday, June 3. (Closed Mondays.). . . **PALEY & LOWE**, 59 Wooster St.: Gallery artists; starting Thursday, June 1. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **PALLEY**, 93 Prince St.: Wall pieces by Peter Plagens, Lynn Umlauf, Robert Jacks, and Joe Zucker; through June 24. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **PRINCE STREET GALLERY**, 106 Prince St.: Works by gallery artists, who number about twenty; through June 17. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.). . . **RUBIN**, 49 W. 57th St.: A dozen gallery artists, among them Stella, Noland, Caro, Olitski, and Sander; through June 28. (Closed Mondays.). . . **BERTHA SCHAEFER**, 41 E. 57th St.: Twenty-one gallery artists, including Barnet, Ben-Zion, Farr, and Marsicano; through Thursday, June 8. . . . **SHEPHERD**, 21 E. 84th St.: A hundred paintings, drawings, and watercolors by artists of the Barbizon School and their followers; through Saturday, June 10. (Closed Mondays.). . . **SONNABEND**, 420 West Broadway: Thirteen gallery artists scheduled to exhibit at Documenta in Germany; they include Mel Bochner, John Baldessari, and Vito Acconci; through Aug. 31. (Closed Mondays.). . . **WEBER**, 420 West Broadway: Paintings and sculptures by Andre, LeWitt, Flavin, Snelson, Ryman, and Smithson, to mention several; through July 29. (Closed Mondays.). . . **ZABRISKIE**, 29 W. 57th St.: American geometric abstractions of the thirties by Albers, Bolotowsky, Biederman, Balcomb Greene, Ferren, Glarner, Diller, George L.K. Morris. and the like; starting Thursday, June 1. (Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave., at 82nd St.—A hundred sculptures by Jacques Lipchitz, covering all periods of his career; starting Tuesday, June 6. . . . ¶ Twenty-three freestanding sculptures, ten reliefs, and twenty-seven watercolors, drawings, and woodcuts by Jean Arp (1887-1966), the leading Dadaist; through Sept. 12. A complementary show is at the Weintraub Gallery, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St. . . . ¶ Fifty outstanding sculptures on the theme of the human image, created on the islands of the Pacific, from Easter Island in the east to New Guinea in the west;

through Sept. 5. . . . ¶ Seventy-six miniature paintings from a sixteenth-century manuscript, plus decorative objects; through July 4. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Italy: The New Domestic Landscape," an exhibit reporting on current design developments in Italy and setting forth a cornucopia of examples: furniture, lamps and vases, typewriters and telephones, compact cooking devices, sleeping and storage units, and a poker table. Through Sept. 11. . . . ¶ Forty photographs of trees by Eugène Atget (1857-1927), the pioneer French photographer; through Sept. 5. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6. Entrance fee reduced to an optional contribution on Wednesdays.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Seventy oils, fifty watercolors, and thirteen prints from all phases of the career of Wassily Kandinsky (1866-1944); through Sept. 5. . . . ¶ Modern-master works by Matisse, Seurat, Léger, Cézanne, Braque, Mondrian, van Gogh, Picasso, and others; through Sept 3. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Fifty sculptures, the majority of stainless steel, copper, or aluminum, covering forty years of the career of José de Rivera, of New York; through Thursday, June 8. A complementary show (ending Saturday) is at the *Borgenicht Gallery, 1018 Madison Ave.,* at 79th St. . . . ¶ A small showing of drawings and gouaches, plus several sculptures and a painting by Alexander Calder, related to and displayed beside his miniature "Circus," a permanent installation at the Museum; through June 11. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—The new Costume Galleries present fashions dating from 1800 to the present. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W., at 79th St.—The alcove in the Hall of Mexico and Central America offers a stunning display of pre-Columbian gold objects from five hundred to twenty-two hundred years old. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN ACADEMY AND NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.—Works by newly elected members and recipients of this year's honors and awards. Manuscripts and scores by, among others, Penelope Gilliatt, Gilbert Rogin, and Arthur Berger. Also paintings, sculptures, and drawings by Noguchi, Gottlieb, Lindner, and others. Through June 18. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—An impressive collection of rugs and other weavings done in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries in Persia, Turkey, the Caucasus, and the Balkans; through June 11. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

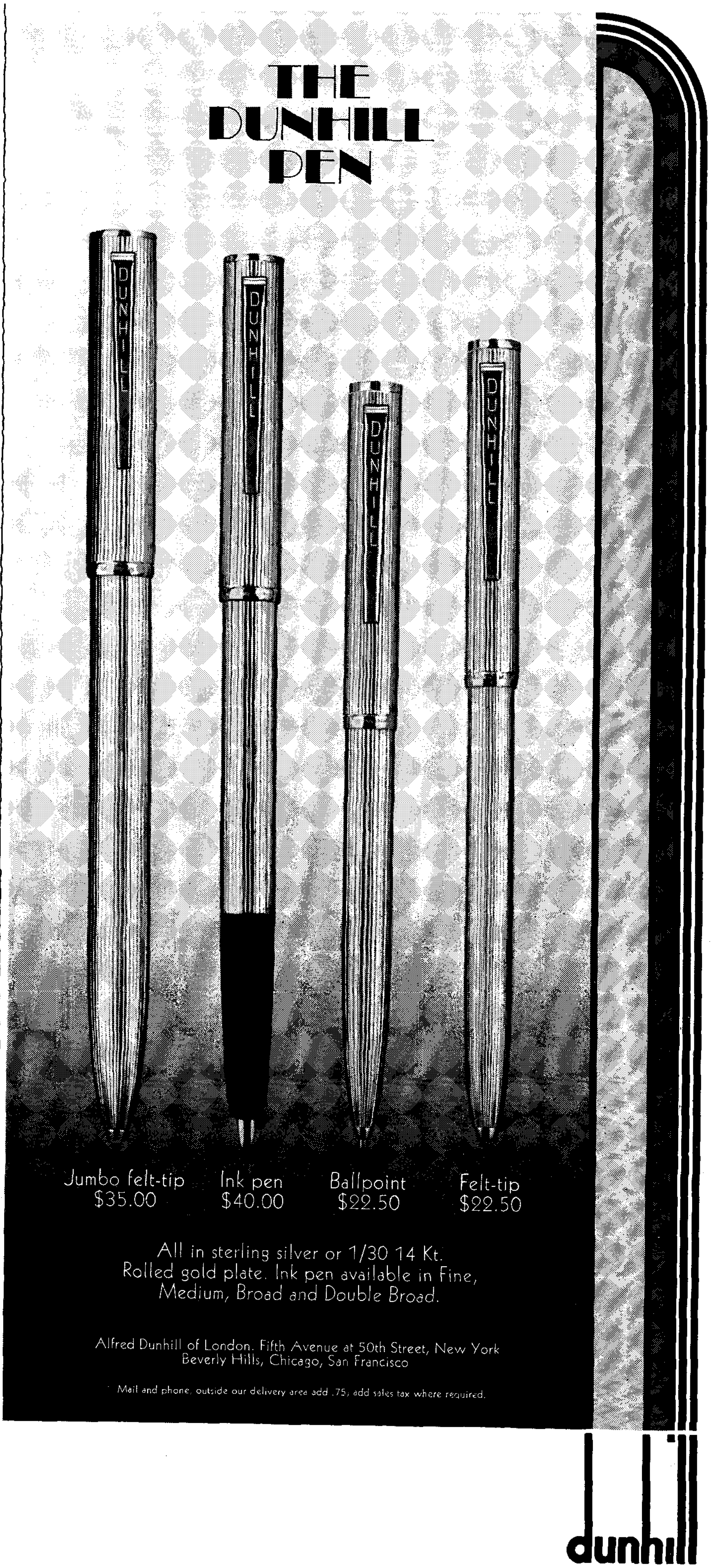
FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART, 62 E. 78th St.—Prints from the Hollanders Workshop by de Kooning, Nevelson, Motherwell, and Raphael Soyer, for example; through June 15. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

GROLIER CLUB, 47 E. 60th St.—An exhibit in honor of the fiftieth anniversary of the death of Marcel Proust. On display are first editions, proof sheets evidencing his meticulous revisions, literary and personal correspondence, and photographs and portraits. Through Friday, June 2. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 3.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—The Mellon collection of a hundred and fifty English drawings and watercolors, most from 1750 to 1850; through July 28. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"Cityrama," a multimedia, audiovisual show tracing the history of New York from 1524 to the present. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle—About a hundred and ten paintings, drawings, and watercolors constituting a retrospective of the works of the Irish landscape and genre painter, Jack B. Yeats (1871-1957), younger brother of the poet; through June 18. . . .



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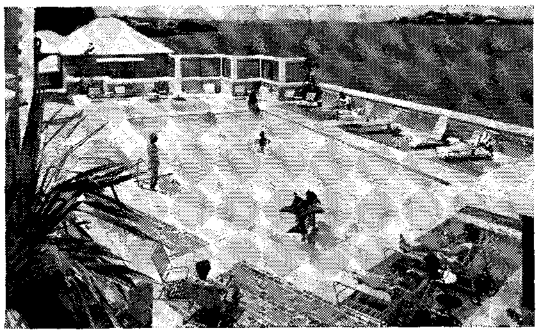

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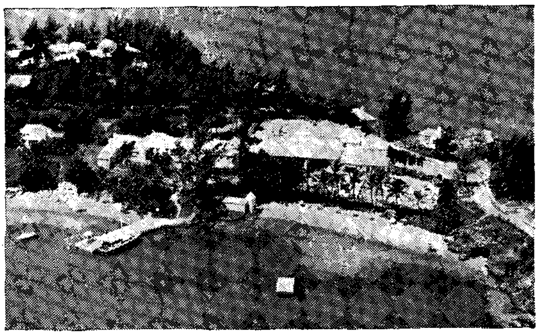

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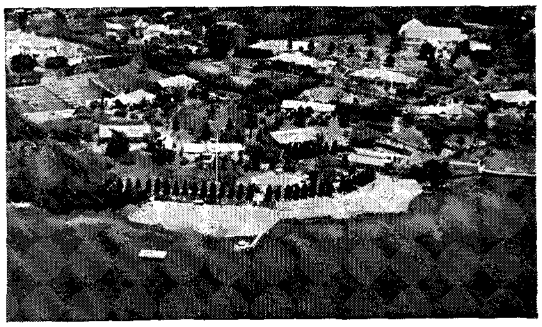

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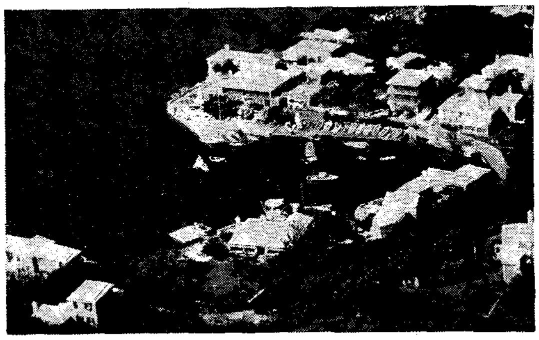


GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

¶ About two hundred paintings, plus ceramics, bronze and brass metalwork, and other objects, all done in Persia from the eighth century to the nineteenth; through June 25. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Over thirty maps spanning a period from the early sixteenth century to the late eighteenth, indicating the progress of exploration and settlement mostly of the North American continent. Of special interest is the first map of New York, published here in 1730. Through June 30. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Seventy paintings and drawings on autobiographical themes by LeRoy Clarke, an artist from Trinidad now in residence at the Museum; through Sunday, June 4. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, and for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Opening performances of a three-week non-subscription Verdi festival that will run through Saturday, June 24—Monday evening, June 5: "Otello," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Shirley Love, James McCracken, Sherrill Milnes, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Paul Plishka; conducted by Francesco Molinari-Pradelli. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, June 6: "Don Carlo," with Gabriella Tucci, Fiorenza Cossotto, Franco Corelli, Robert Merrill, Nicolai Ghiaurov, and John Macurdy; Francesco Molinari-Pradelli. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, June 7: "La Traviata," with Anna Moffo, Richard Tucker, and Mario Sereni; Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, June 8: "Falstaff," with Lucine Amara, Roberta Peters, Fedora Barbieri, Joann Grillo, Fernando Corena, Luigi Alva, and Matteo Manuguerra; Christoph von Dohnanyi. . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 9: "La Forza del Destino," with Gabriella Tucci, Frederica von Stade, Franco Corelli, Robert Merrill, Nicolai Ghiaurov, and Fernando Corena; Michelangelo Veltri. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, June 10: "Rigoletto," with Joan Sutherland, Batyah Godfrey, Luciano Pavarotti, Sherrill Milnes, Ruggero Raimondi, and Edmond Karlsrud; Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 10: "Otello," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Shirley Love, James McCracken, Peter Glossop, William Lewis, and Paul Plishka; Francesco Molinari-Pradelli. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

ORCHESTRAS

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC PROMENADES—At Philharmonic Hall, Andre Kostelanetz conducting the final concerts of the season—"Tonight We Dance" on Wednesday, May 31, at 8:30 (with Lily Pons, soprano, and dancers Edward Villella and Patricia McBride); "Festival Promenade" on Thursday, June 1, and Saturday, June 3, at 8:30 (with John Browning, piano); "Promenade Fantastique" on Friday, June 2, and Tuesday, June 6, at 8:30 (with Phyllis Curtin, soprano, and David Frost, narrator); "Celebration Promenade" on Wednesday, June 7, and Saturday, June 10, at 8:30 (with Lilit Gampel, twelve-year-old violinist); a benefit repeat performance of the "Celebration Promenade" on Thursday, June 8, at 8:30—for information about tickets, call TR 9-8415; and a repeat performance of the "Promenade Fantastique" on Friday, June 9, at 8:30.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

INTERLUDE CONCERTS—The final offering in a varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536) will be by the **HARKNESS BALLET SCHOOL TRAINEES** on Wednesday, May 31, at 5:45.

TOM JONES—With Pat Henry, Rock Flowers, and the Jeff Sturges Universe. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday, May 31, at 7:30.)

Mandrill—With Ellen McIlwaine. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, June 2, at 8.)

Louis Armstrong Memorial Concert—Nancy Wilson, Clark Terry and his band, Hazel Scott, Emme Kemp, and the La Rocque Bey dancers and drummers, in a benefit concert. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, June 4, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 446-8010.)

New Riders of the Purple Sage—With Eric Andersen. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday and Monday, June 4-5, at 8.)

Elvis Presley—Madison Square Garden. Friday, June 9, at 8:30; Saturday, June 10, at 2:30 and 8:30; and Sunday, June 11, at 2:30.

SPORTS

Baseball—At Shea Stadium—Mets vs. Philadelphia, Wednesday and Thursday, May 31-June 1, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Atlanta, Friday, June 2, at 8:05; Saturday, June 3, at 2:15; and Sunday, June 4, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Cincinnati, Tuesday and Wednesday, June 6-7, at 8:05, and Thursday, June 8, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Houston, Friday, June 9, at 8:05, and Saturday, June 10, at 2:15.

Crew—Intercollegiate Rowing Association Regatta. (Onondaga Lake, Syracuse. Thursday through Saturday, June 1-3.)

Dog Show—Greenwich Kennel Club. (Greenwich. Saturday, June 10.)

Golf—John G. Anderson Memorial Tournament. (Winged Foot Golf Club, Mamaroneck. Thursday through Sunday, June 1-4.). . . ¶ United States Seniors' Golf Association Annual Tournament. (Apawamis Club, Rye, and Round Hill Club, Greenwich. Tuesday and Wednesday, June 6-7.). . . ¶ Hochster Memorial Tournament. (Quaker Ridge Golf Club, Scarsdale. Wednesday, June 7.)

Horse Shows—Devon Horse Show. (Devon, Pa. Through Saturday, June 3.). . . ¶ Fairfield-Westchester P.H.A. Show. (Stamford. Sunday, June 4.). . . ¶ Upperville Colt and Horse Show. (Middleburg, Va. Thursday through Sunday, June 8-11.)

Hunt Racing—Middleburg Hunt Race Association. (Middleburg, Va. Saturday, June 3.) . . . ¶ Deep Run Hunt Race Association. (Richmond, Va. Saturday, June 10.)

Polo—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30.

Racing—At **belmont:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, June 17. The Withers, Wednesday, May 31; the Bowling Green Handicap, Saturday, June 3; and the Belmont, Saturday, June 10. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:44 and 1:29, and Saturdays between 10:44 and 1:44.). . . **monmouth park,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 19. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 11:48.)

Soccer—Aberdeen of Scotland vs. Barcelona of Ecuador. (Downing Stadium, Randall's Island. Sunday, June 4. Preliminary matches at noon; main match at 4.)

Trotting—At **roosevelt raceway,** Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, July 22. . . . **saratoga raceway,** Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 18.

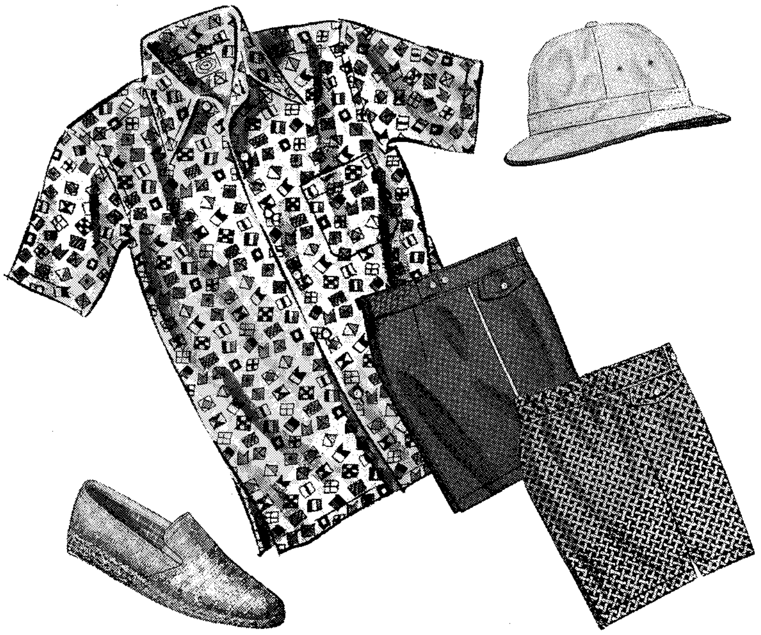
Yachting—New York Yacht Club Regatta. (Long Island Sound. Saturday and Sunday, June 3-4.)

ET ALIA

(The number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to sessions of the Economic and Social Council (which is scheduled to adjourn on Friday, June 2), periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.). . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

The Great Outdoors—On Wednesday, May 31, at noon, George F. Seuffert will conduct the Seuffert Band in the last in a series of hour-long concerts on the promenade of the New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 40th



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ALA Birmingham (3,) Huntsville. **ARIZ** Phoenix. **CALIF** Bakersfield, Canoga Park, Carlsbad, Chico, Concord, Costa Mesa, Daly City, Dana Point, Downey, Escondido, Fresno, Glendale, Hayward, LaHabra, Long Beach, Los Angeles, Marina Del Rey, Mill Valley, Montclair, Mountain View, Newport Beach, Northridge, Oakland, Orange (2), Palm Springs, Playa Del Rey, Redondo Beach, Riverside, Sacramento, San Anselmo, San Bernardino, San Bruno, San Diego, San Francisco, San Jose (3), San Mateo, San Pedro (2), Santa Rosa, Stockton, Torrance, Ventura, West Covina, Whittier. **COLO** Colorado Springs, Denver. **CONN** Enfield, Hamden, Meriden, New Haven, New London, Waterbury, West Hartford. **DEL** Wilmington. **FLA** Ft. Lauderdale, Jacksonville, Pensacola, S. Miami, Tallahassee, West Palm Beach. **GA** Atlanta, Columbus, Decatur, Savannah. **HAWAII** Honolulu, Kailua. **IDAHO** Boise. **ILL** Bloomington, Chicago, Evergreen Park, Harvey, Lombard, Mt. Prospect, Peoria, Schaumburg, Skokie, Waukegan (2). **IND** Fort Wayne, Indianapolis (3), Muncie, South Bend (2). **KAN** Prairie Village, Wichita (2). **MD** Annapolis, Baltimore, Gaithersburg, Landover Hills, LaVale, Rockville. **MASS** Braintree, Danvers, Dedham, Framingham, Nantucket, Pittsfield, Springfield, Worcester. **MICH** Grand Rapids (2), Kalamazoo. **MINN** Edina. **MO** Kansas City (2), Kimberling City, St. Louis (2). **MONT** Great Falls. **NEV** Las Vegas. **NJ** Pompton Plains, Westfield. **NY** Albany, Bay Shore, Buffalo (3), Garden City, Massapequa Park, Middletown, New Hartford, Rochester (5), Schenectady, Syracuse (2). **NC** Asheville, Burlington, Chapel Hill, Charlotte, Fayetteville, Greensboro, Raleigh (2), Rocky Mount, Wilmington, Winston-Salem. **OHIO** Cincinnati (3), Columbus, Dayton (3), Lima, Mentor, Springfield, Toledo (2), Youngstown. **OKLA** Oklahoma City (2), Tulsa. **ORE** Eugene, Portland, Salem. **PA** Harrisburg, Lancaster, Monaca, Plymouth Meeting, State College, Wilkes-Barre, Wyomissing, York. **SC** Columbia (2), Florence, Greenville. **TENN** Chattanooga, Goodlettsville, Memphis. **TEX** Arlington, Austin, Corpus Christi, Dallas, Houston. **UTAH** Salt Lake City. **VA** Alexandria, Arlington, Norfolk, Roanoke. **WASH** Bellevue, Bellingham, Federal Way, Kennewick, Olympia, Seattle (2), Spokane, Tacoma, Wenatchee, Yakima. **WVA** Fairmont. **WIS** Fish Creek, Greendale. **CANADA** (6).

St. In the event of rain, the concert will take place nearby in the ground-floor arcade of City University Graduate Center, 33 W. 42nd St. . . . ¶ On Saturday, June 3, at 1, "Noye's Fludde," Benjamin Britten's musical setting for the Chester (England) Miracle Play, will be performed in Mount Morris Park by a cast of professionals, an orchestra, and 1,000 children 1,000 from New York City schools dressed in animal costumes. . . . ¶ On Sunday, June 4, at 1, there will be a repeat performance of "Noye's Fludde" at the Harlem Meer Lake, in Central Park. . . . ¶ On Sunday, June 4, there will be a conducted tour of Greenwich Village, sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York. Meets at the corner of Gay and Christopher Streets at 2:30. For reservations, call LE 4-1672. . . . ¶ Through Sunday, June 11, the semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit will be on view daily, from noon until sundown. . . . ¶ Antiques buffs and buyers from the environs display wares they've carted (via car and trailer) to the Market Place (Eleventh Ave. at 42nd St.). Open every Sunday, weather permitting, from 11 to sundown. . . . ¶ The New York Flea Market (Sixth Ave. at 25th St.) is open every Sunday, weather permitting, from 1 to 7. . . . ¶ The Antiques Flea Fair-East (York Ave. at 90th St.), a benefit show, is open every Sunday, weather permitting, from 11 to 6. . . . ¶ Each Tuesday and Wednesday evening between 7 and 10:30, the roadways in Central Park are closed to automobiles, to permit strollers and bicyclists to walk and ride unafflicted by exhaust fumes and traffic noises.

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, May 31, at 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings, drawings, and sculptures; from many sources. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 1, at 2: Chinese calligraphy and ceramics, from a number of collectors. . . . ¶ Friday, June 2, at 10:15: Japanese color prints, illustrated books, paintings, and screens; from various owners. . . . ¶ Friday, June 2, at 2: Georgian and Victorian silver, belonging to Mrs. Marquis Childs and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 3, at 10:15: Pre-Columbian art, from several collectors. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 3, at 2: French and Continental furniture, decorations, and carpets; from numerous owners. . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 6, at 2: European ceramics, from a number of sources. . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, June 7-8, at 10:15 and 2, and Friday and Saturday, June 9-10, at 2: Chinese Export porcelain, European ceramics, carvings and *objets de vertu*, silver, paintings, sculptures, furniture, and decorations; from the collection of Mrs. Edward F. Hutton.

COMMENCEMENT DATES—N.Y.U., Wednesday, May 31; Brown, Monday, June 5; Barnard, Columbia, and Princeton, Tuesday, June 6; and Annapolis and West Point, Wednesday, June 7.

FILM LIBRARIES—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—May 31 at 2: "Stage Door" (1937), directed by Gregory La Cava, with Ginger Rogers and Katharine Hepburn. . . . ¶ June 1 at 5:30: "Doctor Bull" (1933), directed by John Ford, with Will Rogers. . . . ¶ June 1 at 8 and June 2 at 2: "Judge Priest" (1934), directed by John Ford, with Will Rogers. . . . ¶ June 2 at 5:30: "Mr. Skitch" (1933), directed by James Cruze, with Will Rogers. . . . ¶ June 3 at noon: "Shadows" (1961), directed by John Cassavetes. . . . ¶ June 3 at 3: "David Harum" (1934), directed by James Cruze, with Will Rogers. . . . ¶ June 3 at 5:30: "Doctor Bull" (1933). . . . ¶ June 4 at 12:30: "Jesse James" (1939), directed by Henry King, with Tyrone Power, Nancy Kelly, and Henry Fonda. . . . ¶ June 4 at 3 and 5:30: "Steamboat 'Round the Bend" (1935), directed by John Ford, with Will Rogers. . . . ¶ June 5 at 2: "County Chairman" (1935), directed by John Blystone, with Will Rogers. . . . ¶ June 5 at 5:30 and June 6 at 2: "Lightnin' " (1930), directed by Henry King, with Will Rogers. . . . ¶ June 6 at 5:30: A program of films by Ed Emshwiller. . . . ¶ June 7 at 2: "Lightnin' " (1930). . . . ¶ June 7 at 5:30: "Stark Love" (1927), directed by Karl Brown, with Forrest James and Helen Munday. . . . ¶ June 8 at 2 and 7: "Greed" (1923), directed by

Erich von Stroheim, with Gibson Gowland, Jean Hersholt, and ZaSu Pitts. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30; for the showing at 7 not before 2. Wednesdays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.)... **NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER,** 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Through June 1: "The Big Clock" (1948), directed by John Farrow, with Ray Milland and Charles Laughton.... ¶ June 2-4: "On the Waterfront," directed by Elia Kazan, with Marlon Brando and Lee J. Cobb.... ¶ June 7-8: "Bullets or Ballots" (1936), directed by William Keighley, with Edward G. Robinson and Humphrey Bogart. (Showings Wednesdays through Sundays at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.)... **ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES,** at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197)—Films by Brakhage, Bresson, Broughton, Chaplin, Buñuel, Dreyer, and others. Showings at 6, 8 (except May 31), and 10 (except May 31 and June 8). No Mondays.

COMING EVENTS

(A check list for readers who plan ahead.)

AUTOMOBILE RACING—At **WATKINS GLEN**: June 17-18.... **MOUNT POCONO**, Pa.: July 2.... **LIME ROCK PARK**, Lime Rock, Conn.: July 4.

BASEBALL—At **SHEA STADIUM**: Vs. Houston, June 11 (day). St. Louis, June 22-23 (night) and 24-25 (d). Pittsburgh, June 26 (n) and June 27 (d). San Diego, July 4 (d) and July 5 (n). Los Angeles, July 7 (n) and July 8-9 (d). San Francisco, July 10-11 (n) and July 12 (d).... **YANKEE STADIUM**: Vs. Chicago, June 13-15 (night). Texas, June 16 (n) and June 17-18 (day). Kansas City, June 20 (n) and June 21 (d). Baltimore, June 28 (n) and June 29 (d). Cleveland, June 30 (n), July 1-2 (d). Oakland, July 14 (twi-night doubleheader) and July 15 (d).

BOXING—Ken Buchanan vs. Roberto Duran, 15 rounds, for the World Lightweight Championship. (Madison Square Garden, June 26.)

CREW—Yale-Harvard Regatta. (New London, June 17.)... ¶ Henley Royal Regatta. (Henley-on-Thames, England, June 28-July 1.)

GOLF—U.S.G.A. Women's Open Championship. (Winged Foot Golf Club, Mamaroneck, June 29-July 2.)

HORSE SHOW—Ox Ridge Hunt Club. (Darien. June 14-18.)

MOTORBOAT RACING—President's Cup Regatta. (Washington, D.C. June 9.)

RACING—At **WOODBINE**, Toronto: The Queen's Plate, June 17.... **AQUEDUCT**: June 19-July 29.... **ASCOT**, England: Royal Ascot Race Meeting: June 20-23.

TENNIS—International Lawn Tennis Championships. (Wimbledon, England, June 26-July 8.)

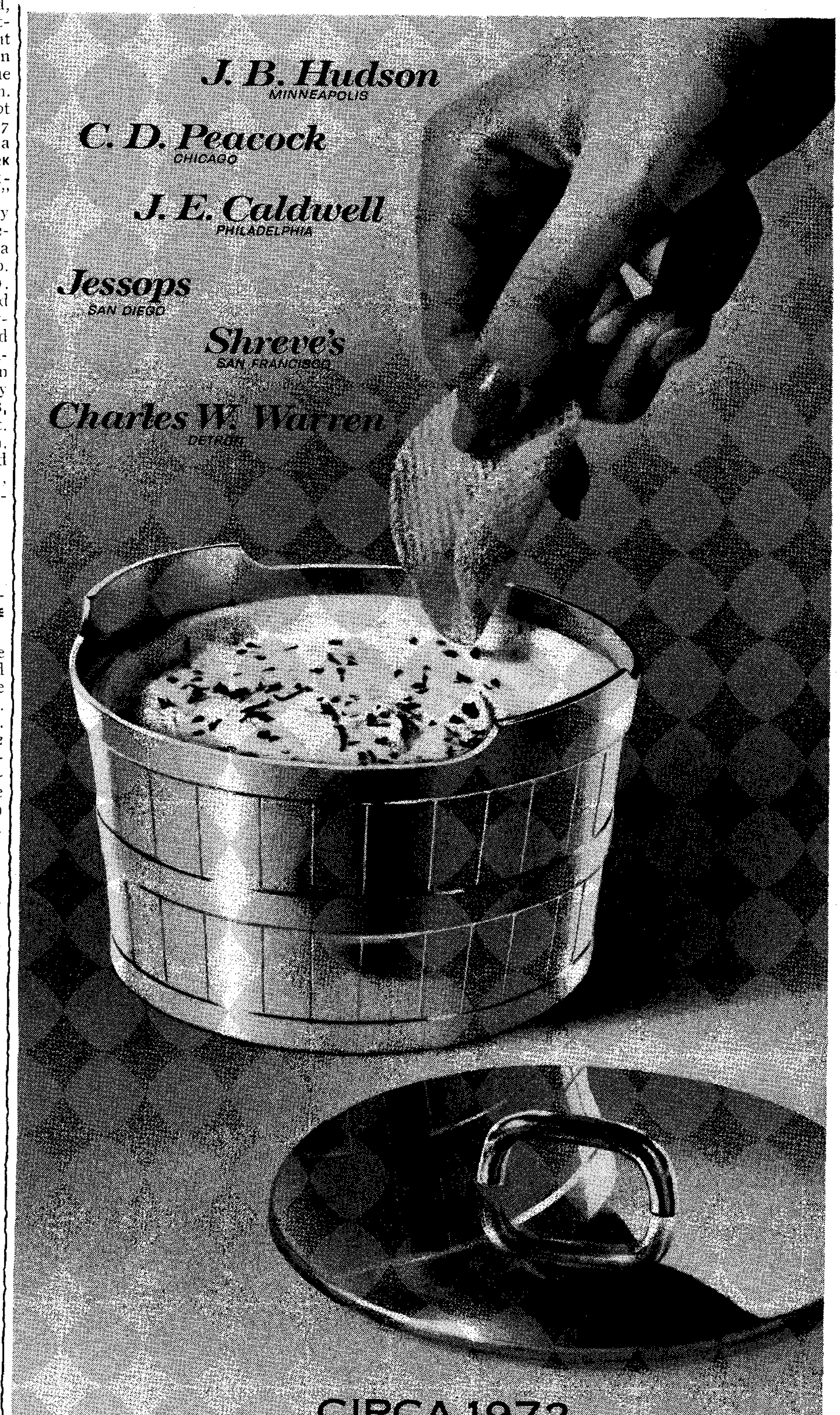
TROTTING—At Historic Track, Goshen: July 3-7.

YACHTING—Start of the Newport-to-Bermuda race, June 16.... ¶ Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont, July 15-16 and 21-22.)

MUSIC—Caramoor Festival, Katonah, N.Y., June 17-July 16.... ¶ Guggenheim Memorial Concerts by the Goldman Band in Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center, June 21-Aug. 13.... ¶ Leonard Bernstein's Mass, at the Metropolitan Opera House, June 26-July 22.... ¶ The Metropolitan Opera will present concert performances in Central Park on June 27 and July 5.... ¶ Berkshire Festival, Lenox, Mass., June 30-Aug. 20.... ¶ Newport Jazz Festival, New York City (Philharmonic Hall, Carnegie Hall, Radio City Music Hall, Yankee Stadium, and a phone booth on West Forty-eighth St.), July 1-9.... ¶ Saratoga Performing Arts Center, Saratoga Springs, July 5-Aug. 26.

BALLET—American Ballet Theatre, at the New York State Theatre, July 4-Aug. 13.

OTHER DATES—Commencements: Dartmouth, June 11; Yale, June 12; and Harvard, June 15.... ¶ Second-quarter Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax payments are due Thursday, June 15.... ¶ The first day of summer is June 21.... ¶ The Fourth of July falls on a Tuesday.... ¶ A 79.5 per cent eclipse of the sun will occur here on July 10.... ¶ The Democratic National Convention will start on July 10 in Miami.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			31	1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through June 6: "The French Connection."
From June 7: "The Hospital" and "Sunday Bloody Sunday."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through June 3: "Take Me Out to the Ball Game" and "42nd Street."
June 4-6: "Take a Chance" and "Glorifying the American Girl."
From June 7: "Annie Get Your Gun" and "Sis Hopkins."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
May 31: "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?," "Myra Breckinridge," and "Fortune and Men's Eyes."
June 1-7: "200 Motels" and "Yellow Submarine."
From June 8: "Performance" and "McCabe & Mrs. Miller."

Orpheum Music Hall, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (982-6410)
May 31: "Captain Blood."
June 1: "Key Largo."
June 2: "High Sierra."
June 3: "The Big Sleep."
June 4: "A Midsummer Night's Dream."
June 5: "Dames."
June 6: "Footlight Parade."
June 7: "Rhapsody in Blue."
June 8: "Platinum Blonde."
(**Note:** At 8 every evening except Monday, on the theatre stage and undoubtedly live, the exhilarating art of tap-dancing will be displayed by the Hoofers, or vaudeville redivivus. Among the tappers are Rhythm Red, Sandman Sims, Jimmy Slyde, and Mabel Lee.)

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
"Skyjacked."

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through June 6: "Made for Each Other" and "The Hot Rock."
From June 7: "The Cross and the Switchblade."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Malcolm X."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
May 31: "The Luck of Ginger Coffey" and "The Birthday Party."
June 1: "The Birthday Party" and "Genevieve."
June 2: "Genevieve" and "A Taste of Honey."
June 3: "A Taste of Honey" and "The Trap."
June 4: "The Trap" and "The Wrong Arm of the Law."
June 5: "The Wrong Arm of the Law" and "Waltz of the Toreadors."
June 6: "Waltz of the Toreadors" and "Saturday Night and Sunday Morning."
June 7: "Saturday Night and Sunday Morning" and "Billy Liar."
June 8: "Billy Liar" and "This Sporting Life."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Slaughterhouse-Five."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Hammersmith Is Out."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Fritz the Cat."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Concert for Bangladesh."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Garden of the Finzi-Continis."

Coronet, 3rd Ave at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Other."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin I, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Skyjacked."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Possession of Joel Delaney."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"A Clockwork Orange."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"The Trial of the Catonsville Nine."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"J. W. Coop."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Easy Rider."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"What's Up, Doc?"

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through June 3: "Tomorrow."
From June 4: "A Day in the Death of Joe Egg."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"The Godfather."

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through June 1: "Horror on Snape Island."
From June 2: "Top of the Heap."

Juliet I, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through June 5: To be announced.
From June 6: "The Green Wall."

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through June 6: To be announced."
From June 7: "The Cross and the Switchblade."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Hammersmith Is Out."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Fritz the Cat."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"The Godfather."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Godfather."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through June 5: "Skyjacked."
June 6-8: "Oh! Calcutta!"

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin I, Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
"The Legend of Nigger Charley."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8932)
"Malcolm X."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
"Is There Sex After Death?" and "Brewster McCloud."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"Fritz the Cat."

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through June 4: "Macunaima."
From June 5 at 9: Festival of Women's Films. (Opening night will be a benefit performance.)

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Klute" and "Summer of '42."

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
May 31: "The Big Sky" and "Wagonmaster."
June 1: "Wagonmaster" and "I Walked with a Zombie."
June 2: "I Walked with a Zombie" and "Cat People."
June 3: "Cat People" and "The Leopard Man."
June 4: "The Leopard Man" and "I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang."
June 5: "I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang" and "Little Caesar."
June 6: "Little Caesar" and "The Public Enemy."
June 7: "The Public Enemy" and "The Petrified Forest."
June 8: "The Petrified Forest" and "The Maltese Falcon."

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through June 6: "Caged Men" and "The Bang Bang Gang."
From June 7: "Puppet on a Chain."

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Fiddler on the Roof."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Swiss Family Robinson" and "101 Dalmatians."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
May 31: "Play It Again, Sam."
From June 1: "The War Between Men and Women."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Cabaret."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
Through June 1: "Goldfinger" and "From Russia with Love."
From June 2: "Faces" and "Shadows."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
May 31: "Klute" and "Summer of '42."
June 1-7: "They Shoot Horses, Don't They?" and "Take the Money and Run."
From June 8: "Parades."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Fritz the Cat."

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"City Lights."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"The Sorrow and the Pity."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through June 5: "The French Connection."
June 6-8: "Oh! Calcutta!"

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through June 7: "Uncle Vanya."
From June 8: To be announced.

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through June 6: "The Last Picture Show" and "Cisco Pike."
From June 7: "A Man for All Seasons" and "The Pursuit of Happiness."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through June 4: "I Love You, I Kill You."
From June 5 (tentative): "Bronco Bullfrog."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through June 6: "Murmur of the Heart" and "One Brief Summer."
From June 7: "Lady Liberty" and "Chato's Land."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through June 1: "The Barber of Seville" and "The Lovers of Teruel."
June 2-5: "Tales of Hoffman" and "An Evening with the Royal Ballet."
June 6: "La Strada" and "Open City."
June 7: "Stolen Kisses" and "A Woman Is a Woman."
June 8: "Psycho" and "Strangers on a Train."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through June 6: "The Last Picture Show" and "Cisco Pike."
From June 7: "The Hospital" and "Sunday Bloody Sunday."

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

Annie Get Your Gun (1950)—With Betty Hutton, directed by George Sidney. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting June 7.)

The Bang Bang Gang—With Jae Miller and Michael Kirkwood, directed by Van Guylder. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through June 6.)

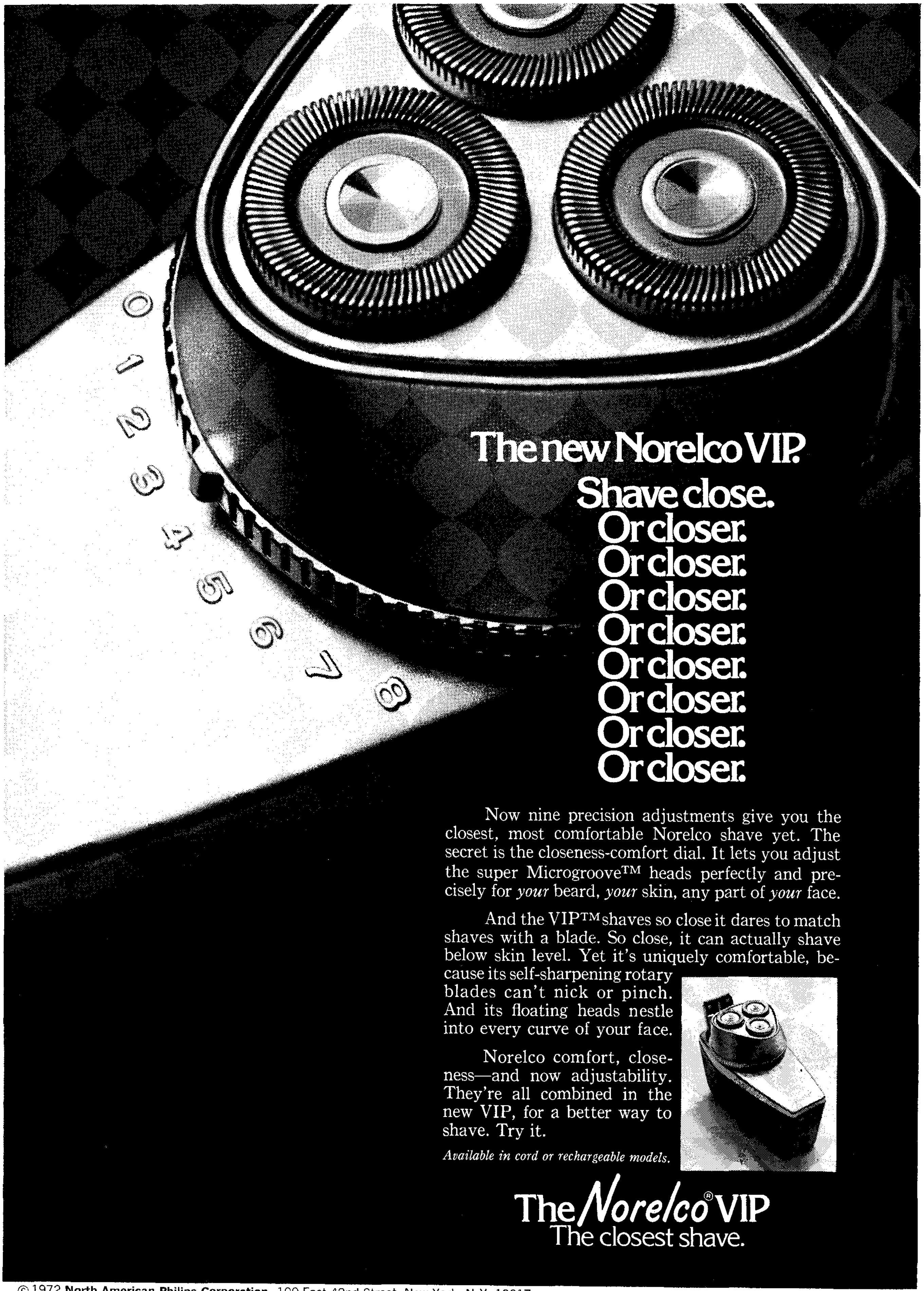
The Barber of Seville (1947)—Rossini's opera, with Tito Gobbi, Giulio Neri, Giulietta Simionate, and Irene Genna. In Italian. (Thalia; through June 1.)

The Big Sky (1952)—The least of Howard Hawks' Westerns, about a search for furs in the Northwest Territory. Simpleminded dialogue of the what-in-tarnation sort. Kirk Douglas is in it, and Elizabeth Threatt is an Indian girl called Teal Eye, meant to be remote and mysterious, and behaving as if Martha Graham had been tutoring her in a tepee. (Elgin; May 31.)

The Big Sleep (1946)—Humphrey Bogart is Raymond Chandler's private eye in a fast, tense, amusingly lurid thriller, which is peopled with sophisticated monsters who talk in innuendoes. Lauren Bacall and Martha Vickers are a baffling pair of rich, spoiled sisters; the latter sucks her thumb. It hardly matters that the plot got so complicated that William Faulkner and the other writers had to appeal to Chandler for guidance, and that he couldn't exactly figure it out, either. Howard Hawks directed, smashingly. (Orpheum Music Hall; June 3.)

Billy Liar (1963)—An English comedy in which Tom Courtenay plays a boy who can't stop telling disastrous whoppers. With Julie Christie. Directed by John Schlesinger. (34th St. East; June 7-8.)

The Birthday Party (1968)—The early Harold Pinter play, directed by William Friedkin, with an expert cast (Sydney Tafler, Robert Shaw, Patrick Magee, and Dandy Nichols). Lacking the excitement that Pinter's plays



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

usually generate on the stage, the material became frozen and arbitrary. (34th St. East; May 31-June 1.)

Brewster McCloud (1971)—Robert Altman's film was shot in Houston. Gentle Brewster (Bud Cort), who is building wings for himself, is a boy Phantom of the Astrodome who is also an imperilled virgin—a sort of mad, murderous Peter Pan, or Rima the Bird Boy. Sally Kellerman is his bird-mother, who deserts him when he loses his virginity. The idea seems to be left over from a Victorian fable, but the style of the picture is parodistic and manic—like a Road Runner cartoon. The whole thing is amorphous and rather silly. (Waverly.)

Bronco Bullfrog—With Del Walker, directed by Barney Platts-Mills. (New Yorker; starting June 5, tentative.)

Cabaret—A great movie musical, satirical and diamond-hard. With Joel Grey and Liza Minnelli, and masterly direction by Bob Fosse. (Ziegfeld.)

Caged Men—With Ross Stephanson and Maureen McGill, directed by Edward J. Forsyth. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through June 6.)

Captain Blood (1935)—Flynn swashing his buckle for the first time. He plays a doctor pressed into becoming a pirate, spliced up for a time with Basil Rathbone but enamored of the very genteel Olivia de Havilland. (Orpheum Music Hall; May 31.)

Cat People (1942)—Horror picture by Jacques Tourneur. Simone Simon, a bride, believes she is descended from a medieval race of Balkans who turn into panthers when their steaming passions are aroused. Pretty dumb, but all right if you could turn it off by remote control from bed. (Elgin; June 2-3.)

Chato's Land—With Charles Bronson and Jack Palance, directed by Michael Winner. (Symphony; starting June 7.)

Cisco Pike—With Gene Hackman, Karen Black, and Kris Kristofferson; directed by Bill L. Norton. (Embassy 72nd St. and Olympia; through June 6.)

City Lights (1931)—The famous old Chaplin. The mime is wonderful, the lonely use of sound for a swallowed whistle at a party is wonderful, the sight gags are wonderful; the sentimentality about the blind girl is faintly frightening. (Lincoln Art.)

A Clockwork Orange—Cold and repellent. Stanley Kubrick's new film might be the work of a strict and exacting German professor who set out to make a porno-violent sci-fi comedy. (Cinema I.)

The Concert for Bangladesh—Filmed at the concert at Madison Square Garden last August. (Plaza.)

The Cross and the Switchblade—With Pat Boone, directed by Don Murray. (Kips Bay and Juliet 2; starting June 7.)

Dames (1934)—Joan Blondell, Ruby Keeler, and Dick Powell singing "I Only Have Eyes for You." Ray Enright directed. (Orpheum Music Hall; June 5.)

A Day in the Death of Joe Egg—With Alan Bates and Janet Suzman, directed by Peter Medak. (68th St. Playhouse; starting June 4.)

Easy Rider (1969)—Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper motorcycle east across America. With Jack Nicholson as a boozing liberal Southern lawyer. Directed by Dennis Hopper. (Columbia II.)

An Evening with the Royal Ballet (1965)—Anthony Asquith and Anthony Havelock-Allan do Covent Garden proud, if you like ballet—and, if so, if you like ballet on film. Fonteyn and Nureyev carry it. Ravel's "La Valse," "Les Sylphides," a Nureyev cadenza of leaps, and Tchaikovsky's "Aurora's Wedding." (Thalia; June 2-5.)

Faces (1968)—John Cassavetes' view of the meaninglessness of life for the well-heeled middle-aged. His semi-documentary method is controversial, and what some find agonizingly true and beautiful others may find merely embarrassingly clumsy. With John Marley, Gena Rowlands, Lynn Carlin, and Seymour Cassel. (Festival; starting June 2.)

Festival of Women's Films—I.e., films produced, written, and/or directed by women; features, shorts, and documentaries are included. Six entries a day will be shown, starting at noon, seven days a week, from June 6 through June 21. The schedule is complicated; the best idea is to call the box office: WA 4-8339. (5th Ave. Cinema.)

Fiddler on the Roof—A demonstration that square can be beautiful, too. Directed by Norman Jewison and starring Topol, the movie is a joyous, powerful musical epic. (Rivoli. Mondays through Thursdays at 8 and Fridays through Sundays at 8:30. Matinées Tuesdays through Thursdays at 1:30 and Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

Footlight Parade (1933)—One of those "classic" early Warner Brothers musicals—silly but from time to time irresistibly wonderful in a way that will never come back. The young James Cagney dances and shows off his Olivier-like eyes. Joan Blondell is tough and honest. Dick Powell sings some good songs, and Ruby Keeler dances while bending down anxiously to watch her leaden feet. Directed by Lloyd Bacon, choreography by Busby Berkeley. (Orpheum Music Hall; June 6.)

Fortune and Men's Eyes—Based on John Herbert's play, with Wendell Burton and Michael Greer, directed by Harvey Hart. (St. Marks Cinema; May 31.)

42nd Street (1933)—This big, cheerful Warners musical was a remake of the 1929 "On with the Show," but it gave new life to the clichés that have kept parodists happy; what's surprising is how organic the clichés once were. The cast includes Warner Baxter, Bebe Daniels, Dick Powell, Ruby Keeler, George Brent, and Ginger Rogers. The songs, by Al Dubin and Harry Warren, include "Shuffle Off to Buffalo" and "You're Getting to Be a Habit with Me." Lloyd Bacon directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through June 3.)

The French Connection—Tracking down a shipment of heroin in New York City. A slam-bang thriller that zaps the audience by noise, speed, and brutality. It's certainly exciting, but that excitement isn't necessarily a pleasure. Gene Hackman plays the lowlifer police detective who cracks the case as a mixture of Joe and Archie; William Friedkin directed. (*Cinema Studio; through June 5*. . . . ¶ Art; through June 6.)

Fritz the Cat—An X-rated cartoon, full of good humor, bad taste, randiness, benign ethnic jokes, and other staples of New York wit. The rating is a pity: everyone who is officially underage according to the rating system knows more about Robert Crumb's famous Fritz than his parents are likely to. The New York landscapes are drawn with great delicacy, and the New York animalized characters with purple amplitude; the voices are human. Directed and scripted by Ralph Bakshi. This is one of the few full-length cartoons with an ear as accurate as a good play's. (Fine Arts, U. A. East, 8th St. Playhouse, and Little Carnegie.)

From Russia with Love (1964)—The indestructible James Bond (Sean Connery) fighting off a rare assortment of villains and making love to the usual living dolls. (Festival; through June 1.)

The Garden of the Finzi-Continis—Vittorio De Sica's finest film in many years—a lyric evocation of a vanished group of people (the cultivated, aristocratic Jewish-Italian landowners) and a vanished mood. Based on Giorgio Bassani's semi-autobiographical novel, the film records how Giorgio, a middle-class outsider (Lino Capolicchio), is drawn into the decaying, enchanted world of the Finzi-Continis by the imperious, contrary Micòl (Dominique Sanda); she and her languid brother (Helmut Berger) are spoiled, beautiful people without the will to save themselves. Perhaps the only film that records the halfhearted anti-Jewish measures of the Mussolini period—which were, however, sufficient to wipe out the Finzi-Continis and all they represented. In Italian. (Baronet.)

Genevieve (1954)—Funny English comedy, directed by Henry Cornelius, with Kenneth More as an amiable old-car nut who goes on the London-to-Brighton annual motor race for petrol-driven antiques. Good about English mews life, with an entrancing sequence when the beautiful late Kay Kendall plays the trumpet. (34th St. East; June 1-2.)

Glorifying the American Girl (1929)—Eddie Cantor, Rudy Vallée, Dan Healy in a primitive Paramount musical with some smashing Irving Berlin songs. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 4-6.)

The Godfather—A wide, startlingly vivid view of a Mafia dynasty, in which organized crime becomes an obscene nightmare image of American ruthlessness. The movie is a popular melodrama, but it expresses a new tragic realism and it's altogether extraordinary.

WHAT'S GOING ON AT THE GARDEN

JUNE

The sounds of the circus calliope have died away not to be heard again at the Garden until next Springtime. But there's plenty of music to take its place. In fact, the Garden will be alive with music all month long. Listen!

The Big Show of 1936 is unfolding its nostalgic magic at the Felt Forum now thru June 4th with the brightest luminaries of that exciting era including Vince Barnett, Jackie ("The Kid") Coogan, Cass Daley, The Ink Spots, Allan ("Donkey Serenade") Jones, Beatrice Kay, Sally Rand and Arthur ("Street Singer") Tracy.

On the 2nd, we move 20 years or so into the fabulous 50s with Volume IX of the Rock and Roll Spectacular. The beat will be provided by Little Richard, Lloyd Price, Shirley and Lee, Danny and the Juniors, the Cleftones, the Exciters and special guest stars Dion and the Belmonts.

On Saturday the 3rd, the country sound comes to town with Nashville at the Garden, starring the greatest talent in the country music world—Lynn Anderson, Sonny James, Jim Ed Brown, Loretta Lynn, Jack Greene & Jeannie Seely and Conway Twitty.

And now for the big news: ELVIS IS COMING! Elvis Presley, In Person for the first time in New York—Friday night the 9th, Saturday afternoon and evening the 10th—three big shows that will make Garden history!

But that's not all. On the 23rd, Smokey Robinson and the Miracles give their Farewell New York Concert with Junior Walker and the All-Stars plus the glamorous Labelle. And on the 24th and 25th, The Mighty Sparrow moves in with a star-laden Calypso and Raggae Festival that also features Calypso Rose, Dave Martin and the Tradewinds, the Maytals, the Shell Invaders Steel Band, the Tomorrow's Children Orchestra, plus Ken Booth, Jamaica's favorite Raggae singer.

What, still more? Well, music for the month winds up in double-barrelled fashion on the 30th with a big Summer Jazz show at the Felt Forum and the long-awaited return of the famed Jackson 5 at the Garden.

So take your pick—nostalgia, country, rock, jazz, calypso, raggae—it's all there at the Garden. Get with it.

On the 26th, the music we'll offer will be the rat-a-tat-tat percussion of pounding fists as the brilliant world's lightweight champion Ken Buchanan defends his title against the hard-hitting Panamanian, Roberto Duran.

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Francis Ford Coppola directed; Marlon Brando and Al Pacino are the stars. (Loews Tower East, Loews Orpheum, and Loews Ciné.)

Goldfinger (1964)—The third James Bond thriller, and well up to scratch. Sean Connery, of course, with Gert Frobe as a formidable villain. (Festival; through June 1.)

The Green Wall—With Julio Aleman, directed by Armando Robles-Godoy. In Spanish. (Juliet 1; starting June 6.)

Hammersmith Is Out—A thoroughly mistaken allegory about the lunacy of modern success and sudden wealth, enacted by Richard Burton as an escaped inmate of a mental home. Elizabeth Taylor is a floozy waitress who jumps up into riches along with the fugitive, and Peter Ustinov is a pretty mad foreign doctor with an accent you couldn't cut with a carving knife. (Trans-Lux East and Trans-Lux 85th St.)

High Sierra (1941)—This Humphrey Bogart picture, directed by Raoul Walsh, which has been imitated widely both abroad and here, set a new style in gangster movies—the gangster as anachronism in a changing world. Bogart's performance as the weary Dillinger-like gangster is a classic, and about half of the movie is definitive in setting the new pattern. With Ida Lupino, Joan Leslie (as a lame girl, in an expendable subplot), Arthur Kennedy, Alan Curtis, and Cornel Wilde. John Huston and W. R. Burnett adapted the Burnett novel. (Orpheum Music Hall; June 2.)

Horror on Snape Island—With Bryant Haliday and Jill Haworth, directed by Jim O'Connolly. (72nd St. Playhouse; through June 1.)

The Hospital—That great spangled ham George C. Scott in Paddy Chayevsky's farce about the killing incompetence in a modern big-city hospital. The picture strains for seriousness now and then, but even when it makes a fool of itself it's still funny. Arthur Hiller directed. (Art and Olympia; starting June 7.)

The Hot Rock—A cheerful caper movie, set around New York City. The dialogue is often painfully hip-cute, but the actors manage to be funny anyway. Ron Leibman plays a demonic getaway driver, George Segal is a panicky lock picker, Paul Sand is a spaced-out bomb wizard, and Robert Redford is the straight-man leader of the gang. Peter Yates directed, from William Goldman's screenplay. (Kips Bay; through June 6.)

I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang (1932)—One of the best of the social-protest films—naïve, heavy, artless, but a straightforward, unadorned story with moments that haunted a generation, such as the hungry hero (Paul Muni) trying to pawn his Congressional Medal of Honor. Those involved in making the movie hoped it might help to ameliorate the condition of convicts, but it did more to ameliorate financial conditions at Warner Brothers and was a factor in making it the "socially conscious" studio. With Glenda Farrell, Edward Ellis, Helen Vinson. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy. (Elgin; June 4-5.)

I Love You, I Kill You—The début in feature films of Uwe Brandner, a young German writer, who here directs a film that is almost entirely wordless. An allegory about Fascism, sheeplikeness, unplaced chauvinism, sadomasochism, with the fervor drained out of politics and the pleasure out of sex. The slow clump of indifferently violent events, standing for everything and nothing, takes place in an innocently dumb-looking Hansel-and-Gretel small town. The film is brittle, chilling, brilliant, and terrifyingly theoretical. In German. (New Yorker; through June 4.)

Is There Sex After Death?—Porno-spoof with the usual sex scenes and the usual sex jokes. And the usual fatigue sets in, because the scenes and jokes in films of this type are repetitive and interchangeable. However, this one has some funnier-than-usual skits involving Buck Henry, Jim Moran, and Marshall Efron. Written and directed by Jeanne and Alan Abel. (Waverly.)

I Walked with a Zombie (1943)—Horror picture, directed by Jacques Tourneur, about witchcraft and voodoo running wild in Haiti. The script derived from, of all things, "Jane Eyre." The heroine is the victim of a mysterious malady that has left her a speechless catatonic. (Elgin; June 1-2.)

J. W. Coop—Cliff Robertson's rather good and unpretentious movie about a rodeo rider, which has a dopey tragic-athlete ending in the Pagliacci vein but also some finely detailed character observation on the way, and an interesting Romanticism of spirit about sport that will presumably pass from our

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aesthetics in a century or two. (Columbia I.)

Key Largo (1948)—John Huston, who directed, and Richard Brooks, then a screenwriter, rewrote the soporific Maxwell Anderson play and added so many good hammy bits that they turned it into an entertaining movie, though what the play was supposed to be about—which was dim enough in the original—is thoroughly obscured. But it's a confidently directed, handsomely shot movie, and the cast all go at it as if the nonsense about gangsters and human dignity were high drama. Humphrey Bogart gets Lauren Bacall, who looks wonderful but can't seem to find a character to play; Edward G. Robinson chomps on a cigar while soaking in a bathtub; Claire Trevor makes her bid for an Academy Award in the role of a pathetic drunk; and Thomas Gomez and Lionel Barrymore do their usual overrated overacting. (Orpheum Music Hall; June 1.)

Klute—Jane Fonda in her finest dramatic performance yet, as an intelligent, high-bracket call girl, in Alan J. Pakula's murder melodrama. The picture is reminiscent of the good detective mysteries of the forties, though the suspense devices are not as entertaining as they used to be. With Donald Sutherland. (Greenwich. . . . ¶ Playboy; May 31.)

Lady Liberty—With Sophia Loren, directed by Mario Monicelli. (Symphony; starting June 7.)

The Last Picture Show—Peter Bogdanovich's fine, straightforward, involving narrative picture about boys trying to reach manhood, without much in the way of models. The setting is small-town Texas in the early fifties. From Larry McMurtry's novel. With Timothy Bottoms and Jeff Bridges. (Embassy 72nd St. and Olympia; through June 6.)

The Legend of Nigger Charley—With Fred Williamson, directed by Martin Goldman. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

The Leopard Man (1943)—Jacques Tourneur, horror-mystery maker much hung up on wild cat species, here commits a picture about a series of murders blamed on a truant leopard but actually to be laid at the door of a psychopath. Adapted from a Cornell Woolrich thriller. (Elgin; June 3-4.)

Little Caesar (1930)—Edward G. Robinson's Rico is the prototype of the movie gangster, but Mervyn LeRoy's direction is sluggish, and the actors seem to be transfixed by the microphone. With Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Glenda Farrell. (Elgin; June 5-6.)

The Lovers of Teruel (1962)—An elaborate ballet-drama of romantic tragedy. Ludmilla Tcherina dances the role of a doomed, demented girl, and then finds that life has cast her in the same role. More than a bit much, with dialogue such as "What good is my body if you cannot have my soul?" (Especially silly, because Miss Tcherina isn't much of a dancer but has a sensational body.) The director, Raymond Rouleau, is in love with colored lights. In French. (Thalia; through June 1.)

The Luck of Ginger Coffey (1964)—An Irish braggart on the make in Montreal. Faultlessly acted by Robert Shaw and Mary Ure. (34th St. East; May 31.)

Macunaima—Directed by Joaquim Pedro de Andrade. In Portuguese. (5th Ave. Cinema; through June 4.)

Made for Each Other—Renee Taylor and her husband, Joseph Bologna, wrote and star in this original, romantic comedy about a knocked-out, bleached-blond failed actress and a grubby misfit who meet in an encounter group. The movie believes there is a Kingdom of Heaven that you can get to if you help each other be vulnerable and open. It's Frank Capracorn updated by ethnic humor and simplified Freudianism, but it's so skillfully worked out that it's emotionally pleasing, and Renee Taylor's performance gives the film depth and conviction. Robert B. Bean directed. (Kips Bay; through June 6.)

Malcolm X—Biographic polemic: speeches, interviews, and so on, including a few too many furlongs of footage of armed whites bashing blacks to suit the generally more thoughtful tone of the film. Taken from Malcolm X's moving book about his life. (Murray Hill and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

The Maltese Falcon (1941)—The star is Humphrey Bogart, in his most exciting role, as Sam Spade, the private detective who is an ambiguous mixture of avarice and honor, sexuality and fear. This brilliant first film directed by John Huston is hard, precise, and economic—an almost perfect visual equivalent of the Dashiell Hammett thriller. Bogart is backed by an impeccably "right" cast: Sydney Greenstreet, Mary Astor, Peter Lorre, and Elisha Cook, Jr., as Wilmer. (Elgin; June 8.)

A Man for All Seasons (1966)—The moral tug-of-war between Henry VIII and Sir Thomas More, eloquently set forth by Robert Bolt and enacted by a superb cast, including Paul Scofield as More, Robert Shaw as Henry, and Leo McKern as the wily Cromwell. Directed by Fred Zinnemann. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting June 7.)

McCabe & Mrs. Miller—A beautiful pipe dream of a movie—Robert Altman's fleeting vision of what frontier life might have been, with Warren Beatty as a cocky small-time gambler and Julie Christie as an ambitious madam. Delicate, richly textured, and unusually understated. Very fine. (St. Marks Cinema; starting June 8.)

A Midsummer Night's Dream (1935)—Mickey Rooney as Puck gets to be a bit much, but Cagney as Bottom has a mysterious beauty. Max Reinhardt (with William Dieterle) imprints things on the memory with the talent of a director who was as potent in his day as Peter Brook is in ours. (Orpheum Music Hall; June 4.)

Murmur of the Heart—Louis Malle's portrait of the artist as a young dog. An exhilarating high comedy by the least known of the major French directors. In French. (Symphony; through June 6.)

Myra Breckinridge (1970)—With Mae West, looking uneasy for the first time in her screen life. The shape of the film is a mess, and the calculation muddled, unlike the novel's. Hell-bent on going too far, the movie applies great violence to no visible object for violence. The film is obsessed with gender, which the filmmakers seem to think is the same thing as sex. (St. Marks Cinema; May 31.)

Oh! Calcutta!—A filmed version of the current Broadway show. (86th St. East and Cinema Studio; June 6-8, showings at 2 and 8:30.)

One Brief Summer—With Felicity Gibson and Clifford Evans, directed by John Mackenzie. (Symphony; through June 6.)

101 Dalmatians (1961)—Late Disney, but for once not vulgar. This is most delicately drawn, with beautiful graphics of Nash's London and an entrancing espionage chain of dogs barking at one another from signal points across the island, like the beacon flares before the Armada. Highly recommended for everybody. (Guild.)

Open City (1944)—A brutal melodrama about the Roman underground resistance to the German Occupation, famed for the extraordinary immediacy and the almost documentary look of Roberto Rossellini's direction, and for Anna Magnani's magnificent performance. In Italian. (Thalia; June 6.)

The Other—Thomas Tryon, the actor who was in "The Cardinal," adapted for the screen this blisteringly dopey multi-murder story, set in Connecticut in a blithe summer of the nineteen-thirties. Identical boy twins personify good and evil. This physical unidentifiability is the most interesting thing about the picture. Tryon's original novel was a good deal more intelligent. Robert Mulligan directed, all too elegiacally. (Coronet.)

Parades—A film by Robert J. Siegel about life in a United States Army stockade. (Playboy; starting June 8.)

Performance (1970)—James Fox, as a London gangster from a Mickey Spillane background, meets Mick Jagger, a retired pop idol who lives in a *Yellow Book* world. A humorless, messy mixture of crime and decadence and drug-induced hallucinations, but Jagger has a fantastic few minutes near the end. (St. Marks Cinema; starting June 8.)

The Petrified Forest (1936)—Archie Mayo turned Robert Sherwood's famous play into this pretty good movie about the ironic ascendancy of a strongly physical man in a society of sophisticates. An escaped gangster, played by Humphrey Bogart, holds Leslie Howard and Bette Davis hostage at a roadside restaurant in Arizona. Bogart is at his best, the irresistible type of the sardonic bandit. (Elgin; June 7-8.)

Platinum Blonde (1931)—Frank Capra's early talkie about a glib newspaper reporter (Robert Williams) who marries an aristocratic heiress (Jean Harlow, ludicrously miscast but fun to watch anyway). Almost a catalogue of the movie conventions of the period, complete to an effete valet (Claude Allister) and a comic butler (Halliwell Hobbes). The film's considerable attractions include Robert Riskin's uninhibited dialogue and ravishing Loretta Young, who, as a tough-minded girl reporter (prototype of the later Jean Arthur roles), is a natural aristocrat. (Orpheum Music Hall; June 8.)

Play It Again, Sam—Woody Allen incarnating the spirit of Neurotic Love in a funny picture made from his own Broadway hit. Allen plays a Bogart nut, intensely aware that he is short, hating having red hair, loving a wife who leaves him gently enough and mostly because she is fed up with viewing old Bogey pictures. Most of the film is about hapless girl-chasing. Very Manhattan humor, expediently translated in the film to San Francisco because of a strike of New York technicians. Herbert Ross directs in a style of suitable loose-limbed laconicism. (Music Hall; May 31.)

The Possession of Joel Delaney—A ridiculous picture about a smart young Manhattan matron (Shirley MacLaine) and the possession of her spoiled brother's spirit by a murderous Puerto Rican. Directed by Waris Hussein. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2.)

Psycho (1960)—The Hitchcock thriller with Janet Leigh getting stabbed in the shower and Anthony Perkins with a fly on his nose. (Thalia; June 8.)

The Public Enemy (1931)—William Wellman's gangster classic, with James Cagney, Jean Harlow, and Joan Blondell, and Mae Clarke as the girl who gets the grapefruit shoved in her "kisser." A good picture, even if the theme music *is* "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles." (Elgin; June 6-7.)

Puppet on a Chain—A suspense-adventure film based on the Alistair MacLean book, directed by Geoffrey Reeve. With Sven-Bertil Taube and Barbara Parkins. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; starting June 7.)

The Pursuit of Happiness (1971)—The disenchantment of youth, and the hypocrisy of the Establishment. With Michael Sarrazin and Barbara Hershey and a good supporting cast (Arthur Hill, Robert Klein, and Ruth White in her last appearance). Directed by Robert Mulligan. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting June 7.)

Rhapsody in Blue (1945)—The life of Gershwin at his most, if you trust musical biographies for a second. (Orpheum Music Hall; June 7.)

Saturday Night and Sunday Morning (1961)—Overdirected (by Karel Reisz) and with too many set pieces, this study of working-class energies and frustrations has the advantages of Albert Finney as the hero and a fine cast that includes Rachel Roberts, Norman Rossington, and Shirley Anne Field. Alan Sillitoe adapted his own novel. (34th St. East; June 6-7.)

Shadows (1961)—An original exercise in improvisation by a group of players who do their ad-libbing, sometimes to great effect, in a scattering of places around this city. John Cassavetes' direction is also effective and self-effacing. (Festival; starting June 2.)

Sis Hopkins (1941)—With Judy Canova. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting June 7.)

Skyjacked—Thriller about hijacking. Charlton Heston is a pilot hankering after a chief air hostess (Yvette Mimieux) who is engaged to the first officer (Mike Henry). Directed by John Guillermin. Garbage. (Gramercy and R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1. . . . ¶ 86th St. East; through June 5.)

Slaughterhouse-Five—George Roy Hill's film of the Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., college classic, with Michael Sacks as the boy assistant chaplain in Dresden in the Second World War. Filmed mostly in Prague (there being no Dresden left); photographed by Miroslav Ondricek, the wonderful Czech photographer who has worked with Miloš Forman, Ivan Passer, and Lindsay Anderson. The flattened despair of the film sometimes seems a show-off form of cool, but the picture is beautifully cast and acted. (Sutton.)

The Sorrow and the Pity—Magnificent documentary epic on the German Occupation of France. A study in the psychology of history, directed by Marcel Ophuls. Four and a half hours. (Paris.)

Stolen Kisses (1968)—François Truffaut's first romantic comedy, and reasonably pleasant. With Jean-Pierre Léaud, Delphine Seyrig, and Claude Jade, and Michel Lonsdale as a man who hires detectives to find out why nobody likes him. In French. (Thalia; June 7.)

La Strada (1956)—Federico Fellini's spiritual fable sets a mood, and *it* remains in one's memory—even if one rejects the meaning of the fable. Giulietta Masina is the innocent waif, Anthony Quinn the brutal strong man,

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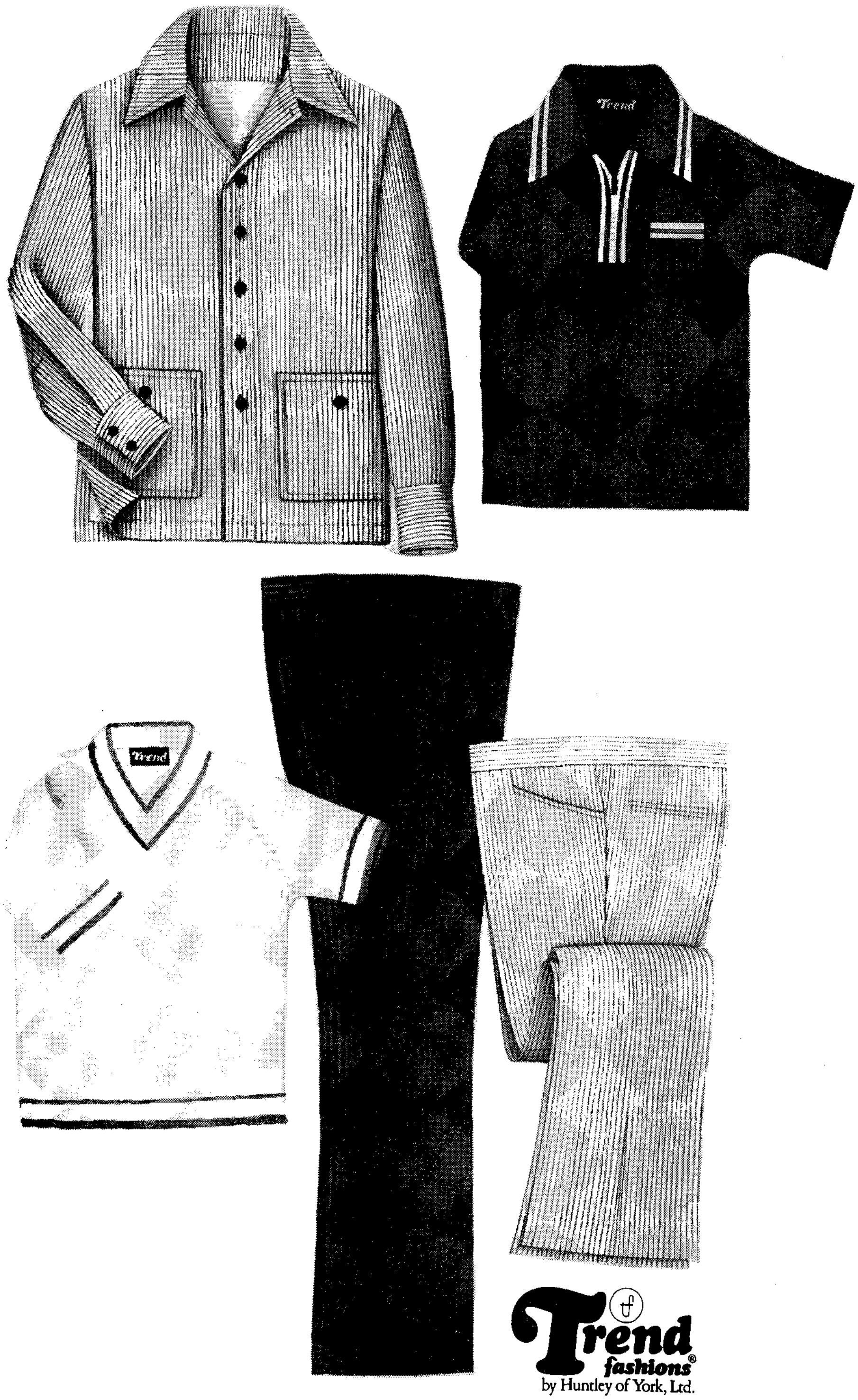

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Richard Basehart the artist-clown. (It is unusual to remember the names of characters in movies, but Quinn's Zampano is hard to forget.) In Italian. (Thalia; June 6.)

Strangers on a Train (1951)—Robert Walker, in brilliant, perverse form, as dear, degenerate Bruno, and Farley Granger as Guy, the tennis player, in Hitchcock's best American thriller, which—thanks to the elegant Raymond Chandler dialogue—is also his most malicious. (Thalia; June 8.)

Summer of '42 (1971)—Robert Mulligan directs a cautiously respectable story with pulp hopes about young people in 1942 discovering lust. The laughs invited are mostly facetious, and what passes for sensitivity in the film is shoved at you like an elbow in your ribs. (Greenwich. . . . ¶ Playboy; May 31.)

Sunday Bloody Sunday—John Schlesinger directed this complex, remarkably modulated study of the breakup of two love affairs, from a screenplay by Penelope Gilliatt. An unusual film—perhaps a classic. With Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head. (Art and Olympia; starting June 7.)

Swiss Family Robinson (1960)—John Mills, Janet Munro, Dorothy McGuire, in a Disney-humanized version. Throw away your head, or throw up. (Guild.)

Take a Chance (1933)—A Paramount movie adapted from a Broadway show, and it looks it. The songs include "It's Only a Paper Moon," and there's the usual period likableness about the picture, indifferent filmmaking though it is. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 4-6.)

Take Me Out to the Ball Game (1949)—Busby Berkeley directing Frank Sinatra, Esther Williams, and Gene Kelly in a turn-of-the-century musical. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through June 3.)

Take the Money and Run (1969)—Woody Allen as a sweetly incompetent gangster with gentle manners and an inability to write holdup notes that anyone can read. (Playboy; June 1-7.)

Tales of Hoffmann (1951)—This choreographic spectacle, based on the Jacques Offenbach light opera, stars Moira Shearer, Léonide Massine, Robert Helpmann, and Ludmilla Tcherina in the dancing roles, with singers Robert Rounseville and Ann Ayars, and with Pamela Brown contributing her silent, disconcerting presence. Sir Thomas Beecham conducts (rather phlegmatically). Following upon the success of "The Red Shoes," the producers, Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger, found themselves in a position to fulfill their most lavish appetites, and they laid on this infamous spread. Moira Shearer is lovely, but the whole thing seems to be the product of an aberrant, second-rate imagination that confuses décor with art. (Thalia; June 2-5.)

A Taste of Honey (1962)—Shelagh Delaney's sad, delightful play about the coming of age of a funny, cocky, lonely girl in an English slum. With Rita Tushingham, Dora Bryan, Robert Stephens, Paul Danquah, and Murray Melvin. Directed by Tony Richardson. (34th St. East; June 2-3.)

They Shoot Horses, Don't They? (1969)—Horace McCoy's nineteen-thirties novel about the Hollywood extras who enter a marathon dance, here turned into another savage nightmare of American life. Jane Fonda gives a good, strong performance, and Sydney Pollack's direction keeps the nightmare lively. (Playboy; June 1-7.)

This Sporting Life (1963)—Richard Harris gives a moving performance as a professional Rugby player in this savage scramble, directed by Lindsay Anderson. Rachel Roberts plays the woman who cannot love him. (34th St. East; June 8.)

Tomorrow—Soberly made film by Joseph Anthony, based on a Faulkner short story from "Knight's Gambit." Horton Foote's screenplay disentangles the skein of Faulkner's storytelling as if literature were something to be straightened out, and the result is rather plodding, but the acting is fine, especially Robert Duvall's as a post-Civil War poor workhand with an amazing sweetness of character who takes on a burnt-out woman—Olga Bellin—and then, after she dies, her child, bumping the baby around on his back in a homemade satchel where it sleeps bolt upright. (68th St. Playhouse; through June 3.)

Top of the Heap—Written by, directed by, and with Christopher St. John. (72nd St. Playhouse; starting June 2.)

The Trap (1966)—Sidney Hayers directs Oliver Reed as a fur trapper who comes down the river one day and exchanges his furs for Rita Tushingham, a mute. You go if you're dotty about Oliver Reed; you leave if you can't bear the sight of an amputation being performed on Oliver Reed after he's been caught in a trap. (34th St. East; June 3-4.)

The Trial of the Catonsville Nine—Inanely radiant film about the trial of the Berrigan brothers and the seven others who burned draft cards at Catonsville. Poshly photographed by Haskell Wexler, abominably acted, tritely written from Daniel Berrigan's own stage play: what a poor and puffed-up piece of testimony to stand for brave acts and for people of grand and simple purpose. With Ed Flanders and Douglass Watson, directed by Gordon Davidson. (Cinema II.)

200 Motels—With Frank Zappa and the Mothers of Invention. (St. Marks Cinema; June 1-7.)

Uncle Vanya—A marvellous new Russian film of the Chekhov play, directed by Andrei Mikhalkov-Konchalovsky with the now familiar Soviet exactness and fondness for the realities of czarist-period literature. The Uncle Vanya is played by Smoktunovsky, who was the recent Russian Hamlet. Sergei Bondarchuk, director of the monumental Russian "War and Peace" and the man who played Pierre in it, is here as Dr. Astrov, a man whose lined, white face seems haunted by thoughts of the promises he has broken to himself. The film is often interspersed with long shots through series of rooms, in a way that makes it look like Vermeer. The characters' spurts of stoic umbrage directed against their own failings are entirely Chekhovian; the excitement about unrealized possibilities for the future centuries ahead is also all Chekhov, not Soviet propagandist. A beautiful film, exactly detailed and tender to frailty. In Russian. (Regency; through June 7.)

Wagonmaster (1950)—A very fine John Ford about a Mormon wagon train guided by two young horse traders and menaced by Indians and outlaws as it travels across the country to Utah in the eighteen-seventies. The original story is by Ford, that great cinema general in charge of last stands; the direction is full of the characteristic Ford density of character detail and easy sweep. Don't miss. (Elgin; May 31-June 1.)

Waltz of the Toreadors (1962)—John Guillermin's film of Anouilh's tender, ribald play about a portly Army officer (Peter Sellers) who lunges after his kitchen maids and remains at war with an obstinately invalided wife whom he rails at for what she symbolizes about his own aging. Margaret Leighton is very fine. (34th St. East; June 5-6.)

The War Between Men and Women—With Jack Lemmon, Barbara Harris, and Jason Robards, directed by Melville Shavelson and based on the James Thurber material. (Music Hall; starting June 1.)

What's Up, Doc?—Peter Bogdanovich tries but fails to resuscitate screwball comedy; the movie works only fitfully, and at a rather infantile, imitative level. Ryan O'Neal, playing Cary Grant, is an embarrassment; Barbra Streisand comes out better by simply playing herself. Madeline Kahn does a traditional bossy-female caricature that is strident and sometimes funny, but the best moments (really seconds) come from Mabel Albertson and Sorrell Booke. (Beekman.)

Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf? (1966)—Edward Albee's play, turned into a very fine black-and-white film by Mike Nichols—his first piece of film direction, full of untamed wit and no trace of the novice. Richard Burton, Elizabeth Taylor, Sandy Dennis, and George Segal are at their best: Burton's best is extraordinary. (St. Marks Cinema; May 31.)

A Woman Is a Woman (1961)—A parody-imitation of an American musical: an experiment that Godard, fortunately, never repeated. With Anna Karina, Belmondo, and Jean-Claude Brialy, and all too damned cute. In French. (Thalia; June 7.)

The Wrong Arm of the Law (1963)—Peter Sellers in top form, in a nonsensical farce about cops and robbers in the not very dangerous London underworld. (34th St. East; June 4-5.)

Yellow Submarine (1968)—Pop heroes (cartoon versions of the Beatles) in a lighthearted, inventive Pop Art animated feature. (St. Marks Cinema; June 1-7.)

I saved two Robins for this ad.

The English Winter Robin with English Holly.
By Boehm of Malvern England, Ltd. The first call gets them.

I just wrote a book called *The Boehm Experience.*

It gives you all the information on Edward Marshall Boehm porcelains; unique, experimental, limited and unlimited.

This book is a must if you collect Boehm, or if you want to start a collection.

I also publish a Collectors Newsletter.

It's free. It gives you information on Boehm porcelains.

☐ Maybe I'll be lucky. Please place my order for a Robin Red Breast. $1150.
☐ I would like to order your book, *The Boehm Experience.* Regular edition, $25.
☐ I would like to order *The Boehm Experience.* Limited edition, $50.
☐ Please send me your free Boehm Collectors Newsletter.

Enclosed is my check for $________.

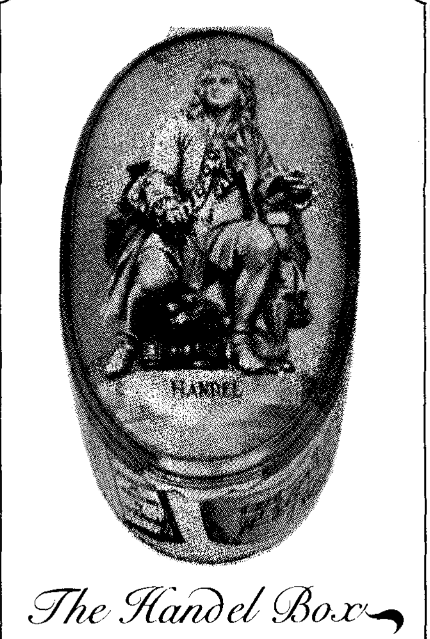
Name______________________________

Address______________________________

City, State, Zip______________________________

1911 The Boardwalk, Atlantic City, N.J. 08401. 550 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal. 94102. **Reese Palley**

"On Behalf of Her Royal Highness I Would Appreciate It If You Would Send Me The Price List Of Your Enamel Boxes"


The Handel Box

After a slight pause of 128 years they are making Battersea boxes in Bilston again.

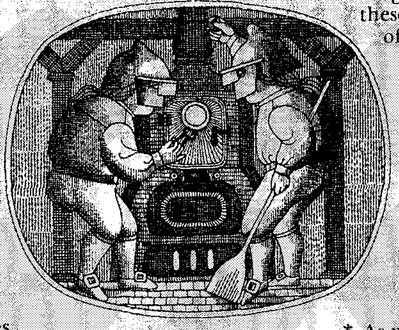
It's pretty much like the old days. Twelve people work on each little box. It takes about two days to get one right—and even moving that carefully, fully fifty percent of the boxes tried must be sent to scrap because they are not *exactly* right. Only 125 sets of the five-piece limited issue "The Great Classical Composers" are available in the United States. The boxes are offered exclusively through The Kenton Collection and Cartier. Each box is numbered in the enamel and accompanied by a Warranty of Authenticity. Only the first 125 orders received can be filled. One order per individual client. Sorry, no exceptions.

WHAT IS A BATTERSEA BOX?

In 1753 at York House, Battersea, London, Stephen Theodore Janssen, Lord Mayor of London, set up a studio to begin production of "Trinkets and Curiosities Enamelled on Copper." Janssen's protege, Robert Hancock soon invented a technique of printing ceramic transfers from copper engravings that produced amazingly detailed designs.

This innovation also revolutionized the china industry. Soon Janssen's enamels had conquered the cream of Georgian society. George IV, "the snuff King", was a zealous client. Janssen spared no expense. He was determined to create the very best. It took him only three years of combining business and politics to go bankrupt. Yet that was not the end of English 18th century enamels. Concurrently, enamelling workshops had been successfully established in Bilston, Staffordshire, and here many comparable bibelots were made which were referred to as Battersea enamels.

Bilston's enamel trade flourished—but by 1840 the dedicated men skilled in the exacting handwork required had drifted away. They made more money at machines. It was all over. The extra shilling had won. Men who knew the hard-won secrets of this unique craft took them to their graves. After all, there seemed little point in preserving the intricacies of a dead craft. It was all over.



"A HAPPINESS THING"

Because they are rare, because they are beautiful, the Battersea boxes have always fetched handsome prices. Some ten years ago one renowned collector, Mrs. Susan Benjamin, determined to revive the art.

Mrs. Benjamin recruited other devotees—historians, artists, metallurgists, scholars and students. "It was," Mrs. Benjamin recalls, "a happiness thing. We were quite different sorts actually but the idea of recreating copper enamels was so wildly impractical that all of us enjoyed ourselves quite thoroughly."

The problem was that no one knew exactly how the skilled artisans of the 18th century had done it. They kept their methods to themselves and there were few written references on the techniques.

So Mrs. Benjamin and her crew were forced to experiment. It took several years. At the point when they felt they could make a proper Battersea Box they were a bit puzzled over what to do with it. Finally they decided to make one depicting St. Paul's as part of a fund-raising effort. Money was needed to complete the restoration of the cathedral which had been Lord Mayor Janssen's place of worship.

They issued a limited number of the boxes. The President of the United States obtained one. The Queen Mother did likewise. In Mrs. Benjamin's words, "Some very nice people bought our boxes. We thought it was all for St. Paul's."

It turned out that such was not exactly the case. As the months passed, some of the relatively few St. Paul's boxes began turning up in the better sales rooms. The bidding on them grew increasingly warmer—indeed, unless you had known otherwise, you would have been excused for thinking some of the bidders were not so charitable.

Now Mrs. Benjamin faced a decision. Obviously there was a substantial market for Battersea boxes. What had started as a devoted attempt to recapture a lost art had turned into a potential gold mine.

"There was never really any soul-searching involved," she says. "We love making the boxes. Doing it properly. Being together at it. We will just keep on doing it the old slow way."

HOW BATTERSEA BOXES ARE MADE

* The copper is imported from Zambia. It is the purest available in the world.

* It is rolled into thin sheets. Then spun, turned and pressed into shape.

* The box shape is fired to remove grease and other impurities.

* It is immersed in nitric acid for further cleaning and to provide an etching key for the enamel.

* The first coat of white enamel is applied—actually a paste of finely powdered glass.

* The enamelling is repeated three, four or even five times. The box is fired between each application. In the 18th century, artisans checking the enamel in furnaces protected their eyes with a loose helmet of cloth fitted at eye level with a rectangle of glass. Working at night with strangely masked faces in the flickering red light of the fires, these enamellers created the legend among the simple folk of Bilston that they were fiends in league with the devil!

* A ceramic lithograph must be prepared for each limited issued. Once the limit is reached, the master is defaced and a "Final Cancellation Proof" is pulled as a further protection for the purchaser.

* Usually ten different specialists contribute to the design of each box. Each design takes months to perfect. It is then reduced in one millimeter steps to actual size.

* The ceramic lithograph is immersed in warm water, peeled off, transferred to the multi-coated enamelled box, and fired.

* As many as 20 to 30 colors are applied by hand. The colors are rendered by firing mixtures of oxides (including gold), each one of which has a different tolerance to heat. In all, there are some eight to ten separate firings per each box and each lid.

* Finally the rims are fitted, and the mouth of the box is carefully matched to the lid. The pinchback hinges are brazed on the rims.

There are no formal inspectors at the studio. Each person knows his own job. Thus the fact that fully fifty per cent of the boxes tried are rejected and scrapped somewhere along the way serves to elevate the level of craftsmanship.

As Mrs. Benjamin says, "It is a soft, sweet, imperfect craft. If it were easy it wouldn't be quite as satisfying."

The great classical composers — A limited edition five-box set.

Unfortunately the first two boxes in the set, Beethoven and Mozart, were offered individually on the open market as they were manufactured. Thus, Cartier and The Kenton Collection, exclusive agents in the U.S., can offer only the remaining 125 complete sets of five boxes.

The Beethoven Box

The set consists of:

Beethoven	Already Issued
Mozart	Already Issued
Handel	Current Issue
Bach	1 November 1972
Haydn	15 March 1973

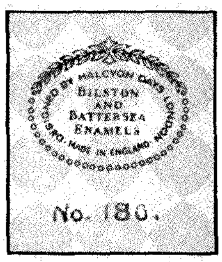
By subscribing to the series now you will receive the Beethoven, Mozart and Handel boxes immediately. And you are assured of receiving the Bach and Haydn boxes as they are issued — thus completing the set.

It is quickly apparent that these boxes, in addition to being aesthetically pleasing, may also be prudent investments. In the short time since the first two boxes were issued they have appreciated considerably. However, The Kenton Collection and Cartier are pleased to offer the remaining single boxes at the original price.

Prices:	**Singly**	**Matched**
Beethoven	N/A	$105
Mozart	N/A	$105
Handel	$77	$105
Bach	$77	$105
Haydn	$77	$105

Prices include insurance, packaging, handling and delivery. Each box is numbered in the enamel and is accompanied by a Warranty of Registration. Matched sets of five bear the same registration number on each piece.

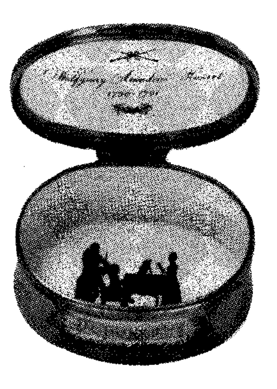
As stated, only the first 125 orders received for sets will be honored, in order of receipt. You may place your order with Cartier (New York, Palm Beach, Chicago) or mail the form below to The Kenton Collection. Your order will be acknowledged promptly. If you order the matched set, you will receive the Beethoven, Mozart and Handel boxes and Rights to purchase the Bach and Haydn boxes yet to come.



THE BEETHOVEN BOX measures 2¼" (57 mm.) in diameter and has a deep turquoise bombe base ornamented with a striped design. The lid is decorated with a portrait of Beethoven and when open bears the words, "Let it flow from my heart to the heart of all men" (Von Herzen — Moge es wieder — zu Herzen gehn!)" written by the great composer on the original manuscript of the Missa Solemnis. The cartouche in the base encloses the first few notes of perhaps the most famous symphony of all time, Beethoven's Fifth.

THE HANDEL BOX is oval with straight sides and measures 1¾" x 2¾" (45 mm. x 70 mm.). It is decorated throughout in sepia on a parchment coloured enamel background. The design on the lid itself is taken from a mezzotint engraving of the marble statue by Jean-Jules Salmon which stands in the foyer of the Paris Opera House. Around the base of the box, enclosed within a scroll, is a facsimile of an extract from the original manuscript of the Messiah, "I know that my redeemer liveth and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth." On the reverse of the lid there is a thumbnail sketch of the house in Brook Street, Mayfair, where Handel lived for 36 years until his death. The Messiah was composed within its walls. The composer's name and dates are inscribed on the interior of the base.

THE MOZART BOX, which is oval in shape with waisted sides, measures 2¾" x 2¾" (70 mm. x 45 mm.) and is enamelled in a delicate shade of Rose Dubarry. On the lid there is a facsimile in miniature of the last portrait of Mozart, a drawing by Doris Stock dated 1789 (Bettman Archives). The base is decorated with two extracts from Mozart's most famous works, each taken from the original manuscript and enclosed in a leafy cartouche — the opening notes of "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik" and, from "The Magic Flute", the theme of Papegeno's song. The reverse of the lid is inscribed with the composer's name and dates and the interior of the base has a delightful silhouette, inspired by a painting by Louis de Carmontelle (Paris 1764) showing, "The young Wolfgang at the piano with his father, Leopold, standing behind him playing the violin and his sister, Nannerl, holding a sheet of music as if she were about to sing."


The Mozart Box

Each edition in the "Great Classical Composers" series is limited as follows: United Kingdom — 400; United States — 300; Europe and Overseas — 300.

A MOST UNUSUAL GUARANTEE

You will receive the Haydn box, the fifth and last of the limited set, early April 1973. If, for some reason, you wish to return the set to Cartier or The Kenton Collection after a year's grace, please feel free to do so. We will be happy to refund the entire purchase price and *add a premium of 20 per cent as well.* In sum, you will receive $100 *more* than you paid for the set if you decide to return the boxes (and they are in mint condition) anytime after one year of delivery of the last box. Of course, our standard policy also applies: If, for any reason, you are not pleased, simply return your single purchase or set of three within thirty days for a full and unquestioned refund.

EVEN ONE IS A TREASURE

While only 125 matched sets of five remain, Cartier and The Kenton Collection possess all three hundred of the Handel boxes just issued as well as exclusive rights to the Bach and Haydn boxes yet to come. The Handel box is a treasure in itself and is an ideal purchase for those approaching the field of enamels for the first time. There are 175 Handel boxes available singly. The price is $75.00 (plus $2.00 for wrapping, handling, insurance and mailing). The box is numbered in the enamel and is accompanied by a Warranty of Authenticity. You will also be offered Rights to purchase one each of the Bach and Haydn boxes which will otherwise be sold singly.

A PRUDENT INVESTMENT

It is interesting to chart the value of certain other limited editions during recent years. Perhaps the record is held by a pair of Dorothy Doughty quail issued in 1940 which fetched about $50,000 in sale rooms recently. To take a more ordinary example, a porcelain figure of Princess Elizabeth sold for $280 as part of a 1947 limited edition, is now valued at over $4,000.

PLACE YOUR ORDER AT CARTIER, OR MAIL THIS FORM TO:

THE KENTON COLLECTION, P.O. Box 34257, Dallas, Texas 75234 Attention: Silas Kenton, President

Sir,
I wish to purchase one five-box set of the limited edition, "Great Classical Composers." Each box will be identically numbered in the enamel and will be accompanied by a Warranty of Authenticity. Since there are but 125 sets available, please confirm my order in writing and send the Beethoven, Mozart and Handel boxes immediately. Send me the Bach and Haydn boxes as soon as they are issued. The Bach should arrive by December 1972; the Haydn, April 1973.

The full price including all insurance, handling and mailing charges, is $525.00. If I so elect, you guarantee to repurchase the set of five, in mint condition, on April 1, 1974, or later, for $500.00 plus $100.00 in interest. Total, $600.00.

(Please check)

☐ Enclosed is my check for $315.00 for the first three boxes.

☐ Enclosed is my check for $77 for the Handel box only.

☐ Charge my Cartier account.

☐ Charge my ________________ credit card.

Number ________________

Expiration date ________________

Sir,
I wish to purchase the Handel box only. Since there are but 175 available on an individual basis, please confirm my order in writing and send me the Handel box immediately, as well as the Warranty of Authenticity and the rights to purchase one each of the 175 Bach and Haydn boxes to be available in November 1972 and March 1973, respectively.

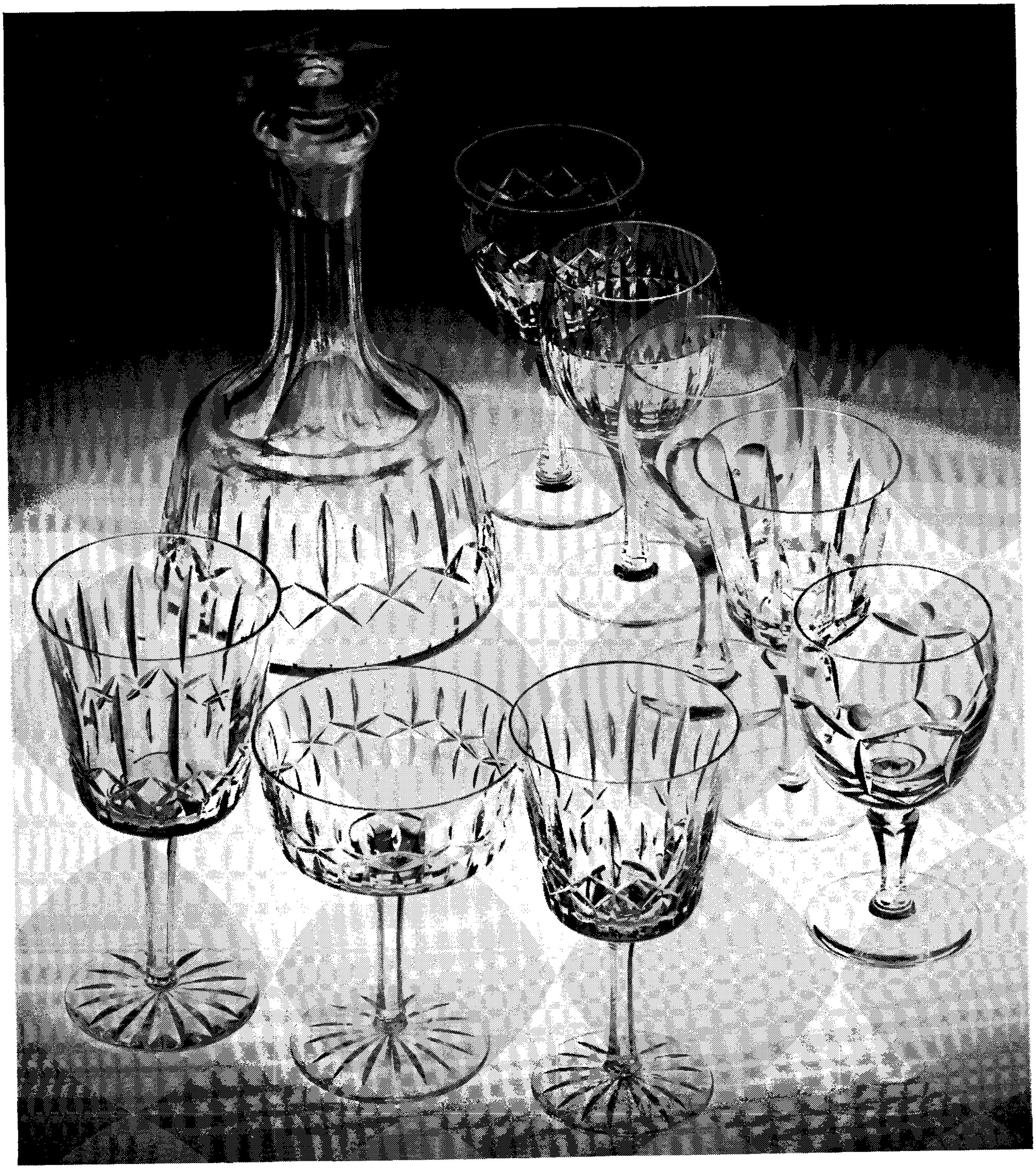
The price is $75.00 plus $2.00 for insurance, wrapping, handling and mailing. If I am not completely satisfied with my purchase, I may return it within thirty days for a full refund.

Name ________________

Address ________________ Apt. # ________

City ________________

State ________________ Zip ________



"ATLANTIS"...this is the fine lead crystal we discovered in Portugal. Hand blown and hand cut in Alcobaca, home of the great explorer Magellan, ancestor of the family that creates this superb glassware. Six patterns, each in highball, old fashioned, goblet, champagne, claret and cordial sizes, each 5.00 to 7.00. And the collection includes brandy snifters, each 6.50, and handsome decanters at 20.00 and 30.00. Discover "Atlantis"! Glassware, fourth floor (212) MU 9-7000, and branches.

B Altman & Co

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WITH a cynicism unbecoming to a country so young, America has begun to entertain doubts about whether every one of its public servants is wholly devoted to the public good. This captiousness is rather more nourished than diminished by the sort of thing one reads in the newspapers these days. It sometimes really does appear that a single large corporation, by spending sizable amounts of money in a few carefully chosen places, can nullify the wishes and violate the interests of millions of ordinary citizens—a situation that, if true, borders on the disgraceful.

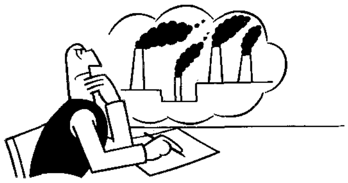
It is noteworthy that a great many visionary schemes, all designed to remove even the breath of tainted money from the confused hustle of elections, as well as from the common workings of Congress and the Administration, have been put forward in the last few years, but none of these as yet enjoys conspicuous favor with any part of the government. The way lies open, then, for anyone who could devise a fair, cheap, and simple way to put the running of the country back into the hands of the people—while taking every care, naturally, that party chiefs, elected representatives, and appointed officials would not lose thereby a single perquisite to which they are comfortably accustomed. With some little intellectual effort, we have worked out just such a device.

First, we would raise everybody's income tax by a frank, painful, but special five dollars.

Second, we would legalize bribery.

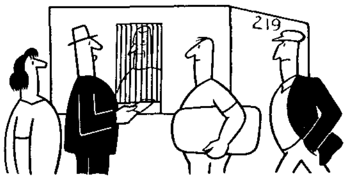
It is part of our larger moral purpose to rescue bribery from its present ambiguous and shady career of covert back-scratching, memo-shredding, and quintuple-talk; indeed, our amiable intention is to usher it forth into the sunlight of what has been called "the victimless crime." For not even the sternest moralist, we believe, could object strenuously to a government that was hopelessly and irretrievably corrupt *as long as it was corrupt entirely on behalf of its constituents*. And therein, as shall be unfolded, lies the subtle beauty of our plan.

Our special five-dollar tax assessment would go to a Citizens' Lobby, which would be altogether independent of the government, and which would act for citizens precisely as, say, the oil lobby acts for the petroleum industry. And how would the Lobby know the citizens' wishes? Nothing simpler. A set of ten or so questions, touching on various issues of the day, would be part of the tax form. For example, "Do you think we should get out of the war in Southeast Asia? Should the federal government take vigorous action against all those who pollute our air and water? While awaiting a comprehensive reform of our tax structure, do you think the very rich ought to be obliged to pay at least half of what the original tax law intended they should pay?" With the answers for guidance, the Lobby could obliterate any conceivable opposition by outbidding it in courtesies, favors, and outright contributions. After all, even the richest of industries cannot spend *all* its money on lobbying, whereas the Citizens' Lobby can, must, and will.



Token Booth 219

RALPH MARONE, a slight man of fifty-five with graying hair, nice brown eyes, and a long nose, spends almost eight hours a day, five days a week, inside the Transit Authority's Token Booth 219, selling tokens to subway riders. Mr. Marone has worked in Booth 219, one of three token booths in the IND Fordham Road station, for about three years, but in eighteen and a half years as a railroad clerk—his official designation—he has worked in numerous booths on all three subway lines all over the city. Twice a year, the Transit Authority's token-changers hold a job pick: they request the booths and hours they want, and receive their assignments according to seniority. Mr. Marone has been regularly choosing Booth 219, because it is close to his apartment, because it is roomier than most booths (it is roughly eight feet long, three feet wide, and seven feet high), and because it is a part-time booth, open from 6 A.M. to 9 P.M. rather than around the clock. There are three eight-hour shifts at the twenty-four-hour booths—7 A.M. to 3 P.M., 3 P.M. to 11 P.M., and 11 P.M. to 7 A.M.—and two shifts at Mr. Marone's part-time booth; he chooses the early one, from 5:40 A.M. (it takes twenty minutes to open up the booth) to 2 P.M.



At 5:40 A.M., when Mr. Marone comes to work, he checks in at Booth 217, the headquarters booth for the station, signs for the tokens and change that he needs, walks to Booth 219 with a police escort, and opens the gates leading to the booth. He signs for a thousand tokens and twenty-five dollars' worth of change every day except Monday, when he signs for two thousand tokens. Many people buy ten or twenty, or even thirty, tokens on Monday morning, to last them through the week. On Mondays, Mr. Marone sells about a thousand tokens, on Fridays about five hundred, on the other weekdays about three hundred. Booth 219 is the slowest booth in the station. Booth 218 is nearer the stop at which

buses arrive with passengers from the East Bronx, and Booth 217 is nearer the apartment houses in the vicinity.

The hours between seven and nine, when most people from the area—predominantly white and middle-class—go to work, are Mr. Marone's busiest. Six to seven is slow, and so is nine to ten. Promptly at ten o'clock, a few elderly men and women come to buy the half-fare tickets that become available to them at that hour. Alexander's has a store at Grand Concourse and Fordham Road, which opens at ten o'clock; by eleven, some of the early shoppers have made their purchases and are ready to take the subway home. "From eleven o'clock on, the number of home-bound shoppers grows hour by hour, like a symphony," Mr. Marone says. "The afternoon man gets more of them than I do."

Looking through the barred window of his locked, green-painted token booth, Mr. Marone can see nothing but a passageway leading to Booth 217, a stairway leading to the trains, and a trash can. There are two turnstiles near his booth, but they are out of his range of vision, though he can hear the click of the tokens going in; if he sees two people headed for a turnstile and then hears only one click, he knows they have doubled up, and he alerts the Transit Police. Booth 219 is one flight below the street and one flight above the trains, and it is directly above the downtown local track. When Mr. Marone is asked by token-buyers how long it has been since a train left, he cannot answer them. He has become so accustomed to the noise of the trains that he fails to take notice of their arrivals and departures. Only prolonged silence makes an impression; it prompts him to telephone the dispatcher to inquire if there is a train delay.

Mr. Marone stands up most of the time he is at work. He is able to see just the upper third and the hands of those who buy tokens from him, but he doesn't look at the people very much anyway. "If you look at the people, you don't see the money," he says. He arranges his coins on the right side of the booth's aperture, his tokens on the left. Most of his transactions are conducted in silence or in monosyllables.

Someone pushes thirty-five cents under the window to him; he pushes a token back, his hand held flat.

Someone says, "Three, please" (most people buy either two or three tokens at a time) and slides him a dollar and a nickel; he slides back three tokens.

Someone gives him a dollar (the bill he receives most frequently) and says, "Two;" back go two tokens, a quarter, and a nickel.

Occasionally, a customer miscalculates.

"Four," says a man, handing Mr. Marone two dollars and ten cents.

"Four you want? You mean six?" Mr. Marone asks.

"Yeah," the man replies.

"Three," says a woman, handing Mr. Marone a dollar.

"That'll be another nickel," he says. (Although the fare went up from thirty cents to thirty-five cents in January, a few people have still not got used to the idea.)

"Give me two, then," the woman says.

Whenever Mr. Marone is handed a folded dollar bill, he unfolds it. No one has ever tried to cheat him, but other clerks have received half bills folded up, and since all clerks have to make up any money they are short at the end of the day, it pays him to be careful.

The seven-to-nine workers know where they are going and don't ask for directions. The after-ten elderly people, the after-eleven shoppers, and the people going downtown on errands during the day occasionally require Mr. Marone's help to reach their destinations.

"I want to go to Twenty-third Street and Park Avenue," a woman with a Bronx accent says.

Unlike a number of token-changers in booths around the city, who dispense directions grudgingly, Mr. Marone responds courteously. "Take the D train to a Hundred and Sixty-first Street, change to the I.R.T., get off at Grand Central, and take the local to Twenty-third Street," he says.

"How do I get to 20 West Broadway?" a woman with a lilting Irish voice inquires.

"Take the D train to Fifty-ninth Street and the A to Chambers," Mr. Marone tells her.

"Most people want to go to the obvious places I'm familiar with," Mr. Marone says. "I know that 20 West Broadway is the Immigration and Naturalization Services. If someone gives me an address I don't recognize, I look it up in a directory I've got."

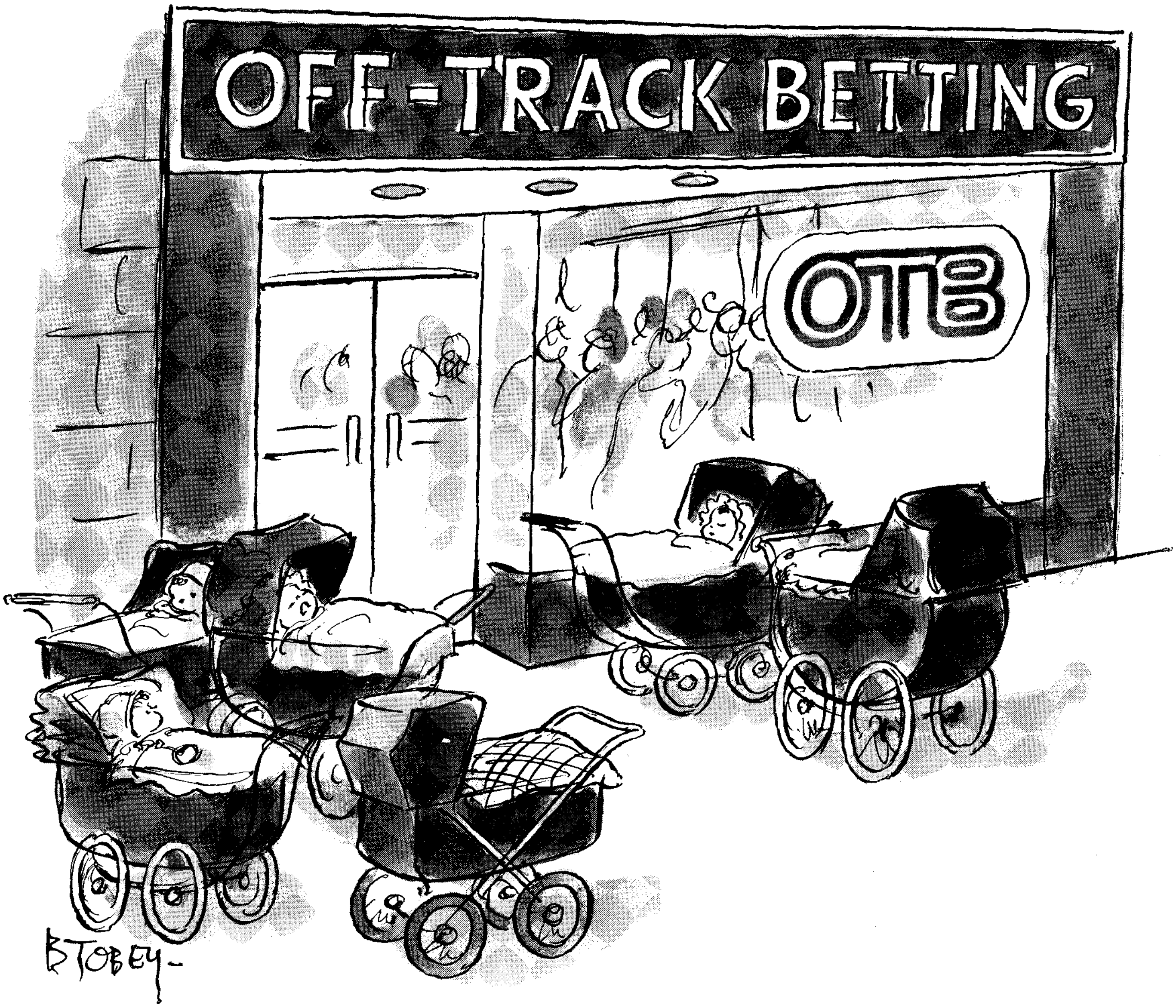
Mr. Marone can almost set his watch by certain passengers; there is one woman he thinks of as Miss 7:20. He knows his regular customers by their faces but not by their names. He has no idea where any of them go to work, even those who live in his own apartment building. He exchanges greetings—"Good morning, how are you?"—with a few regulars, and once in a while he compliments an attractive young woman on her attire.

"You got new earrings," he says to a brunette.

"Yeah," she says.

"They're pretty," he observes.

Some of his fellow token-changers choose to work in the city's open-air subway booths, but Mr. Marone doesn't mind working underground. ("You get used to it, like everything else.") Some select very busy booths, at Grand Central, Wall Street, or Times Square, because they believe that the time goes by faster in a busy booth—when Mr. Marone worked in Booth A-37, in the Fourteenth Street B.-M.T. station, he sold about five thousand tokens on a Monday-morning shift—but he prefers a more leisurely pace and says he is never bored. The day is interspersed with conversational visits from the station porter (who sometimes brings him coffee), the yard porter, the water inspector (on the search for leaks), and the Transit cops. Mr. Marone's lunch-break replacement arrives at 8:45 A.M., and he takes his break, which lasts half an hour, a block from his booth, at a doughnut shop, where he has a cup of coffee or hot chocolate. After his break, he checks the turnstile figures and removes the tokens. Then he starts counting the money he has taken in so far. Around one o'clock, he takes another reading and empties the turnstiles again. Then, at one-thirty, he fills out his daily fare report, counts the total cash he has taken in (mostly quarters and dollar bills), puts it in a canvas bag, and, when the afternoon-shift man arrives,



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carries it to Booth 217's safe, with a police escort. (At night, the money travels under seal on a "money train" to Transit Authority headquarters, in Brooklyn.)

Mr. Marone has never been held up, and claims he isn't afraid of holdups, and he doesn't mind the sameness of his days. He likes his job. Two years ago, he took an examination to become an assistant station supervisor and passed it but decided to remain a token-changer. "Supervisors have too much responsibility," he says. "If a porter isn't doing his work properly, the supervisor has to tell him. I can't give orders to people; it just isn't in my nature. When I was in the Army, during the Second World War, I stayed a private for almost four years. I became a sergeant three months before I got out, but that was only because everyone else in my original unit had been promoted, transferred, or killed. In all my years as a token-changer, no one has ever bothered me, and I like the fact that there are no problems to take home at the end of the day."

When Mr. Marone, the son of Calabrian immigrants, graduated from high school, in either 1935 or 1936—he doesn't remember the exact year—work was hard to come by, and he held a variety of odd jobs before he was drafted, in 1941. After the war, he eventually became a messenger for the Voice of America. In 1952, when it looked as if the V.O.A. would move from New York to Washington, he took and passed a number of federal, state, and city Civil Service exams. The first job opening of which he was notified was with the Transit Authority. Figuring that the subway wouldn't ever move to Washington, he accepted the job and in December, 1953, became a token-changer. He plans to retire in December, 1973. His wife, a policewoman in the Youth Division of the New York Police Department, will be eligible to retire around the same time as her husband. The Marones, who have no children, like to travel on their summer vacations, and have been to Europe and across the United States; they are thinking of retiring either to Ireland (Mrs. Marone is of Irish ancestry) or to a Western state. For the next year and a half, however, Mr. Marone says, he will follow his comfortable daily routine happily.

Proust

THE Grolier Club's exhibition of first editions, translations, proof sheets, correspondence, and portraits and photographs of Marcel Proust, along with the works, pomps, and likenesses of some of his friends and associates, was got up by two of the club's members—James Gilvarry, a collector who specializes in Irish literature, and Lucien Goldschmidt, a well-known art, manuscript, and rare-book dealer. They joined us on a tour of the show, and said that the club's Committee on Public Exhibitions, on which they serve, had originally planned a 1922 commemorative exhibition but bowed out when it was discovered that the Berg Collection of the New York Public Library was already well along on such a project. "So we took one 1922 thing, the death of Proust," Mr. Gilvarry said. "We decided to confine ourselves to material in this country—exceptionally, one item, an inscribed copy of his first book, 'Les Plaisirs et les Jours,' comes from France—partly for convenience but also to show what is available here. Mr. Goldschmidt knew where much of it was—at Yale, the University of Texas, Indiana University, the Morgan Library, and a number of other places, including private collections—since some of it passed through his hands."

We learned that the two biggest and most interesting exhibits—a heavily corrected twelve-page proof of "À l'Ombre des Jeunes Filles en Fleurs" and an eight-page proof-sheet *idem*—came from Yale and a New York dealer, respectively; the author's inked-in revisions were voluminous, meticulous, convoluted, and in a firm but tiny script that was next to impossible to decipher. "Almost like a new book," Mr. Goldschmidt said. "The printer must have been desperate."

The first English edition of "Du Côté de chez Swann," again from Yale, bore the bookplate of Linda Porter, the wife of Cole, and a first edition of "Sodome et Gomorrhe" was opened to an effusive inscription from the author to Madame Georges Blumenthal (the first, Paris-based wife of the banker), but the present owners of most of the individual items were not indicated. (The Yale Library's bookplate gives some of them away.)

Piquancies necessarily abound in exhibitions of this sort. The Grolier's description of "Les Plaisirs" credits it with "a not altogether enthusiastic introduction by Anatole France," but since the book is not opened to this section, we had to get our own copy to read:

> He [Proust] lures us into a hothouse atmosphere, among intelligent orchids whose strange and unhealthy beauty has no roots in the soil.... There is something in him of a depraved Bernardin de Saint-Pierre and an innocent Petronius...

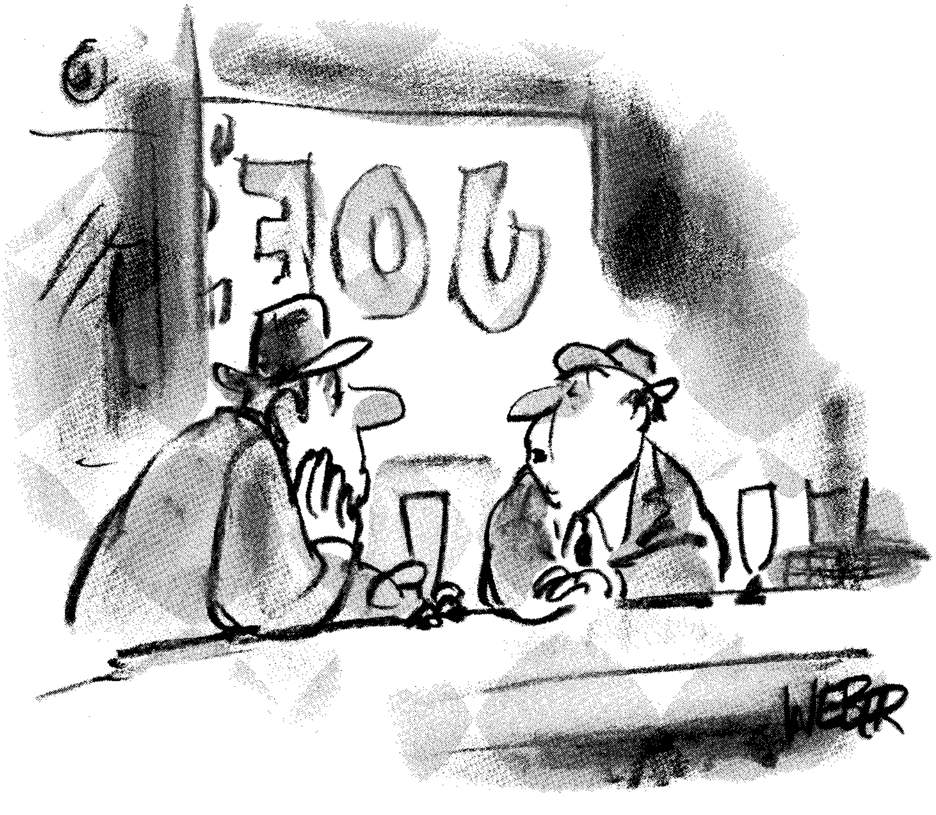
Then, turning to George D. Painter's "Proust: The Early Years," we found:

> Only one obstacle now [1896] delayed the publication of "Les Plaisirs et les Jours": the whole book was now in the hands of Calmann Lévy, with the exception of Anatole France's interminably procrastinated preface. At last, with the help of Mme. Arman de Caillavet, Monsieur France was bullied into writing it.... [It] has the inimitable rhythm and preciosity of the master, doing his best to praise a book he does not altogether like or understand.

Another oddity: Although the label under an 1890 letter written to his father by Proust when he was doing military service, starting out "*Mon cher petit papa*" (his father was, as it happens, neither *cher* nor *petit*), states that "the letter seems curiously constrained except for the ending," we see, teasingly, only the first page.

All in all, the show is rich in letters; of two hundred and sixty written by Marcel to Robert de Montesquiou, one of the chief originals of the Baron de Charlus, it has over a hundred. "Proust went on and on in his letters, sometimes to fifteen pages," Mr. Goldschmidt said. "Even when inscribing a book, he would sometimes cover two pages. His style is immediately recognizable, quite apart from the handwriting. Many of his letters belong to European families, like the Bibescos, who have kept them."

Mr. Goldschmidt and Mr. Gilvarry led us to the two last notes that Proust wrote, one of them hours before his death, to Céleste Albaret, his housekeeper. He asks her for something to raise his head higher in bed, and writes, "When did I last have my milk?" The handwriting is shaky.

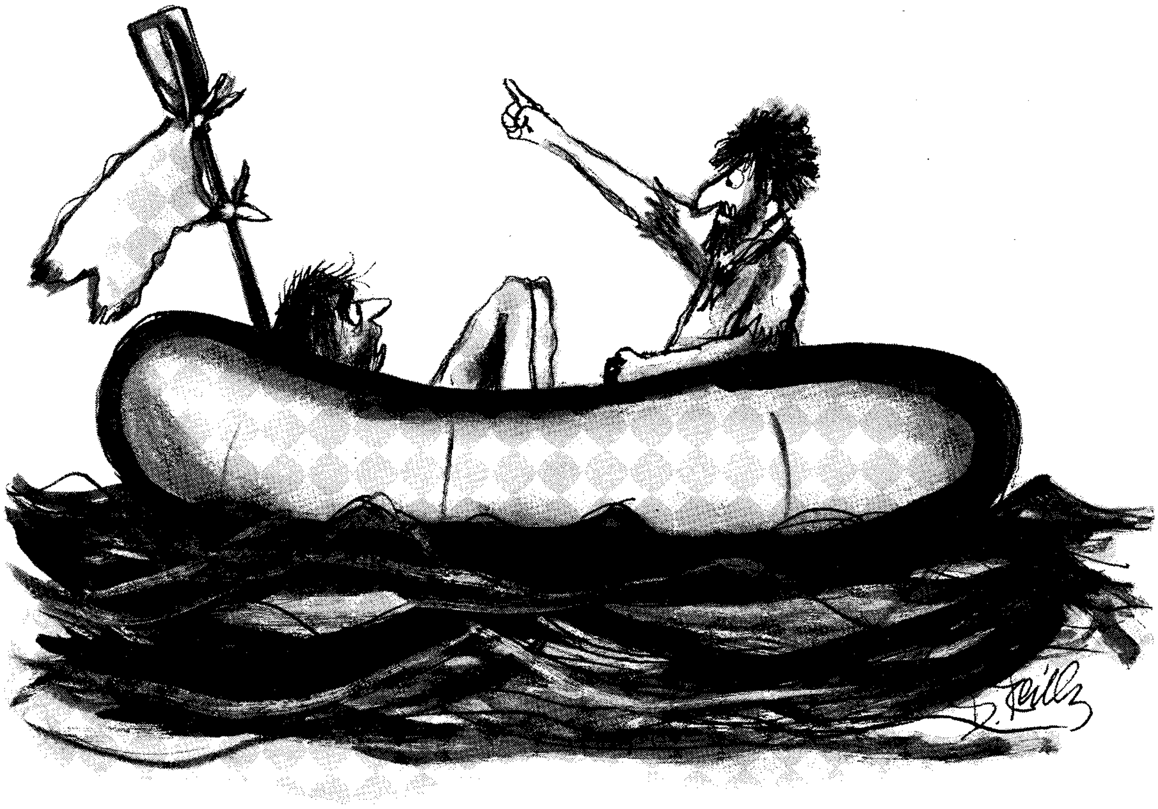


"I'm not going to tell you who I am. If I told you who I am, you wouldn't believe me."

Hold the "Whereas"s

UNTIL we checked with Sylvia Bloom at the Department of Public Events, we'd been assuming that last week was a lovely week in May and that that was about all there was to it. But no. Last week was American Merchant Marine Book Week. It was also National Transportation Week, Thanks America Week, and Oceanographic Week, all of which hebdomadal manifestations were part of Hearing and Speech Month, also known as United Negro College Fund Month and Sports for New Yorkers Month.

Sylvia Bloom is the person who writes the proclamations that, when signed by the Mayor, turn perfectly ordinary days, weeks, and months into festive occasions, like Internists' Day, Junior Bowling Week, and Jazz Month. Her official title is Director of Proclamations and Awards. She is in her middle fifties, and she has sky-blue eyelids and dark, feathery hair frosted with white. She works in the Department's bright suite of offices in a midtown skyscraper, and when we visited her there the other day—to be pre-



"Good God, man, can't we drop the busing issue?"

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cise, it was American Friends of the Hebrew University Builders of Peace Day—she and her secretary, Mrs. Muriel Tannenbaum, were putting the finishing touches on a proclamation.

"The Mayor is going to proclaim next Saturday New York Fillies Day," Mrs. Bloom said. "The ceremony is this morning at City Hall. I hope you'll come along. The Fillies are a girls' football team. We're giving them a day because it's fun, and because they'll bring business into the city."

"How many proclamations do you do a year?" we asked.

"We had close to three hundred last year, and we've already had around a hundred and fifteen so far this year," she said. "Unless a request is totally and completely commercial, or just not in the interests of the city, we usually grant it. We try to keep it on a fairly intelligent level—no National Pickle Week or anything like that. Every proclamation is in the name of the Mayor, but the Mayor can't present all of them personally. Here's one I'm working on now, for instance. This one is for the annual commemoration of Lafayette at his statue in Union Square Park. We'll send Stuart Scheftel, the chairman of the Youth Board—he's one of our dollar-a-year men—to this one, because he speaks fluent French."

"How do you fit them all in?"

"It's a problem," Mrs. Bloom said. "My boss, Robert Malito, the First Deputy Commissioner of Public Events, sometimes gets kind of peeved, because I let them overlap. There just aren't enough weeks in the year, so we try to give days when we can. Last week was wild. We did about fifteen proclamations, but some weeks it's only three or four."

We asked about the craft of proclamation-writing, and Mrs. Bloom said, "Sometimes people send in suggested texts and we work them over, and sometimes we have to start from scratch. We work from last year's if it's an annual thing, from letters we get, or from our own knowledge."

Mrs. Bloom turned and opened a file drawer. "Look," she said. "Afro-American History Week, Alien Address Report Month, American Camping Association Week, Auxiliary Police Week—and those are just some of the 'A's. The subjects are incredibly varied. But if you've lived in this city long enough, you pretty much feel you can handle whatever comes along."

"What about stylistic questions?"

"The Mayor doesn't like 'whereas's,'" she said. "He feels that 'whereas' doesn't really say anything. But we do keep to tradition in the last paragraph, where we say, 'Now, therefore, I, John V. Lindsay, do hereby proclaim,' et cetera."

It was time to head for City Hall, and Mrs. Bloom offered us a ride in a Departmental limousine. On the way, she told us that she has been married for thirty-two years to Max Bloom, now a State Supreme Court justice, and that they have a nineteen-year-old daughter, Lydia Ann. Mrs. Bloom said she had been active in volunteer work and in politics, currently as chairman of the Bronx Liberal Party—a circumstance not entirely unrelated to her luck in finding a job with the Lindsay administration. "I never visualized that I would be so completely and totally involved in the job," she said. "We're the one department that can make people happy without having to fight for money."

The scene at City Hall was even more chaotic than usual. Someone was giving a press conference in the lobby, and there was a crush of newsmen, cops, and mayoral aides, and a slightly bewildered group of girls who turned out to be the New York Fillies. Mrs. Bloom dealt crisply with the confusion, and ushered the Fillies into the Mayor's small, elegant office.

Mayor Lindsay was more relaxed and debonair than we'd seen him in some time. "I used to play right tackle," he said. "Who's the right tackle here?" He shook hands with the girls, all of whom had adoring grins on their faces, and handed their manager the proclamation, which stated, among other things, "Women's participation in competitive professional football has, since its inception in the Midwest, been gaining wide acceptance among sports fans."

The Mayor said a few more words of welcome, and concluded, "It's not whether you win or lose, it's how you play the game."

Gabe Pressman, the N.B.C. newsman, said, "Mr. Mayor, that sounds like good Wasp philosophy."

"It certainly does, and I'm thinking of giving it up," the Mayor said.

THE TEMPTATION OF ST. ANTHONY

YES, the saint was underrated quite a bit, then, mostly by people who didn't like things that were ineffable. I think that's quite understandable—that kind of thing can be extremely irritating, to some people. After all, everything is hard enough without having to deal with something that is not tangible and clear. The higher orders of abstraction are just a nuisance to some people, although to others, of course, they are quite interesting. I would say that on the whole, people who didn't like this kind of idea, or who refused to think about it, were in the majority. And some were actually angry at the idea of sainthood—not at the saint himself, whom everyone liked, more or less, except for a few, but about the idea he represented, especially since it was not in a book or somewhere, but actually present, in the community. Of course some people went around saying that he "thinks he's better than everybody else," and you had to take these people aside and tell them that they had misperceived the problem, that it wasn't a matter of simple conceit, with which we are all familiar, but rather something pure and mystical, from the realm of the extraordinary, as it were—unearthly. But a lot of people don't like things that are unearthly, the things of this earth are good enough for them, and they don't mind telling you so. "If he'd just go out and get a job, like everybody else, then he could be saintly all day long, if he wanted to"—that was a common theme. There is a sort of hatred going around for people who have lifted their sights above the common run. Probably it has always been this way.

For this reason, in any case, people were always trying to see the inside of the saint's apartment, to find out if strange practices were being practiced there, or if you could discern, from the arrangement of the furniture and so on, if any had been, lately. They would ring the bell and pretend to be in the wrong apartment, these people, but St. Anthony would let them come in anyhow, even though he knew very well what they were thinking. They would stand around, perhaps a husband-and-wife team, and stare at the rug, which was ordinary beige wall-to-wall carpet from Gregory's, and then at the coffee table, and so on; they would sort of slide into the kitchen to see what he had been eating, if anything. They were always surprised to see that he ate more or less normal foods, perhaps a little heavy on the fried foods. I guess they expected roots and grasses. And of course there was a big unhealthy interest in the bedroom, the door to which was usually kept closed. People seemed to think he should, in pursuit of whatever higher goals he had in mind, sleep on the floor; when they discovered there was an ordinary bed in there, with a brown bedspread, they were slightly shocked. By now St. Anthony had made a cup of coffee for them, and told them to sit down and take the weight off their feet, and asked them about their work and if they had any children and so forth. They went away thinking, He's just like anybody else. That was, I think, the way he wanted to present himself, at that time.

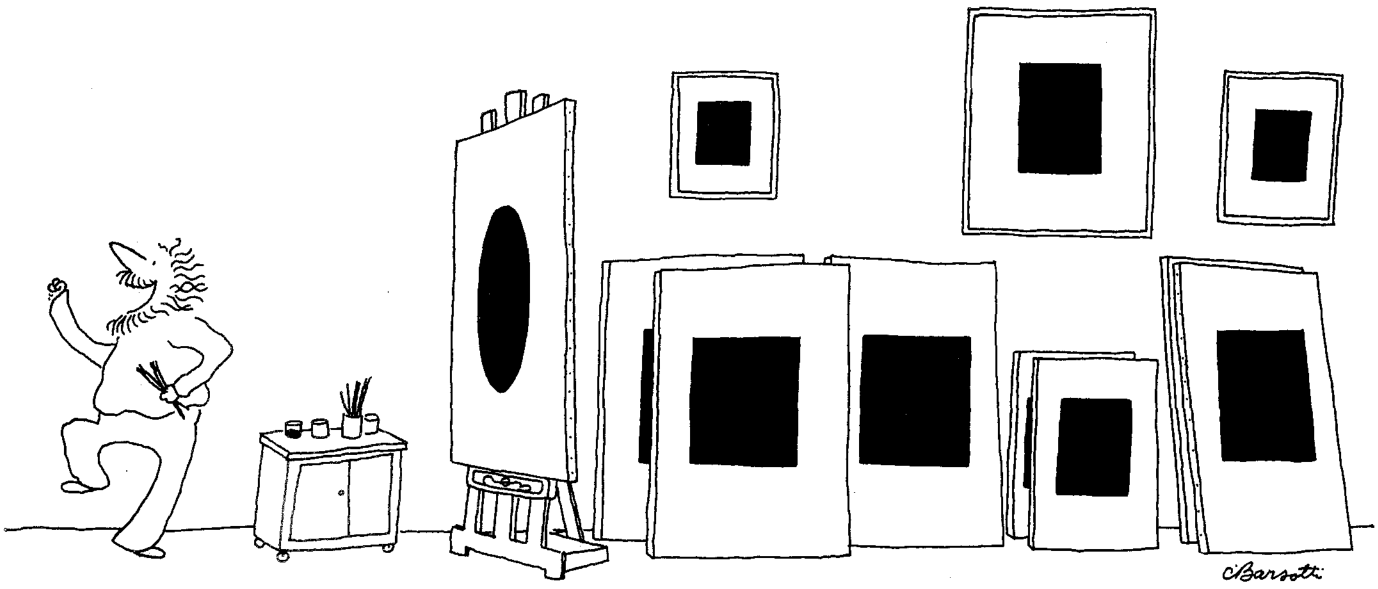
Later, after it was all over, he moved back out to the desert.

I didn't have any particular opinion as to what was the right thing to think about him. Sometimes you have to take the long way round to get to a sound consensus, and of course you have to keep the ordinary motors of life running in the meantime. So, in that long year that saw the emergence of his will as one of its major landmarks, in our city, I did whatever I could to help things along, to direct the stream of life experience at him in ways he could handle. I wasn't a disciple, that would be putting it far too strongly; I was sort of like a friend. And there were things I could do. For example, this town is pretty good-sized, more than a hundred thousand, and in any such town—maybe more so than in the really small ones, where everyone is scratching to survive—you run into people with nothing much to do who don't mind causing a little trouble, if that would be diverting, for someone who is unusual in any way. So the example that Elaine and I set, in more or less just treating him like any one of our other friends, probably helped to normalize things, and very likely protected him, in a sense, from some of the unwelcome attentions he might otherwise have received. As men in society seem to feel that the problem is to get all opinions squared away with all other opinions, or at least in recognizable congruence with the main opinion, as if the world were a jury room that no one could leave until everybody agreed (and keeping in mind the ever-present threat of a mistrial), so the men, and the women, too, of the city (which I won't name, to spare possible embarrassment to those of the participants who still live here) tried to think about St. Anthony, and by extension saintliness, in the approved ways of their time and condition.

The first thing to do, then, was to prove that he was a fake. Strange as it may sound in retrospect, that was the original general opinion, because who could believe that the reverse was the case? It wasn't easy, in the midst of all the other things you had to think about, to imagine the marvellous. I don't mean that he went around doing tricks or anything like that. It was just a certain—ineffable is the only word I can think of, and I have never understood exactly what it means, but you get a kind of feeling from it, and that's what you got, too, from the saint, on good days. (He had his ups and downs.) Anyhow, it was pretty savage, in the beginning, the way the local people went around trying to get something on him. I don't mean to impugn the honesty of these doubters; doubt is real enough in most circumstances. Especially so, perhaps, in cases where what is at issue is some principle of action: if you believe something, then you logically have to act accordingly. If you decided that St. Anthony actually was a saint, then you would have to act a certain way toward him, pay attention to him, be reverent and thoughtful, pay homage, perhaps change your life a bit. So doubt is maybe a reaction to a strong claim on your attention, one that has implications for your life style, for change. And you absolutely, in many cases, ***don't want*** to do this. A number of great plays have demonstrated this dilemma, on the stage.

St. Anthony's major temptation, in terms of his living here, was perhaps this: ordinary life.

Not that he proclaimed himself a saint in so many words. But his actions, as the proverb says, spoke louder. There was the ineffableness I've already mentioned, and there were certain things that he did. He was mugged, for example. That doesn't happen too often here, but it happened to him. It was at night; somebody jumped on him from behind, grabbed him around the neck, and began going through his pockets. The man only got a few dollars, and then he threw St. Anthony down on the sidewalk (he put one leg in front of the saint's legs and shoved him), and then began to run away. St. Anthony called after him, held up his hand, and



"Mary! Mary!"

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said, "Don't you want the watch?" It was a good watch, a Bulova. The man was thunderstruck. He actually came back and took the watch off St. Anthony's wrist. He didn't know what to think. He hesitated for a minute and then asked St. Anthony if he had bus fare home. The saint said it didn't matter, it wasn't far, he could walk. Then the mugger ran away again. I know somebody who saw it (and of course did nothing to help, as is common in such cases). Opinion was divided as to whether St. Anthony was saintly or simpleminded. I myself thought it was kind of dumb of him. But St. Anthony explained to me that somebody had given him the watch in the first place, and he only wore it so as not to hurt that person's feelings. He never looked at it, he said. He didn't care what time it was.

Parenthetically. In the desert, where he is now, it's very cold at night. He won't light a fire. People leave things for him, outside the hut. We took out some blankets but I don't know if he uses them. People bring him the strangest things—electric coffeepots (even though there's no electricity out there), comic books, even bottles of whiskey. St. Anthony gives everything away as fast as he can. I have seen him, however, looking curiously at a transistor radio. He told me that in his youth, in Memphis (that's not Memphis, Tennessee, but the Memphis in Egypt, the ruined city), he was very fond of music. Elaine and I talked about giving him a flute or a clarinet. We thought that might be all right, because performing music, for the greater honor and glory of God, is an old tradition, some of our best music came about that way. The whole body of sacred music. We asked him about it. He said no, it was very kind of us but it would be a distraction from contemplation and so forth. But sometimes, when we drive out to see him, maybe with some other people, we all sing hymns. He appears to enjoy that. That appears to be acceptable.

A funny thing was that, toward the end, the only thing he'd say, the only word, was "Or." I couldn't understand what he was thinking of. That was when he was still living in town.

The famous temptations that so much has been written about didn't occur all that often while he was living amongst us, in our city. Once or twice. I wasn't ever actually present during a temptation but I heard about it. Mrs. Eaton, who lived upstairs from him, had actually drilled a hole in the floor, so that she could watch. I thought that was fairly despicable, and I told her so. Well, she said, there wasn't much excitement in her life. She's fifty-eight and both her boys are in the Navy. Also, some of the wood shavings and whatnot must have dropped on the saint's floor when she drilled the hole. She bought a brace and bit specially at the hardware store, she told me. "I'm shameless," she said. God knows that's true. But he must have known she was up there with her fifty-eight-year-old eye glued to the hole. Anyhow, she claims to have seen a temptation. I asked her what form it took. Well, it wasn't very interesting, she said. Something about advertising. There was this man in a business suit talking to the saint. He said he'd "throw the account your way" if the saint would something something. The only other thing she heard was a mention of "annual billings in the range of five or six mil." The saint said no, very politely, and the man left, with cordialities on both sides. I asked her what she'd been expecting and she looked at me with a gleam in her eye and said, "Guess." I suppose she meant women. I myself was curious, I admit it, about the fabulous naked beauties he is supposed to have been tempted with, and all of that. It's hard not to let your imagination become salacious, in this context. It's funny that we never seem to get enough of sexual things, even though Elaine and I have been very happily married for nine years and have a very good relationship, in bed and out of it. There never seems to be enough sex in a person's life, unless you're exhausted and worn out, I suppose. That is a curiosity, that God made us that way, that I have never understood. Not that I don't enjoy it, in the abstract.

After he had returned to the desert, we dropped by one day to see if he was home. The door of his hut was covered with an old piece of sheepskin. A lot of ants and vermin were crawling over the surface of the sheepskin. When you go through the door of the hut you have to move very fast. It's one of the most unpleasant things about going to see St. Anthony. We knocked on the sheepskin, which is stiff as a board. Nobody answered. We could hear some scuffling around inside the hut. Whispering. It seemed to me that there was more than one voice. We knocked on the sheepskin again; again nobody answered. We got back into the Pontiac and drove back to town.

Of course he's more mature now. Taking things a little easier, probably.

I don't care whether he put his hand on her leg or did not put his hand on her leg.

Everyone felt we had done something wrong, really wrong, but by that time it was too late to make up for it.

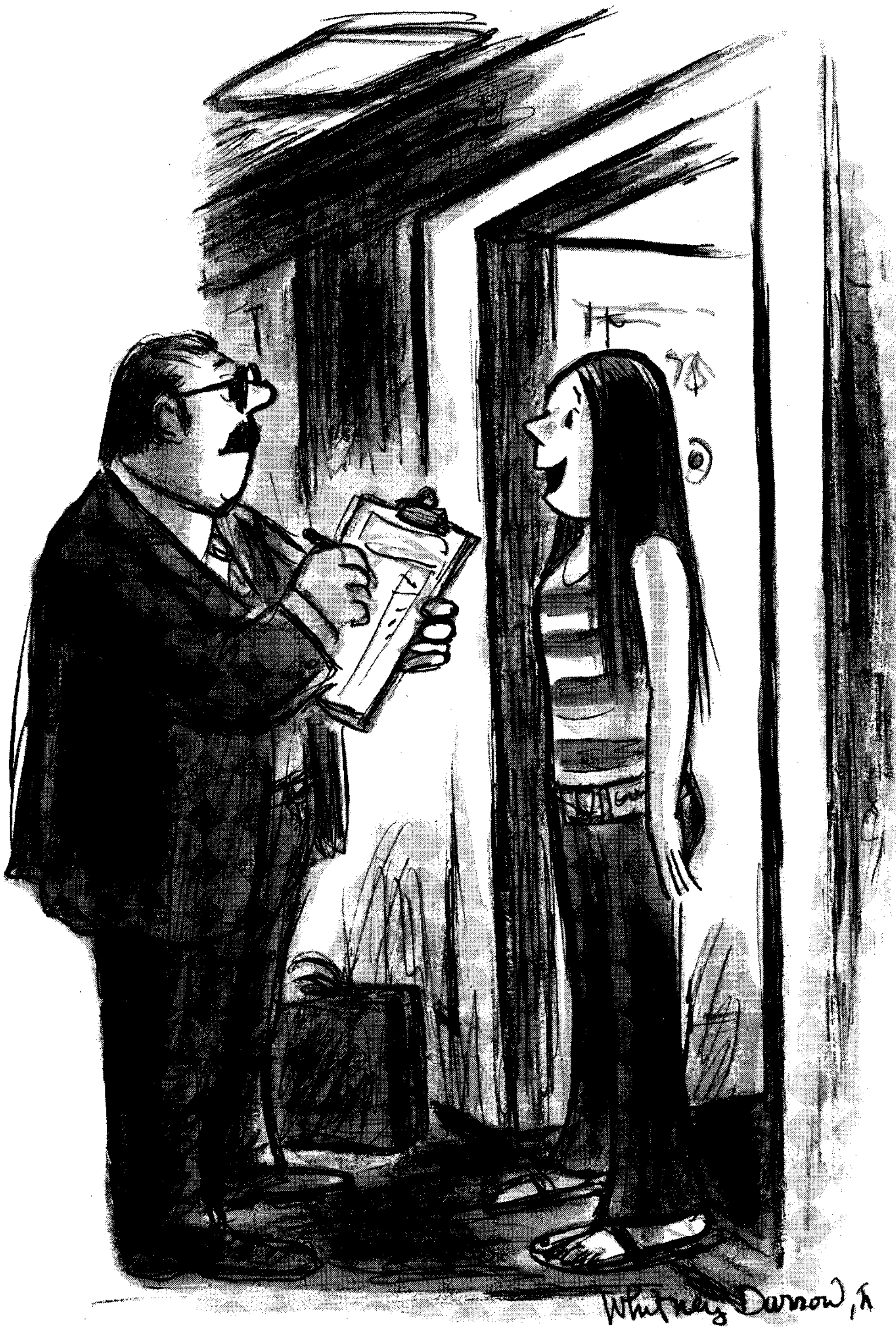
Somebody got the bright idea of trying out Camilla on him. There are some crude people in this town. Camilla is well known. She's very aristocratic, in a way, if "aristocratic" means that you don't give a damn what kind of damn foolishness, or even evil, you lend yourself to. Her folks had a lot of money, that was part of it, and she was too beautiful—she was beautiful, it's the only word—that was the other part. Some of her friends put her up to it. She went over to his place wearing those very short pants they wore for a while, and all of that. She has beautiful breasts. She's very intelligent, went to the Sorbonne and studied some kind of philosophy called "structure" with somebody named Levy, who is supposed to be very famous. When she came back, there was nobody she could talk about it to. She smokes a lot of dope, it's well known. But in a way, she is not uncompassionate. She was interested in the saint for his own personality, as well as for his being an anomaly, in our local context. The long and short of it is that she claimed he tried to make advances to her—put his hand on her leg and all that. I don't know if she was lying or not. She could have been. She could have been telling the truth. It's hard to say. Anyhow, a great hue was raised about it and her father said he was going to press charges, although finally he did not. She stopped talking about it, the next day. Probably something happened but I don't necessarily think it was what she said it was. She became a VISTA volunteer later and went to work in the inner city of Detroit.

Anyhow, a lot of people talked about it. Well, what if he *had* put his hand on her leg, some people said—what was so wrong about that? They were both unmarried adult human beings, after all. Sexuality is as important as saintliness, and maybe as beautiful, in the sight of God, or else why was it part of the Divine plan? You always have these conflicts of ideas between people who think one thing and people who think another. I don't give a damn if he put his hand on her leg or did not put his hand on her leg. (I would prefer, of course, that he had not.) I thought it was kind of a cheap incident and not really worth talking about, especially in the larger context of the ineffable. There really was something to that. In the world of mundanity in which he found himself, he *shone*. It was unmistakable, even to children.

Of course they were going to run him out of town, by subtle pressures, after a while. There is a lot of anticlericalism around, still. We visit him, in the desert, anyhow, once or twice a month. We missed our visits last month because we were in Florida.

He told me that, in his old age, he regarded the temptations as "entertainment."

—DONALD BARTHELME


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"I'm the babysitter, but if it would help I could make an educated guess on how the Crandalls will vote."

UNDER LIBRA: WEIGHTS AND MEASURES

The stones of spring—
Stale rolls or pellets rather—rounded
By a gorgon's fingers, swept to the floor,

Dragged south in crushing folds,
Long dirty tablecloth of ice,
Her feast ended, her intimates dispersed

Where certain curious formations
Dwindle in the red wind like ice in tea,
These stones, these poor scarred loaves

Lichen-crusted mould-gray or burnt orange,
Stop doors and rest on manuscripts.
Backbreaking it was to haul them home.

Home. That winter's terrible storms,
Apartment shivering, whistling through its teeth,
Throb of a furnace fit to burst—

To go in the small hours from room to room
Stumbling onto their drugged stubborn sleep.

The heaviest dream
Gets told to the sunrise. The ditch
Hides its rapid and self-seeking nature

Beneath a blown-glass simulacrum.
Mist and fire, tomorrow's opal
Defying gravity, inspiring it,

The sun will float across thin ice
To where two swans are dozing, swansdown quilts
Drawn over heads, feet tucked on top,

And snow be light as plumage upon theirs.
Paper windflowers like things possessed
Will dance upon Angel Ortiz

Leaving whose raw grave in the churchyard
The peacock, blue snake-neck zigzag
Through biscuit everlastings twice its height,

Will pass the shower window and not scream
Inward at a nude gone up in steam.

There then, his peacock
Past, the bather dries and gazes
Into the dormant crystal of himself,

A presence oval, vitrified—
That without warning thaws, trickles, and burns!
Frightened he looks away. He learns

To live whole days in another
Tense, avoid the bathroom scales or merely
Sing them. Wipe lather from his lip. Dress. Drive

Until the trees have leaves again
And the tanner's colors change to those of the mint—
Copper, silver, green

Engraved by summer's light, by spring's.
The riverbend's great horseshoe print
Where time turned round at last, drew rein,

Glints through a windshield blazing dust and wings,
Scum of the earth rebuffed upon the pane.

Warm afternoons
In his son's truck, Angel, both quick and dead,
Awaited judgment and suspended it.

His right side like a thing possessed
Danced, light birdclaw fast upon the guest.
The left had long let go—its tear

Oozed as from stone. It seemed
Both sides of the old character knew best.
In, out the unhinged doors

White-coma'd spores were drifting, shining.
Flies lit, cudgelled quarter-carat wits,
Then washed their wings of him.

Blanca, too, who used to leap
Reeking of rain, licking his face like fire,
Lay back. Her coat caked red and speaking eyes

Clear as the baby's or the priest's
Wondered could he last another night.

For see, by dusk
A crescent jaw, a sudden frost of stubble
Tomorrow's Gem will float across

Enter the rearview mirror. There was one
Direction only, after all?
How many more nights will that double-headed

Friend woven, wings outspread,
Into the dreamer's blanket keep him warm?
Here now's a little mesa set for two—

Over purple places intimate
Twinklings, early stones, wide open spaces,
And soon on the horizon the "necklace of death"

Los Alamos' lights where wizards stay up late
(Stay in the car, forget the gate)
To save the world or end it, time will tell

—Mentioned for what it's worth in hopes
Of giving weight to—Brr! It's freezing!

Clay room. Firelight.
No measures taken, no words weighed—
As next morning, pen in hand, the whole

House sown by the prism on the sill
With arcs of spectral seed, a peacock's tail—
Or ten years from next morning, pen in hand,

Looking through saltwater, through flames,
Enkindlings of an absent *I* and *you*,
Live, spitting pronouns, sparks that flew

And were translated into windiest
Esperanto, zero tongue of powers
Diplomatic around 1 A.M.'s

Undripping centerpiece, the Swan . . .
Days were coming when the real thing
No longer shrugged a wing to dip its mask

Where any surface thawed and burned.
One learned. The heavy stones of spring.
These autumn feathers. Learned.

—JAMES MERRILL

THE MAGISTRATE

Mr. Sotu knew from long experience why all the candidates were there. He knew they aspired most earnestly to rank or privilege, or perhaps to money or success with women, or to government jobs with resounding titles that would embellish their names. Now, as the time drew near, they sat waiting tensely. Above them, the old iron roof boomed as the rain beat upon it and splashed down from the overflowing gutters. Mr. Sotu glanced at his watch. One minute to eight. He tucked it back into his pocket and cast an eye around the small, unpainted wooden hall. A desk in the corner was still empty, but that did not surprise him; each year someone invariably suffered an attack of nerves at the last moment. As he went to close the door, however, he glanced out into the wet, gray morning and saw a man leaping down a hillside, raising splashes each time he touched the sodden ground, so that from a distance his feet seemed propelled by ragged silvery wings. The man sprinted along the path through the rice fields and, looking up, saw Mr. Sotu. "Oy!" he shouted, waving.

Mr. Sotu frowned. Was this fellow a candidate? He ran with the steady lope of a bushman, and wore a bushman's clothes, too—an old felt hat, a stained cotton shirt without buttons or collar, and threadbare cotton shorts held up with a cheap, gaudy tie. Mr. Sotu, lips pursed, watched the man make a final dash, scrambling up the steep grass slope that led to the hall. He stopped at the front steps, panting. "Just run five miles," he gasped. "Overslept. In the hills, these rainy mornings even fool the birds. No bloody dawn, you see. The day sneaks up on you like a thief."

"Are you a candidate?" inquired Mr. Sotu, a little coldly.

The man was youngish, with a lean and bony face and a small pulse throbbing in his temple; his eyes, veined, deep-set, and flecked with yellow, now regarded him with surprise. "Well, of course I'm a candidate," he said. "You think I run five miles in this weather for my health?"

Behind Mr. Sotu, a woman candidate giggled nervously. He felt a rush of anger, but said, "You're one minute late. According to the regulations, I don't have to let you in. But I will. Wipe your feet."

The man entered, glancing around the room without expression. The other candidates, neatly dressed and combed, regarded him haughtily, but he ignored them as he went to the vacant desk and sat down.

"Name?" said Mr. Sotu.

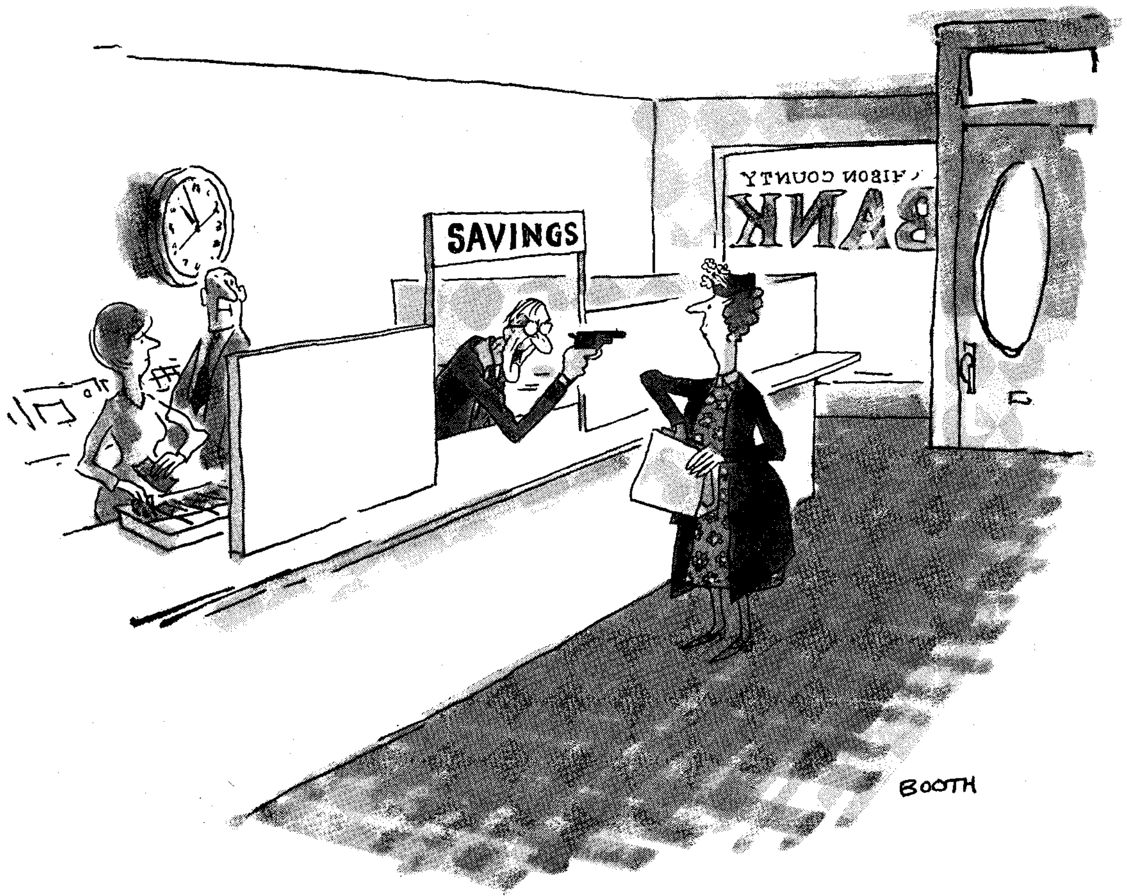
"Mr. Fanui," said the bushman.

Mr. Sotu raised his eyes in mute apology to the other candidates. "By any chance you got a Christian name as well?" he said.

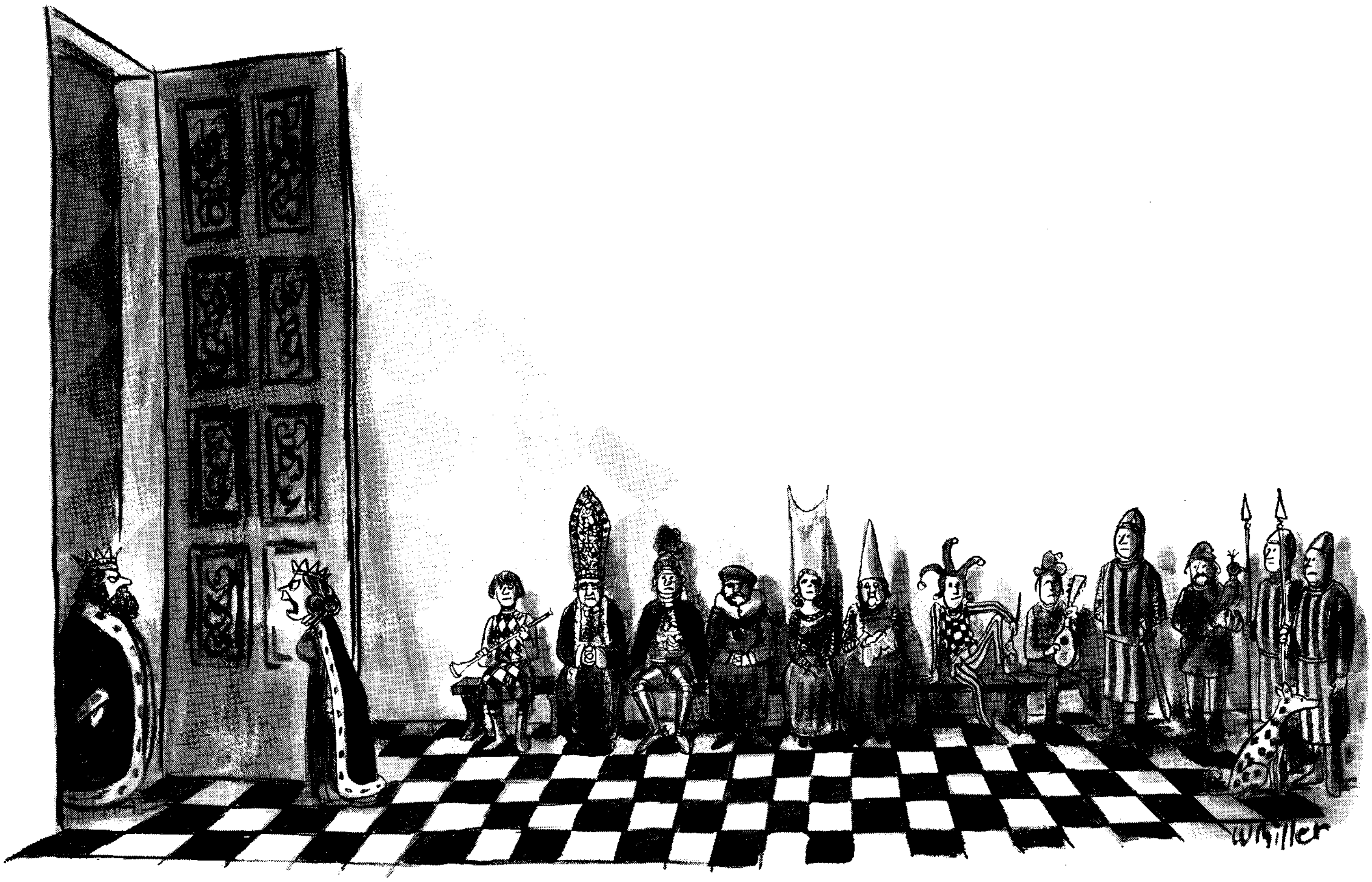
The bushman frowned, offended by this intrusion into his privacy. "Walter," he said after a while.

Mr. Sotu allowed himself a smile as he closed and locked the door. He walked slowly back to the invigilator's table and picked up the sealed package that had come from Cambridge, England. In the tense, rain-drumming stillness, he held it up for all to see. "The question papers," he said. He broke open the bundle carefully, with his pocketknife. He placed a paper, face down, on each desk, and then returned to his table and looked at his watch. "Turn your papers over," he said. "The examination, ladies and gentlemen, starts now."

Mr. Sotu sat at his table, listening to the rain and the squeaking of the candidates' pens. In the corner, the bushman was writing furiously. Mr. Sotu examined him. His name was there on the list, all right—"Fanui, Walter J.," of Flagstaff Heights, a remote and hilly area in the interior. Mr. Sotu had never seen him before, and he was surprised the fellow could even write. Probably he was only bent on improving himself. Mr. Sotu sat back comfortably in his chair. He enjoyed supervising the examinations. Every year here on Tofua—a green, scimitar-shaped island too insignificant to appear on anything but the official Admiralty maps of the South Pacific—a dozen or so adult candidates sat for their Cambridge Proficiency Certificates, a simple written test of the English language that was locally regarded as a fashionable step upward and a useful qualification for better jobs; it was the duty of Mr. Sotu, as the island's Magistrate, to supervise the affair. He liked the unique atmosphere of silence, tension, and concentration, and he liked the authority that he



"If you withdraw or deposit your damn five dollars one more time this year, Mrs. Babcock, I'm going to shoot you!"



"Where have you been? Your entourage came back hours ago!"

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wielded. Now an expression of pleasure crept into his careful eyes and across his broad, coppery face. He continued to smile even when one of the candidates, a fat woman who wore earrings in the shape of tiny silver galleons, started to cry. The other candidates looked around in alarm, like wild horses, and Mr. Sotu hurried to comfort her, employing his most soothing and persuasive voice. Only the bushman, he noted with a twinge of annoyance, ignored the incident. He returned to the table, pleased with his handling of the woman. She was quiet now, sniffing and moodily chewing her pen.

Once, years ago, Mr. Sotu himself had sat at one of those desks, just another hopeful candidate, but since then he had labored long and hard to attain his present eminence—H. R. Sotu, M.B.E., Magistrate. This magic conjunction of name, minor decoration, and title still moved him, like a nice passage from a favorite piece of music. He had grown into a tall poppy, all right; that was widely acknowledged on Tofua. He had his brain to thank, of course. He hadn't realized he had a good one until he was in his late teens and a visiting journalist, whom he was conducting around the island on a hunt for the bones of a lost Australian admiral, had taken the trouble to tell him. "Harry, you've got some good gray matter in that noddle of yours," the journalist had said. "It could be an asset, even here. Use it."

Since then, Mr. Sotu had developed a special and protective affection for his brain, daily standing on his head to nourish it with fresh blood, and resting it at night on the softest pillow his wife could provide. In return, it had earned him a salary of eight hundred pounds a year, along with a generous pension scheme, a pleasant pitch-pine bungalow on the cliffs of Mozart Bay, and the respect and affection of his wife, Lilly Sotu, a chief's daughter and a woman of breeding and a little money. Perhaps most important of all, his brain had mastered the peculiar nuances of a native official's job in a crown colony. Mr. Sotu had soon learned to move quietly among his superiors, learned when to turn a blind eye, and learned, too, the desirability of staying a little to the right of center. The degree of his success could be gauged by the fact that he had been recommended for his medal by Mr. Fitzgerald, the mainland Puisne Judge himself—a gloomy, snobbish man with a family coat of arms and a weakness for women, who had once, over gin, confessed to Mr. Sotu (thus earning himself an abiding place in the Magistrate's affections) that he was known among the mainland wives as Lord Grabber of Thigh.

Outside, the rain lessened, then came on again strongly, while Mr. Sotu, half dreaming in his chair, imagined the island beneath it. To a sailor on a passing ship, Tofua might be merely a patch of mist low on the sea, but to him it was a nice and healthy place to live, a place of high hills and looping, lacy coasts, and, best of all, a place with a reputation for good law. That reputation was of his own making. On certain islands he could mention, you could buy a verdict as easily as a bunch of bananas. Mr. Sotu kept his parish clean by driving such hard bargains that petitioners thought twice before approaching him. His high prices lent both himself and the island a kind of integrity that everyone respected. "Justice is done," he liked to say, "and it's seen to be done, and it's done in my particular way." Now he brought his mind back to the job at hand. "One hour gone, two to go," he announced.

When time was up, he stood and told the candidates to put down their pens. A collective sigh briefly filled the room. The candidates looked red-eyed and weary, and their bodies seemed to sag like sails in a calm. Mr. Sotu walked around the desks, collecting the papers. He returned to his table, arranged them in a neat pile, and put them down. "The results will come from England in about six weeks," he said. "I will put up a notice on the court notice board to tell you the arrangements. You may go now."

The bushman took his old hat from beneath his chair, put it on, and walked out briskly. The others followed more slowly, discussing their long pink question papers. Mr. Sotu leafed through the written papers until he found the bushman's and read it through carefully. The script was round and unformed, but bold. Mr. Sotu opened his desk and took out cardboard and paper and strong, tarred twine and made the papers into a package, folding it carefully and tying it as the regulations demanded. He placed the parcel under his arm, took up his umbrella, and walked home, past the wild lemon trees and stippled rice fields, for lunch.

WHEN the bushman reached his thatched bamboo shack in the hills, he walked inside and hung his hat on a nail. His mother turned away from the stove and approached him. "Is it all finished now?" she said.

"All finished."

He stripped off his shirt and shorts, picked up a bucket, and, naked, went outside to the pump. She followed, looking anxious. "You arrived on time?" she said.

"Yes."

"You did have parsing?"

The bushman filled a bucket with water and tipped it over himself. "Yes," he said.

"You did do the subordinate clauses all right?"

"I think so."

"And there was a précis?"

"A précis *and* a composition, Ma," he said.

"And what was the Shakespeare question they ask you?"

"King Lear," said the bushman, pumping more water into the bucket. "'Describe the events that led to his madness.'"

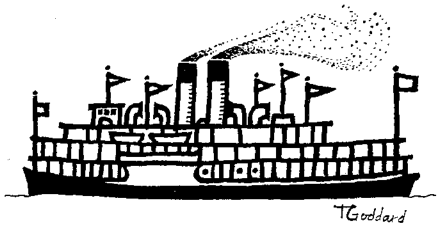
"Well, it was them crazy daughters, of course. Jesus God, them harpies would have tried the goodness of a saint. I hope you did write that."

"I knew the events by heart."

"Boy, you're the cat's pajamas," she said, looking proud. "You tell them all about it on the drums tonight. And soap your feet if you're coming in to eat. They're covered with mud."

THE results, airmailed from England to the mainland three hundred miles away from Tofua, arrived on the copra boat Argonaut, a tall-funnelled island steamer so old and unkempt that on still nights at anchor the crew said their sleep was disturbed by the subtle sounds of rusting. The candidates were gathered on the wharf, watching with strained expressions as the ship crept in toward them. Seamen stood in the bow and the stern, ready to throw ropes. Mr. Sotu arrived on his bicycle, leaned it against the veranda of the Trade Winds Hotel, and walked across to join them. "Good afternoon," he said.

"Good afternoon, Magistrate," they murmured. Mr. Sotu looked around for the bushman and noted, with some surprise, that he wasn't there. He smiled at the candidates. "Not long now," he said jovially, and one of them groaned. A muffled carillon of bells rang deep inside the ship. The ropes were thrown and secured. Then the master, a gregarious Tongan named Pi, appeared, brandishing a thick buff envelope emblazoned, like some small, gem-encrusted psalter, with pastel stamps and sealing wax. Nimbly he descended the gangplank, shook hands with Mr. Sotu, and handed the envelope over. Followed by the candidates, Mr. Sotu crossed the road and climbed onto the shady veranda of the hotel. The silence was broken by the approaching clip-clop of an unshod horse. Mr. Sotu, who had a somewhat flamboyant sense of occasion, frowned at the interruption but knew even before he looked who it was. The bushman was riding bareback on a piebald mare, his bare feet hanging low beneath the beast's belly. He halted beside the veranda, nodded to Mr. Sotu, and, face carefully devoid of expression, waited with folded hands. Only the pale knuckles told Mr. Sotu, a man professionally accustomed to spotting these signs, that he was experiencing the same tension as the others. Mr. Sotu tore open the envelope. It contained the usual note of greetings and good wishes from the examiners and, clipped to it, the list of results, together with the examiners' remarks. He drew a deep breath, and when he judged that the atmosphere had reached fever pitch he started to read it out.



IT came as a distinct surprise to Mr. Sotu, sitting next day on the bench of the magistrate's court, to hear the name Walter J. Fanui called for the day's first drunk-and-disorderly case. The bushman, looking sullen and weary, was led into the dock, and the charge was read out, accusing him, in the gothic language of the law, of climbing onto the roof of the Bank of Tonga in an inebriated state and attempting to auction, to the crowd below, an unspeakable object carved from stone. His language had been bawdy. He had resisted arrest. Mr. Sotu nodded, then said to the bushman, "How do you plead—guilty or not guilty?"

The man looked up, surprised. "Why, guilty," he said.

"Resisting arrest is a most serious matter. How do you explain this larrikin behavior?"

The bushman pursed his lips, but did not speak.

"Well, come on, man," said Mr. Sotu. "You got nothing to say before I sentence you?"

Irritably, the bushman said, "I could drink you under the table any day of the week."

There was a brief and startled rush of laughter in the courtroom. Even the police witness was grinning. Mr. Sotu snatched up his whalebone gavel and banged the bench. "Quiet in here!" he commanded. He wasn't unduly upset; these bush people were a primitive and uncouth lot. "Listen, Fanui," he said, "this is a court of law, and when you talk to me you keep a civil tongue in your head. You hear me? Now, I know you passed your Cambridge Proficiency yesterday, and I don't deny that you had good cause to celebrate. Particularly," he said, addressing the court, "as the examiners made a favorable remark about him. What was it they said?" He looked at the bushman.

The man hesitated. "Oh, they said my work was opinionated and robusted."

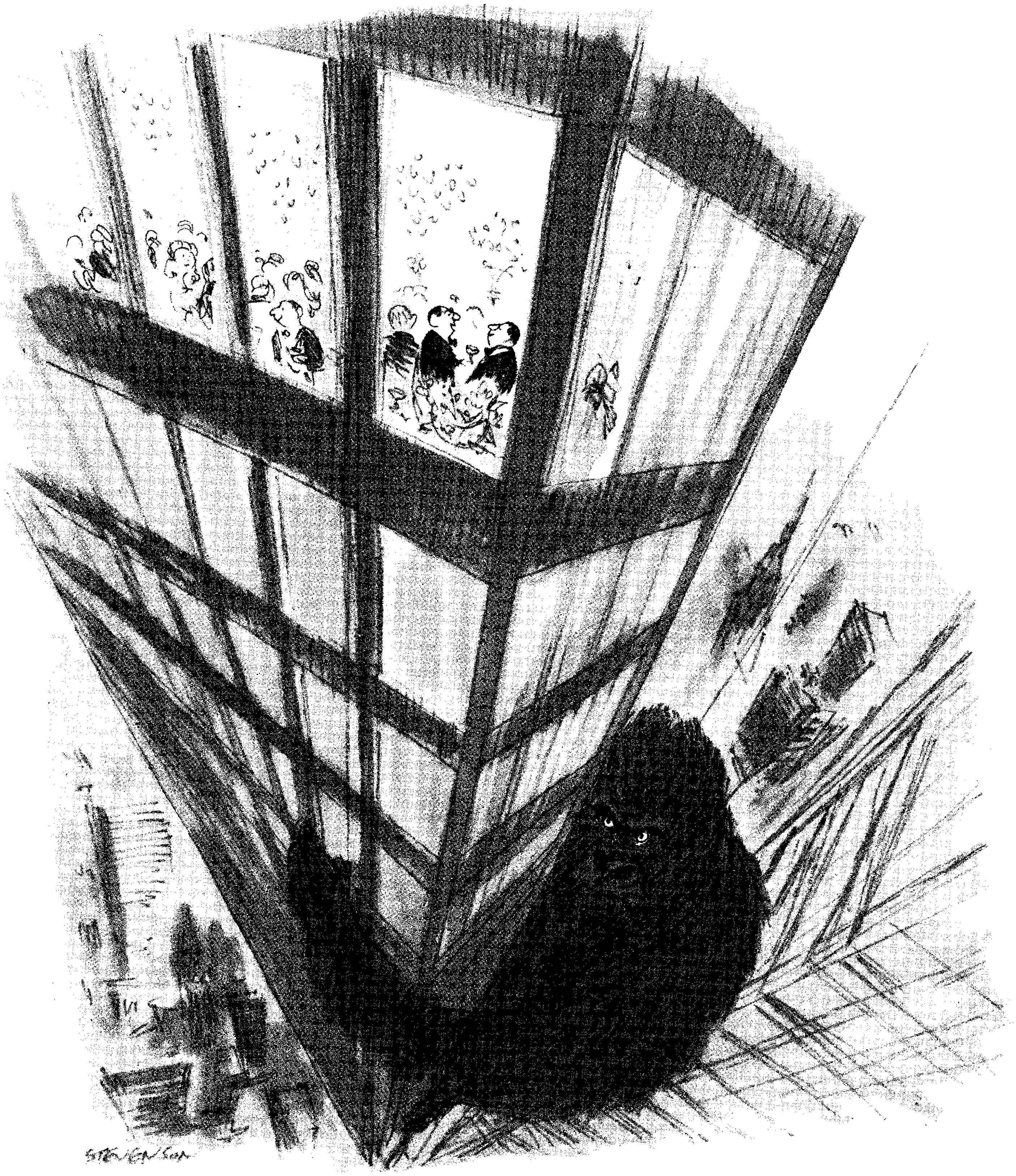
"Opinionated and robusted, eh?"

"That's right."

Mr. Sotu glared at him. "That damn whiskey has addled your brain already, I see," he said. "You got a good brain there. Why do you want to poison it with cheap booze?"

The bushman looked at the floor, frowning. "Robust," he said, after a while.

"Robust is right." Mr. Sotu sat back. From the bench, he could see through a window and across Mozart Bay, its



"Frankly, I never dreamed the World Trade Center would get finished so quickly and without incident."

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center foam-flecked now by girls diving for sponges, and beyond, over the Mele Channel, to the island of Funifuti, where a tall, pale plume of smoke, buckling and swaying in the wind like a gauze curtain, hung over the volcano. Normally, the tranquillity of the view soothed him, but today he felt edgy and out of sorts. He sighed and glanced down at the charge sheet. "This unspeakable object," he said to the police witness. "What was it?"

The corporal rose, somewhat reluctantly, to his feet. "A carving," he said. "Of little merit."

"Show me."

"Your Worship, it would offend a learned and sensitive man like your good self. The object in question is vulgar."

"Show me."

The corporal shrugged and drew from beneath the table a bundle wrapped in sacking. He uncovered it

"Hara-kiri. Right?"

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and then held up, for the court's inspection, a small statue of a man and woman carved in the act of love. "Christ be kind to us," murmured Mr. Sotu, staring at it. He beckoned for it to be brought to him, and carefully ran his fingertips over the bare, straining bodies, the taut limbs, the absorbed faces, admiring the skill and exuberance of the man who had made it. He looked up to find the bushman watching him. "Where did you get this?" he demanded.

"My father carved it."

"And why were you trying to sell it?"

"I want money to buy books."

"Books, eh?" The explanation was certainly original. "That remark, man, is in your favor. O.K.—fined ten shillings for disturbing the peace, and I want to see you in my chambers when the court rises. Give him back his statue," he said to the corporal.

An hour later, Fanui reported to Mr. Sotu in the small, hot room at the rear of the courthouse.

"I will buy your statue," said Mr. Sotu. "Sit down." He broke open a pack of Players and offered one across the desk. It was refused with a grimace. "I was drinking till midnight," the bushman said tiredly. "Fiji rum with one of the failed candidates, a tally clerk from Ipo who threatened to take his life. I persuaded him to get drunk instead. One drink led to another. You know how it is."

Mr. Sotu took a cigarette himself and lit it. "How much do you want?" he said.

The bushman smiled slightly, but his eyes were careful. "How much will you give?"

Mr. Sotu considered. "Five pounds," he said.

"This thing is worth more than five pounds."

"Who says so?" He blew an emphatic plume of smoke. "Seven, then."

"Seven? It is worth more than that also, but seven will do. I will take it."

Mr. Sotu opened a drawer in his desk and counted out the money. "There," he said, pushing it over.

The bushman licked a finger and counted it himself, then put it in his pocket and handed Mr. Sotu the statue. The Magistrate drew it carefully from the sugar sacking and examined it, turning it this way and that while he became filled with a state of pleasure, an expansive kind of benevolence. "Tell me how you earn your living," he said to the bushman. "You some kind of farmer, maybe?"

"I have a pepper garden," said the bushman.

Mr. Sotu nodded. "Now, why should a pepper gardener want more books?" he said. "You already passed your examination."

"I like reading," said the bushman.

"Reading what? Fact or fiction? Fiction is my own preference. I am very partial to the English novelists—specially a cranky old one called Trollope, who has given me many good laughs. You ought to try him."

"I don't bother with that kind of stuff," said the bushman.

Mr. Sotu stared at him. "Law books?" he said sharply.

The bushman shook his head.

"Very wise of you," said Mr. Sotu. "The legal profession on this island is badly overcrowded." This was a sore point with him. There were no less than thirteen lawyers on Tofua—mostly garrulous clerks qualified in the local statutes. Some of them lived close to the poverty line and were often to be seen near the beach digging for edible roots.

Mr. Sotu persisted: "But you got some discipline in mind, am I right?"

"Maybe," said the bushman.

"Knowledge is more precious than pearls," said Mr. Sotu reflectively. "I acquired mine years ago, swotting at night for a University of Auckland correspondence course. Persevere! Persevere! That is the secret. I still dream of that hot little room in my father's shanty, with my brothers snoring on the other side of the wall and the moths coming in and crashing against my lamp."

The bushman gave Mr. Sotu a sharp look of recognition, as though seeing a familiar face in a strange town. "Yes," he said. "It was the same with me. All them books! Jesus. But passing this exam has given me confidence. My good intelligence has been recognized and noted. I am going to spread my wings." He lifted his arms in a brief gesture of triumph. "I will read much, and think. Maybe I'll even write a little."

"Write what?" said Mr. Sotu.

"Well, you know. Articles. Of a radical and, uh, inspirational nature."

"Ho," said Mr. Sotu, impressed despite himself.

There was a moment's silence. The bushman sat dreamily, absently tapping a finger on the arm of his chair, and Mr. Sotu, watching him, suddenly sat bolt upright. He had remembered the drums. Each night, up in the hills, they tapped out their news and gossip as they had done for centuries, their distant throbbing as much a part of the unheeded sounds of an island night as the wind in the palms and the surf's soft and feathery boom. But recently they had grown noisier, and there seemed to be more of them. Mr. Sotu had not been consciously aware of it, but during the past few months they had sometimes awakened him. He would listen drowsily for a moment, not understanding or caring, but there were certain codas, repeated and emphasized by the drummers, that had sunk into his mind; it was one of these that the bushman was now idly tapping on the arm of his chair.

Mr. Sotu picked up a pencil and repeated the phrase on the edge of his desk. *Ta-ti-chuppa-chuppa-cha.* "That bit there," he said. "What does it mean?"

The bushman looked startled. "I don't know," he said agitatedly, shoving his hands into his pockets.

"I've forgotten most of my drum talk," said Mr. Sotu, "but I recall enough to know that pattern is an unusual one. Some kind of abbreviation."

The bushman, his jaw stuck out obdurately, said nothing.

"I seem to associate it with a deep drum. Not ebony. Probably rainwood. Your village got a rainwood drum?"

"Most villages got a rainwood drum," said the bushman.

Mr. Sotu thoughtfully tapped out the coda again with his pencil. "Well?" he said.

The bushman stood up and looked at Mr. Sotu for a while, then slowly released his breath. "It's my name," he said.

Mr. Sotu stared at him. "Your *name*?"

"Well, why not?" The bushman was edgy but defiant. "I do a lot of the talking. I always have, ever since we started—me and some friends drumming our ideas just for the hell of it. We didn't think people would take any notice, but they did. Strangers started to join in, asking questions, interrupting, giving opinions, sometimes applauding us. Some nights now, we get drums from all over the hills speaking with us in argument and debate. Many of them agree with us. The Mount Arthur opal diggers agree with us. Some of the forestry-station workers agree with us. Most of the small tobacco growers agree with us. We got planters and shepherds and vanilla gardeners and clerks and peddlers and joy girls agreeing with us. Hell, we even got the Church. The nuns at the Irish Mission have joined in now, and, man, their ideas would make your hair curl."

"And what are all these ideas?" Mr. Sotu's trouble-sensing instincts were working full blast. He was as wary as a swimmer sighting sharks.

The bushman grinned. "You wouldn't like them, Mr. Sotu," he said. "And neither would your British friends. For a long time, this island has been sleeping like an old turtle. But soon it will stir. And when it wakes it's going to wake up snapping. It's going to be mean and hungry." He was on his feet, as if prepared to exhort a crowd.

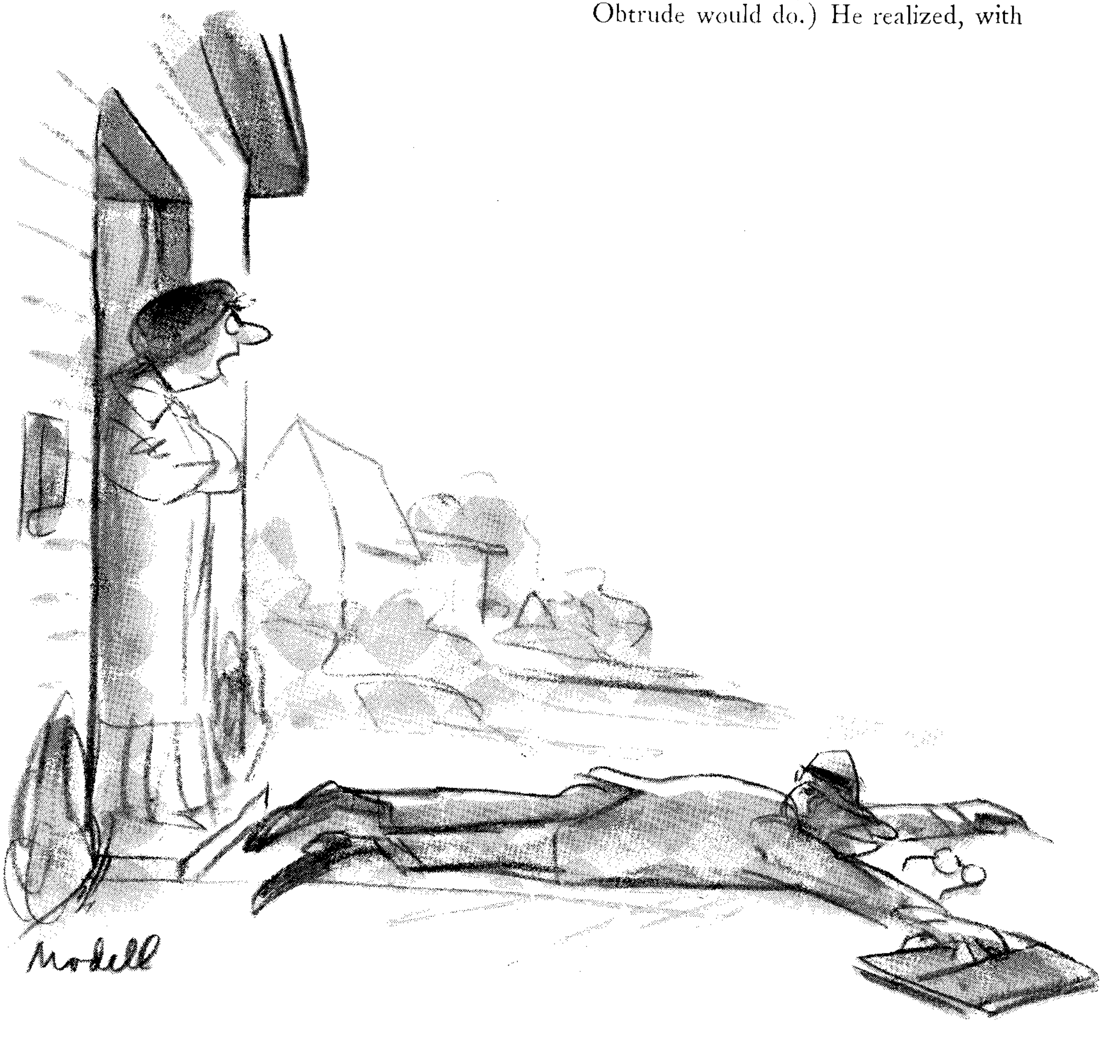
"Sit down," said Mr. Sotu.

"I got matters to attend to," said the bushman, heading for the door.

"Fanui, you get your peasant's arse back on that chair. I want to talk to you."

"Got to find my horse," said the bushman. "I left it somewhere last night before I started drinking." He flicked Mr. Sotu a vague salute and was gone.

Mr. Sotu gazed after him, full of gloomy portents. After all these years, he thought—nice, peaceful, decent years—the world was finally beginning to obtrude. (Obtrude? Intrude? Obtrude would do.) He realized, with



"A lot of good it does saying 'Have a good day' to you!"

a touch of surprise, that he must have been waiting for this for a long time. He sighed. Those absurd stone lovers stared up blindly from his desk. He decided he would go and see Mrs. Bruno. She was an accommodating Eurasian lady with smooth, glowing skin the color of old brandy, to whom, some years ago, he had awarded a decree nisi. Since then, on and off, he had been in the habit of paying her visits. He picked up the statue and put it in his pocket. It was a long time since he had taken her a present, and something as crude as this would doubtless appeal to her base romantic instincts.

SHE received it with whoops of delight and led him inside her shack. "I will keep these little swingers on my glory box," she told him, putting them down among some faded shells, the fragile skeleton of a sea horse, and a cheap zinc Buddha. "Now just rest yourself, sweetie. Make yourself at home while I go and fetch refreshment."

Mr. Sotu lay down on a grass mat and put his hands behind his head. He was concentrating on relaxing his whole body, from the toes upward, when Mrs. Bruno returned with the beer. "You want me to oil you?" she said.

"No," said Mr. Sotu.

Wordlessly, she unbuttoned his shirt and oiled him anyway. Mr. Sotu lit a cigarette. Lying on his stomach, he absently tapped a thumb on the grass matting in a little rhythmic figure. *Ta-ti-chuppa-chuppa-cha.* He sighed. Those drumbeats, now only nocturnal gossip in the hills, would eventually harden into something else; the bushman, and others like him, would see to that. Already Mr. Sotu could picture their gaudy flag of independence—a red boar, say, rampant on a field of lilies—and he pictured, too, some argumentative farmer, who drank tea from his saucer, going off to speak for them at the United Nations. None of them had any notion of the subtleties of government. Christ, what fools they would make of themselves! Mr. Sotu wondered whether they mightn't need his good offices. He wasn't the brightest magistrate the island had ever had, or the most learned, or the most honest, but he was the best. He understood his people and he had a sure instinct for giving them what they deserved, but that wouldn't count, of course. Not anymore. They would simply see him as a relic of their subjugated past, and they would be right. But it was ironic, he reflected, because now, for the first time in his life, he knew where his loyalties lay.

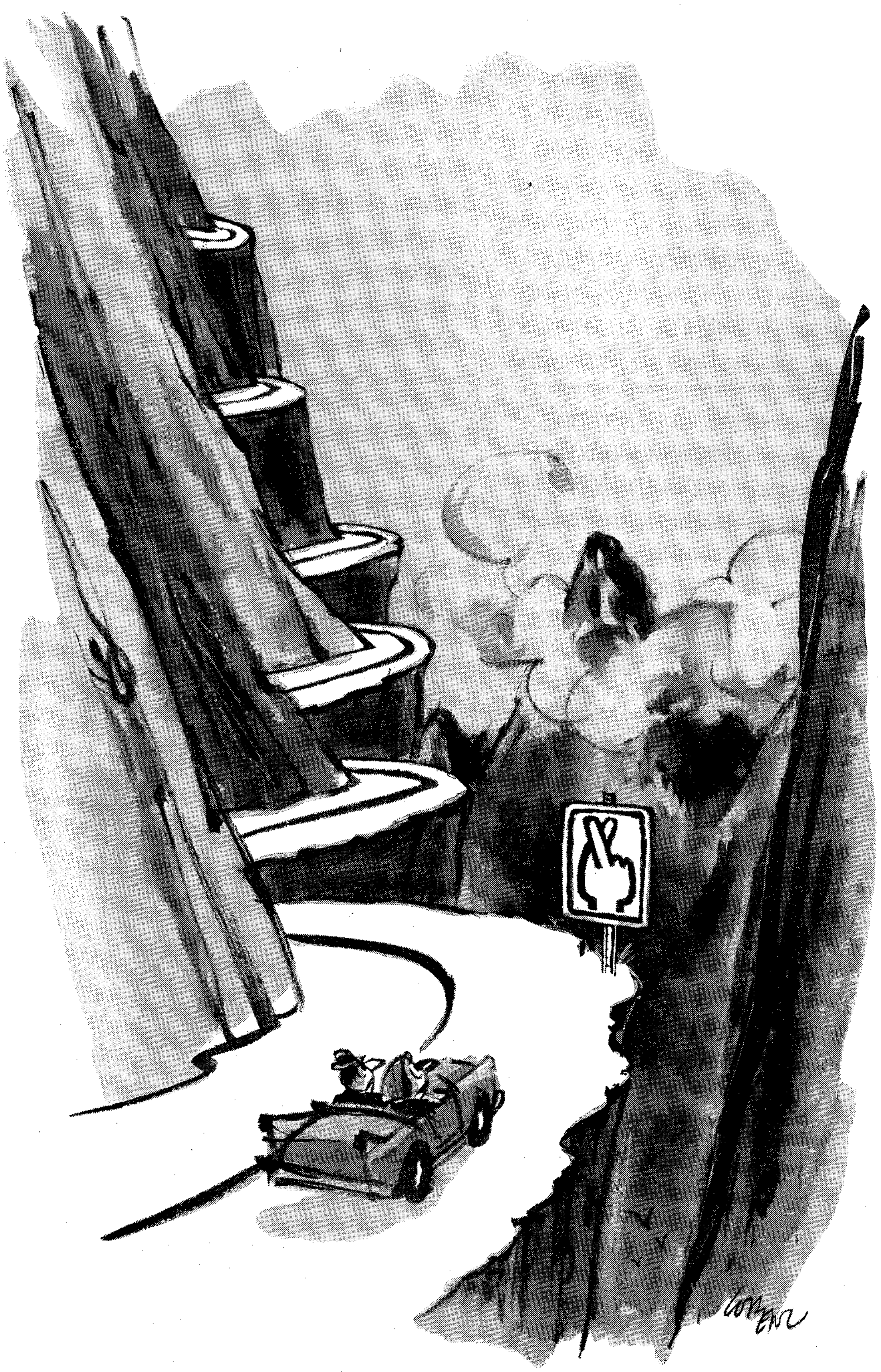
"Penny for them, man," said Mrs. Bruno.

"I was just thinking about some hillbilly revolutionaries I know," he said.

"Don't talk to me about revolutionaries," she said darkly. "Those people eat babies." She sighed and stretched out on the mat beside him, smelling of patchouli.

Mr. Sotu stared up at the roof. He felt all right. He still had his court, and all that entailed. Until history decides otherwise, he told himself gravely, I am a tall poppy in full bloom, and it will be some time yet before my petals start to fall.

—Alexander Frater



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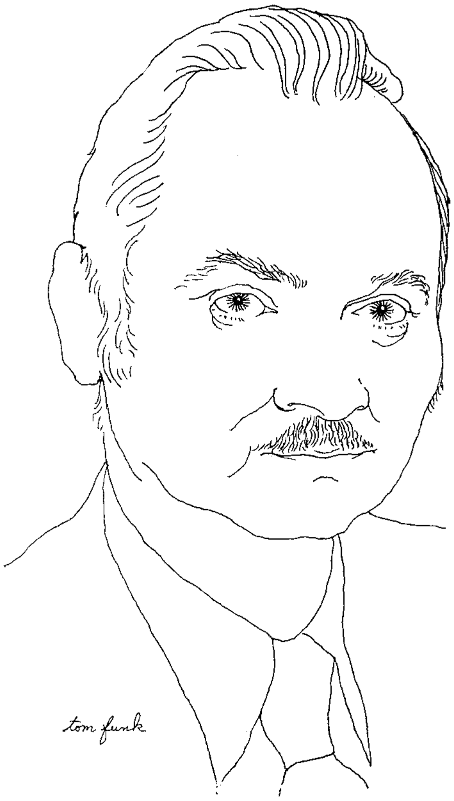
The herculean task of sauteing 190 lamb noisettes (a sort of filet mignon of lamb), topping each with a huge mushroom cap and sending it up to the guests seated in the Blue Room on two dumb waiters and an elevator was shown and very impressive.—*Television review in the Boston Herald Traveler.*

If that kind of clowning impresses you.

PROFILES

ENVIRONMENTALIST

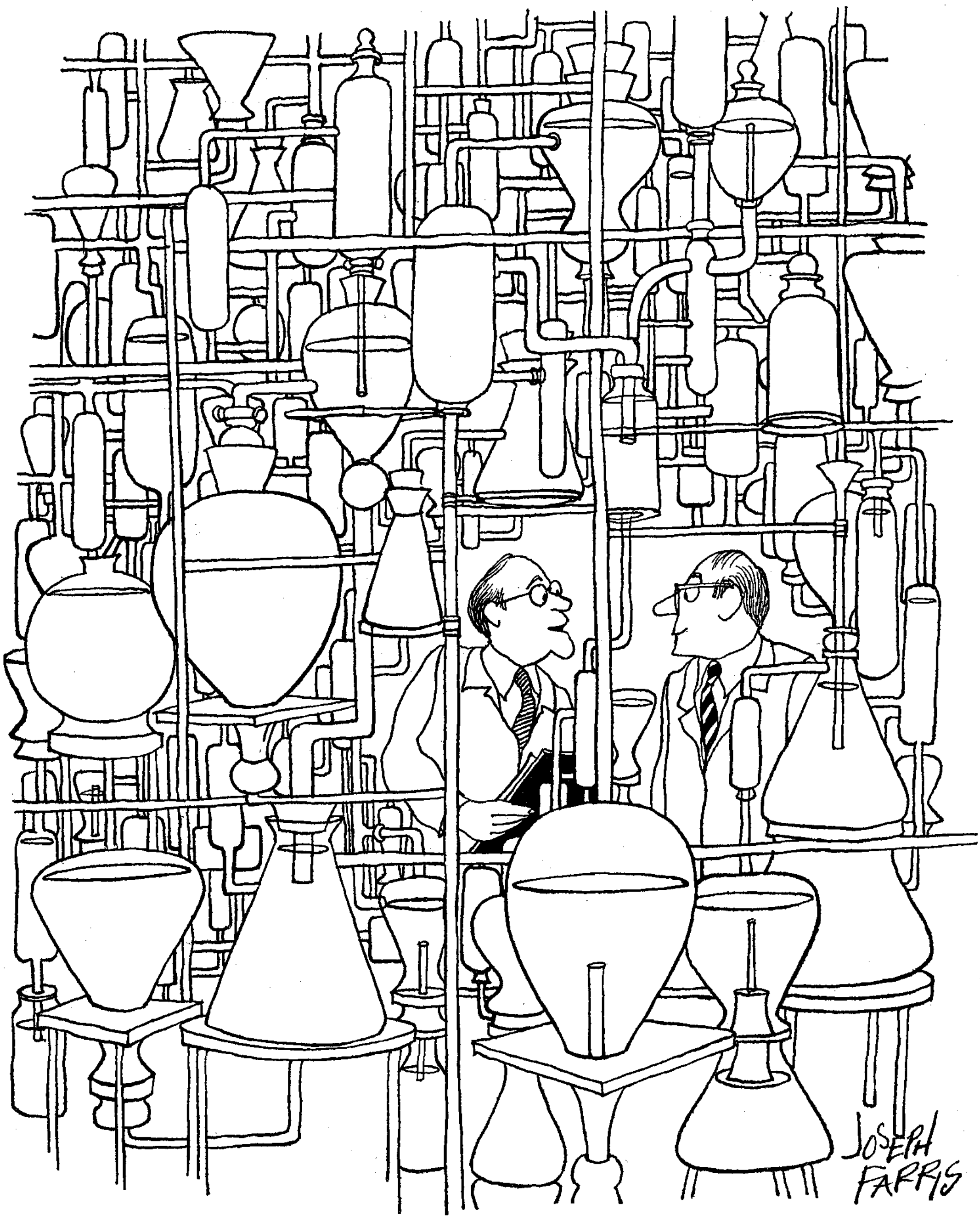


Maurice Frederick Strong

TO suggest that the survival of civilization in something like its present form might depend significantly on the efforts of a single man without control of any large political, spiritual, or military forces may sound ridiculous. Still, a fairly good case to that effect can be made out for the activities of Maurice Frederick Strong, a wide-ranging Canadian who for the last year and a half has been unflaggingly preoccupied with organizing the first United Nations Conference on the Human Environment, which is scheduled to be held in Stockholm from June 5th to 16th, and which, whatever its accomplishments or failures in these disputative times, can already be rated the most important ecological meeting in history. Strong has two titles: He is secretary-general of the conference and an Under-Secretary-General of the United Nations itself. People catching their first glimpse of him find it hard to associate him with sobriquets so grand. He is a man who, though not without his complexities, is almost totally without front. At present, he and his family live in a remodelled stable in the rustic village of Gingins, Switzerland, some thirty miles north of Geneva. Strong, an exceptionally successful businessman before he took on his present job, has a substantial private income and enjoys excellent relations with the Swiss banking community, but he has no domestic help and drives his own car—usually, mirroring his entire life, at a very fast clip. When he brought some guests home to dinner a couple of weeks ago, his wife, Pauline, an equally unpretentious person, who shuns the elevated social circles to which her husband's status could give her ready access, asked him if there was any wine in the house. He searched the premises and finally produced a single bottle of red wine—which the East German Ambassador in Geneva had given him a few days before. When he appeared with it, his wife noticed, and mentioned, a spot on his jacket. "I must have got it during coffee with the West German Ambassador," Strong said.

A slight, bouncy man of forty-three, whose movements are rather birdlike and who tends to bob up and down in public appearances, Strong has been variously described as resembling a shoe salesman, an apprentice jockey, a small-town taxi-driver, and an insurance agent fated never to make the million-dollar-sales club. The ecologically oriented American journal *Clear Creek* has described him as "a caricature of a third-rank bureaucrat dedicated to the highest achievement of professional obscurity." Some people who have heard that Strong's eclectic roster of acquaintances included the late Walt Disney—who once personally escorted him through the West Coast Disneyland and who used to send him movie prints to show his children at home—are put in mind, on meeting Strong, of an animated-cartoon character. Strong, who wears a modest gendarme's mustache, looks faintly French, which, together with his Christian name, tends to sustain the impression that he is at least part French Canadian. He is not, and although most of his U.N. colleagues give his first name the Gallic pronunciation, he has always pronounced it "Morris." Of mostly Anglo-Saxon stock, he comes from Manitoba, whence he launched himself on a business career whose meteoric heights were exceeded only by the depths of the poverty that preceded it. Strong, whose formal education is minimal, taught himself French at a relatively advanced age and can now make a passable speech in it—as he did, for instance, in Algiers early last month. It is indicative of his unusualness, however, that the two languages other than English in which he feels most comfortable are Eskimo and Swahili.

The conference in Sweden is unusual itself in that it is to be a meeting not of scientists but of nations—a hundred in all, at the latest count. Most of them, it is expected, will be represented by Cabinet ministers (the United States will send the Secretary of the Interior, as well as eleven senators and congressmen). The eminence of the delegates is almost wholly attributable to Strong's having convinced many heads of state that the matters to be discussed are of immediate and overriding concern, although many lesser mortals have already grumbled that many vital matters have not been prominently enough featured on the agenda. Strong is under no illusion that the conference can come up with quick cures for the world's ecological ills. Rather, he wants it to be a sharp reminder to the world that it must start taking its ecological temperature and keep on doing so regularly. Most specifically, he has been harping on the theme that nations must accept responsibility for actions they take—in river basins, lakes, oceans, and the entire biosphere—that affect the environment of other nations. Obvious though this concept seems, it has not been an easy one to put across. For example, Canada and the United States, presumably civilized and friendly neighbors, have for sixty years had a treaty expressing pious mutual concern for their shared waterways, but not until several weeks ago did they get around to agreeing to try to do something about cleaning up the Great Lakes. Sovereignty tends to produce self-centeredness: Brazil, for example, is airily unconcerned about the population explosion, because it has only three people per square mile and wants a lot more. If the sovereign states fail to reach any substantive accords in Sweden, Strong believes, the United Nations' institutional standing will be even more gravely jeopardized than it already is; if, on the other hand, they can reach some consensus, as he is convinced they can, the conference could help to revitalize that by now creaky body. Strong himself has generated so much interest in the Stockholm conference that several lively counter-conferences have been called for the same time and place. It has been rumored that thousands of non-delegates representing good-earth and green-acres groups may show up—provided Sweden lets them in—to assert that governments are, among other things, no longer qualified to speak on behalf of people. Strong, who in recent months has probably been tilting his lance at the dragon of pollution more energetically and effectively than any other person alive, has already been notified by one radical youth group that he is to be publicly tried at Stockholm as an international criminal, presumably for being willing to consort with the incumbent shapers of earthly destinies. This warning did not offend him; he cares *less about rhetoric than about substance.* (He knows that during the plenary sessions at Stockholm some nation will inevitably devote its allotted time to an attack on apartheid, another to an analysis of the situation in the Middle East, and still another—if not several others—to the war in Vietnam.) Strong has a high regard for the feelings, however aroused, of youth, and when one group of industrialists he was briefing asked what they could do to help him, he replied that they could come up with twenty-two thousand dollars to make it possible for one contingent of youth leaders—some of them conceivably intent on his embarrassment, if not extinction—to go to Stockholm as observers. There were no immediate takers.



"I'll flip you to see whose name is listed first if we should ever win a Nobel Prize."

SINCE early childhood, Strong has had a pronounced religious bent, and as an adult he has held a number of high-level posts in the Young Men's Christian Association. For the last year and a half, he has been preaching the environmental gospel to just about anybody who will listen, from the president of the United Automobile Workers to the board of directors of the Chase Manhattan Bank. Like other missionaries before him, Strong has exhibited awesome persistence and resilience, but his time and energy are not inexhaustible, and nobody knows better than he that his present field of faith is finite. Accordingly, he has made no effort to commune with, or even meet, individuals like *Ralph Nader and Barry Commoner,* whose ecological salvation he takes for granted. "When I have to choose between the converted and the unconverted, I choose the unconverted as a matter of necessity," Strong says. "I could have got dozens of invitations to talk to sympathetic groups in New York and California, but instead I've been attempting to see people who *haven't* invited me." Most of his recent evangelistic labors have taken him far afield—to some seventy nations since the start of 1971. For the first six months or so, arriving uninvited at some capital, he would often have to cool his heels in governmental anterooms. But more recently, as interest in ecology has mounted, he has had no difficulty obtaining audiences with the rulers of the earth. He had a private one with the Pope two weeks ago. Not only does Strong no longer need to persuade anybody that his business is serious business but he has found a growing and almost masochistic disposition on the part of some nations to emphasize, with suitable breast-beating, the lamentable extent of their own pollutedness. On his last visit to Japan, the foreign-office men who greeted him hustled him straight from the airport to the top of the Tokyo Tower so they could show him how dreadful their smog was. Strong's hosts, while pleased that the air was thick enough to render Mount Fuji invisible, seemed slightly disappointed that there was a view of anything at all. Strong has not managed to spread the word, or sound the alarm, everywhere on earth; to his regret, he

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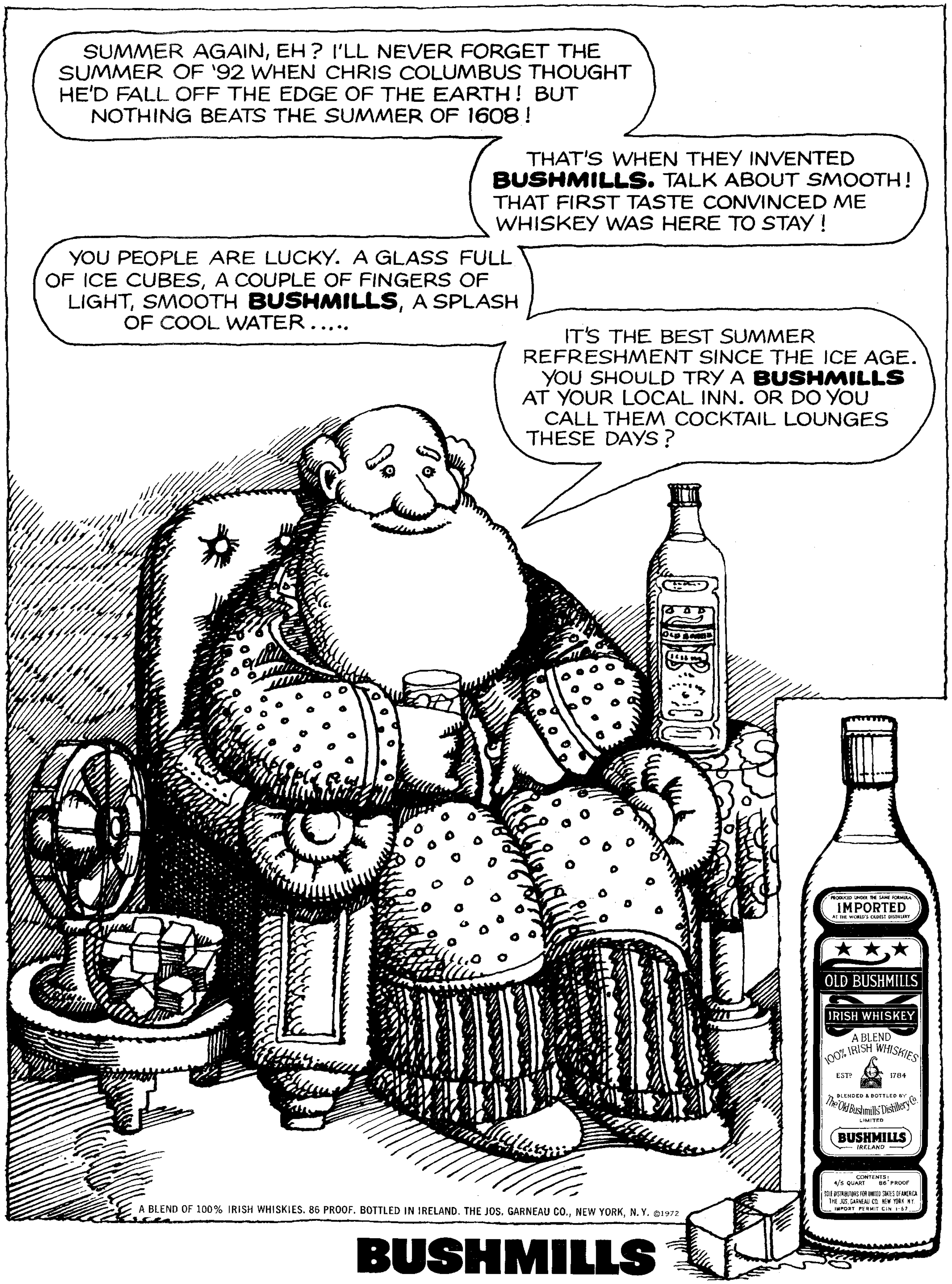
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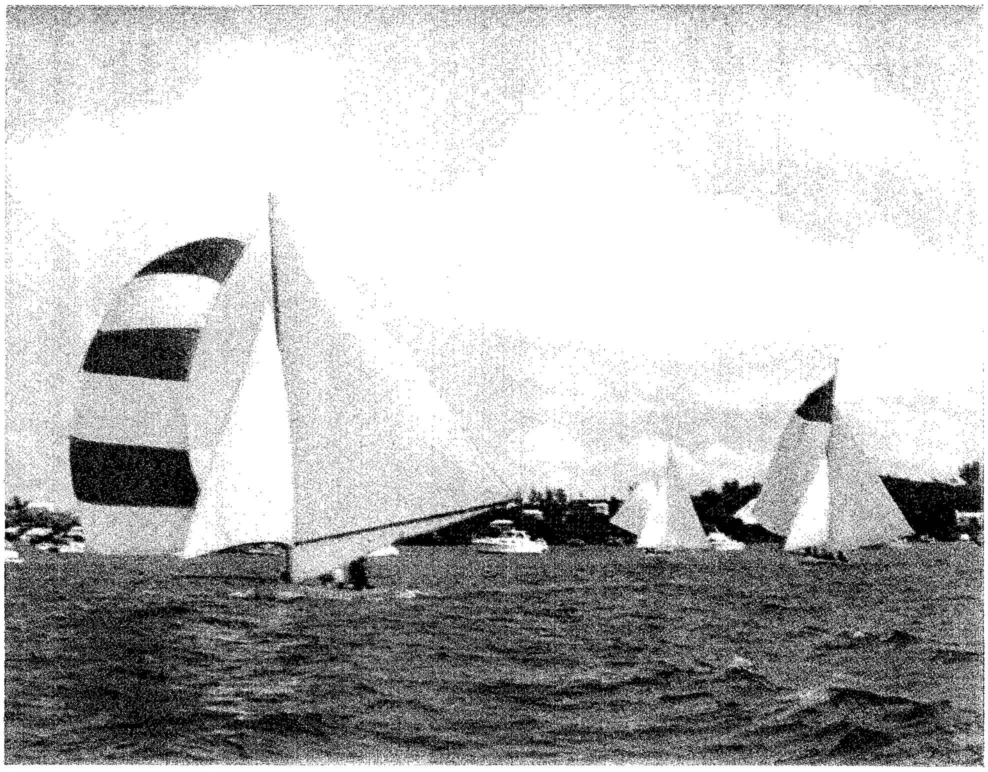
hasn't had a chance to drop in on, among other sovereign states, Bhutan, Guyana, or the Maldive Islands. He has never personally been to China, either, but considerably before Nixon sent Dr. Henry Kissinger to Peking, Strong had an emissary there talking with Chou En-lai. Ever since, China has been very interested in the Stockholm get-together. Strong's cause may have been helped slightly when Chou was made aware that the Canadian could claim distant kinship with the late left-wing writer on China, Anna Louise Strong, though he had never met her.

Strong travels easily. As an investor and entrepreneur with far-flung ventures and, later, as director of Canada's foreign-aid program, he had covered a lot of territory before he embarked on his current peripatetic mission. By now, he has visited India a couple of dozen times in all, and just after Tenzing Norkay climbed Mount Everest with Edmund Hillary, Strong, who began mountain climbing in the Canadian Rockies, went up a lesser Himalayan slope with the celebrated Sherpa. "Our civilization is beginning to breed a race of people who really are very mobile," Strong says, "and I guess I'm one of them. We're still small in number, but we have friends and an identification everywhere in the world. Sure, I'll wake up in a hotel room in Damascus or Dar es Salaam or wherever, now and then, and blink and ask myself, 'Where am I?,' but I also have this great feeling every once in a while that no matter where I am I have no sense of strangeness. I feel at home anywhere on earth."

In the last eighteen months, Strong hasn't spent more than eight consecutive days at his own home. "My family has had to put up with a great deal," he says, "but many men have spent as much time or more away during wars—none of them, perhaps, as important as the cause I'm fighting for. I've never been actively in a war, and the family has accepted what I'm doing as the equivalent of a wartime experience." Scarcely had Strong moved his family from Canada to Switzerland last summer when his wife developed a dangerously high fever. He reacted with soldierly discipline: He took her to a hospital and then, with her approval, set off on a tightly scheduled environmental crusade that lasted two months. (By the time he returned, she was on her way to recovery.) Strong has been allocating what might at first seem like a disproportionate amount of his time to the poorer, less industrial-



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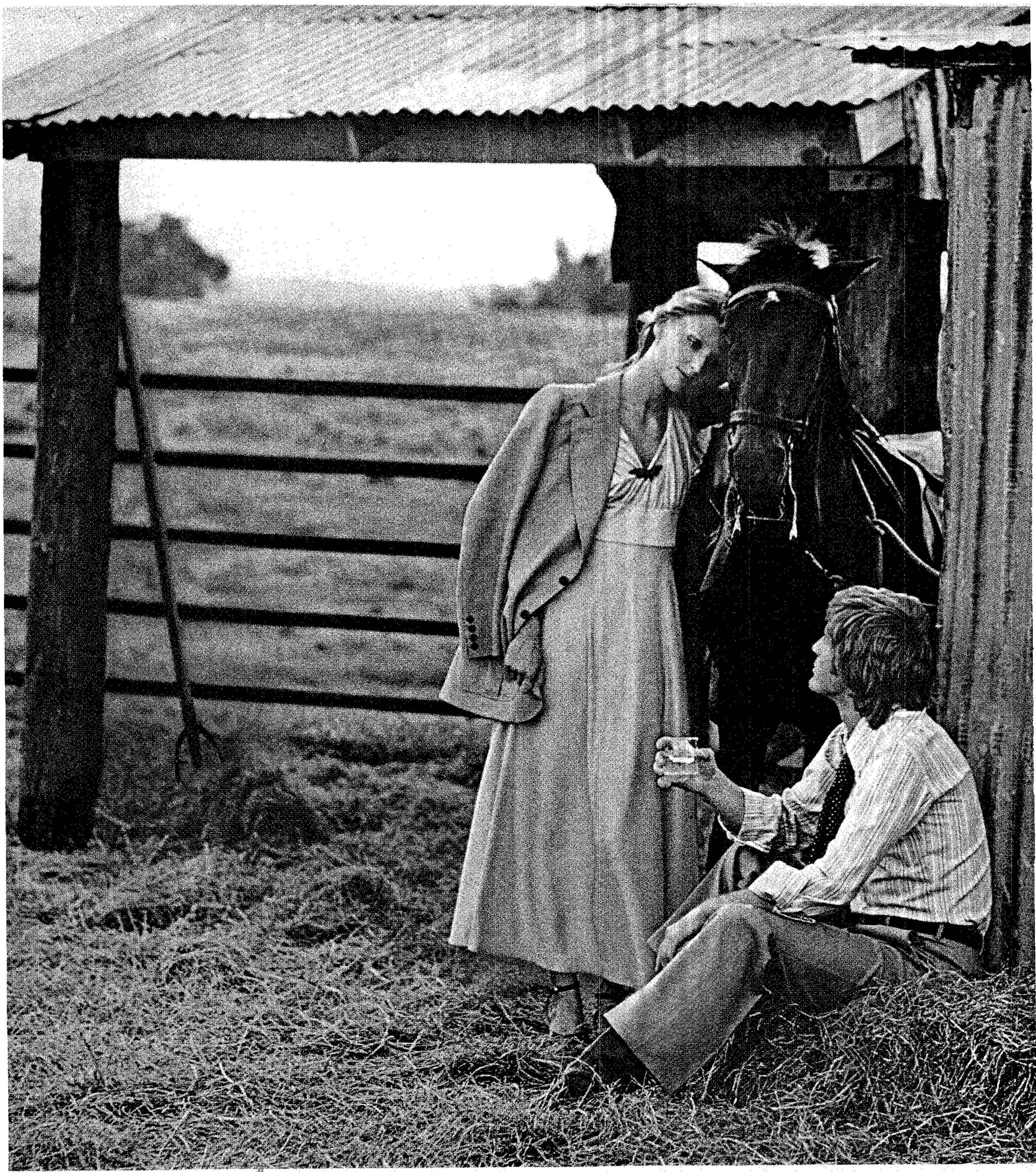

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ized, and less polluting nations—that is, the so-called developing world. Himself a product of poverty, he has a natural affinity for the have-nots of the planet. The kind of travel story he likes to tell is one stemming from his Canadian foreign-aid incarnation, when it was his happy lot to be able to dole out four hundred million dollars a year: His car overheated in Paraguay, eighty miles from nowhere; a peasant woman living in a mud shack with a swarm of children gave him some water for his radiator; when he offered her some money, she declined it but did ask one favor—could she give him one of her children?

STRONG felt from the outset that the Stockholm conference would be a flop unless it was truly a world affair, although he knew that some of his have-not friends were dubious. It was all very well, the developing world argued, for the developed world to exchange reproaches and recriminations about its messy habits, but in the view of the countries that didn't have the sweet fruits of industrialization, if a little pollution was an inevitable by-product of that process, so be it. Furthermore, the developing nations feared, not without reason, that if the developed countries were going to start spending money on eliminating pollution and sprucing up the environment, that money would have to come from somewhere—as likely as not from foreign-aid appropriations. Thus, money that had been earmarked for, say, a sawmill in Upper Volta might end up instead in a purification plant on Lake Erie.

It was Strong's self-chosen, delicate, and crucial task both to calm the poorer countries' fears and to buoy their hopes—to assure them all that the more fortunate nations still cared about them and that they had as big a stake as anyone else in the environment, particularly inasmuch as many of them were experiencing virulent epidemics of urbanization at a time when they could not cope with them, having neither adequate sources of clean water nor sewage-disposal systems. So Strong hit the planetary road. During one of his swings around Africa, he landed in the leftish, agitated republic of Guinea not long after a few Cabinet ministers had been executed for alleged participation in an imperialist plot. Strong was warmly welcomed by President Sékou Touré, who pulled up at the airport with a motorcycle escort. When the sirens subsided, Strong was besieged by local reporters, asking questions like

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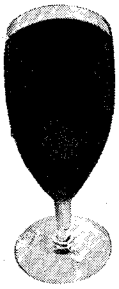

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"What do you think of imperialist aggression against our country?" Strong had been travelling too fast to keep up with the news, and, having no idea precisely what had happened, he replied diplomatically that he deplored aggression of all kinds, especially environmental aggression.

Strong tries to be continentally impartial in his peregrinations. Over one recent eight-day stretch, he conferred with the Prime Minister of India, the Shah of Iran, and the Presidents of Bulgaria and Uruguay. High government officials in India tend to be blasé about visiting dignitaries, but four of Mrs. Gandhi's Cabinet ministers showed up for a dinner with Strong. The Shah—some of whose subjects were showing signs of environmental anxiety because pollution in the Caspian Sea had begun to impinge on the caviar business—proposed to Strong the establishment of an international ecological research station on a three-hundred-and-twenty-thousand-acre tract to be donated by the royal government. "It's a beautiful piece of Iran!" Strong later told a friend. In Sofia, where Strong had been uncertain of his welcome because of Soviet ambivalence about the Stockholm gathering, based on East Germany's apparent exclusion, Prime Minister Todor Zhivkov gave him a splendid banquet, went on television with him, and then urged the visitor to join him in a lively local folk dance. A Communist Party bigwig told Strong proudly, "We have just jailed one of our leading industrial managers for polluting a river." Strong's departure for Montevideo had to be postponed when he got an urgent call from the Uruguayan Foreign Ministry asking him to wait because a minor revolution was under way. He took off the next morning after receiving a second message, from President Jorge Pacheco Areco's office, asking him to come anyway; the President feared that if Strong didn't come people would think the political situation was even more precarious than it was. (Strong, who rarely has a free night, spent the unexpected extra evening in New York attending "The Sorrow and the Pity," a four-hour French documentary movie about as relaxing as the same length of exposure to a jackhammer.) "The delay threw me off schedule a bit," he said. "It meant I had to spend all my nights in South America on airplanes."

Fortunately for Strong, he can sleep on planes. Not that he sleeps much anywhere. He is an early riser, and is often on the phone at six in the morning (the party he is calling, of course,

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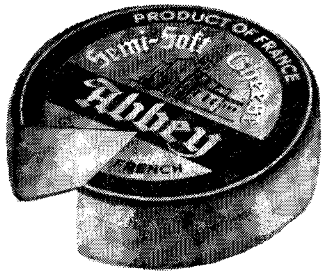

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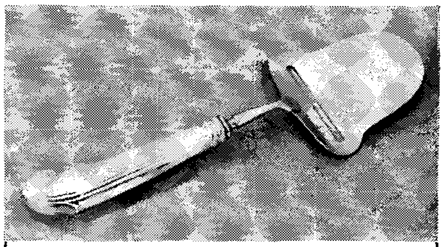

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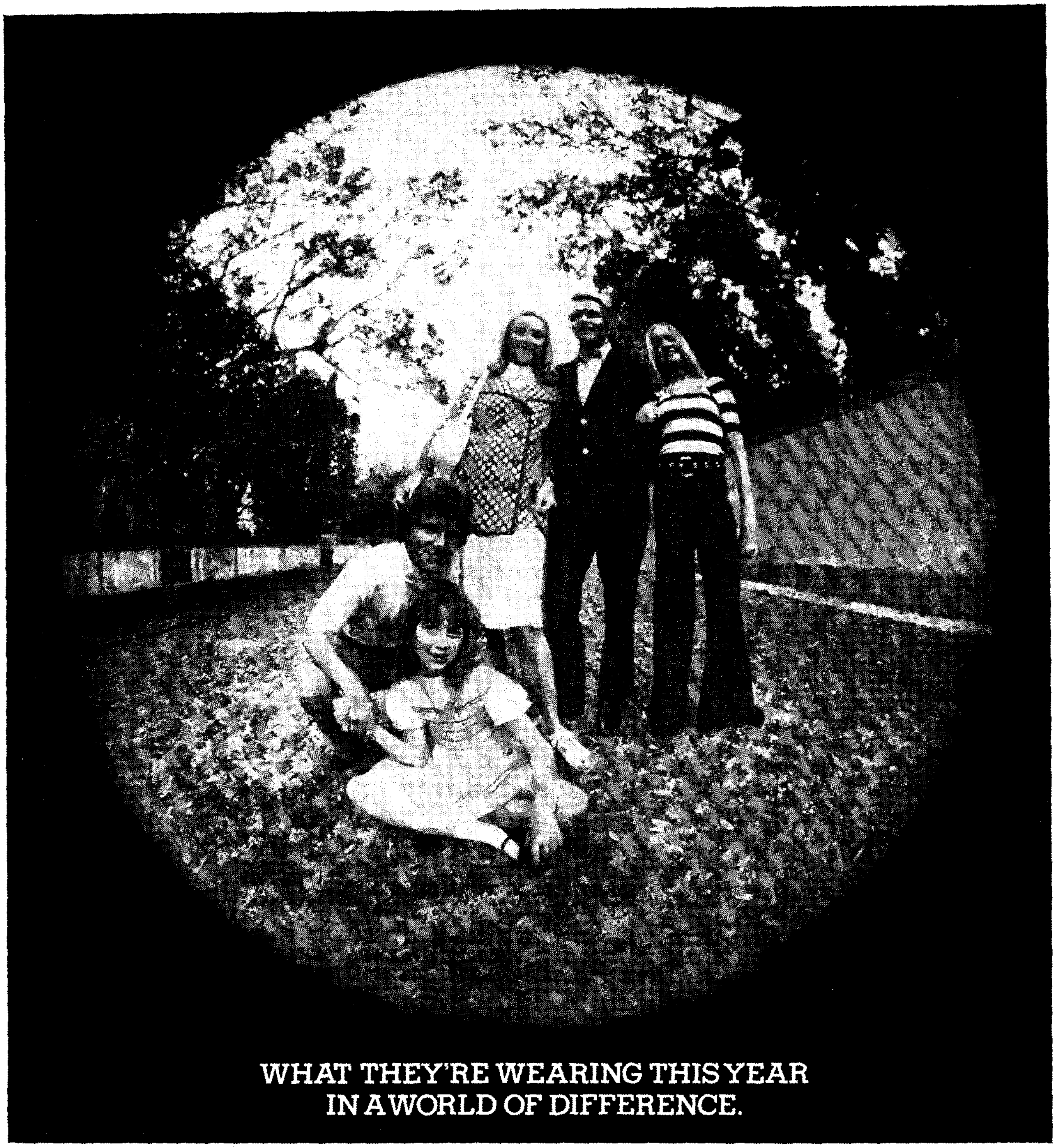
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is often in a different time zone). To make the most of every precious day—for more than a year, his office in Geneva has contained a blackboard with so-and-so-many-days-to-Stockholm naggingly chalked upon it—he is partial to breakfast appointments. In New York, he generally stays at the Beekman Tower, which is conveniently near the United Nations but which has no early-morning restaurant service; Strong's dawn discussions accordingly take place in a dingy First Avenue coffee shop. In addition to his New York and Geneva offices, Strong has several travelling offices. What he calls his "taxi office" is a sheaf of papers that he jams into the breast pocket of his suit. (At any given moment, he is likely to have the currency of a half-dozen nations in another pocket.) What he calls his "airplane office" is somewhat more elaborate, consisting of a briefcase containing his current files, a toilet kit, and a dictating machine, which is often his principal link with his staff. Once, in Geneva, setting off for a purely social evening—which he almost never has—he left the machine behind. One of his secretaries called his host worriedly and asked him to tell her boss that she'd stand by at the office until he came to pick up the machine; it never occurred to her that he meant to get through an entire evening without it.

IF any one person can be credited with initiating the Stockholm conference, it was probably a Swedish diplomat, Mrs. Inga Thorsson, who in 1967 was working for the United Nations and is now an environmental specialist in the Swedish Ministry of Foreign Affairs. During a chat five years ago with Mrs. Alva Myrdal, who was handling disarmament matters for Sweden, Mrs. Thorsson wondered whether it might not be less important for the U.N. to hold still another round of discussions about the peaceful uses of atomic energy than to tackle the question of the environment, which was much on Swedish minds. The Baltic Sea was grievously polluted, several Swedish lakes had had to be placed off limits to fishermen because of mercury poisoning, and Sweden's stately forests were being subjected to a dismaying fallout of emissions wafted east and north from industrial smokestacks in England and the Ruhr. What had really got the Swedes excited about pollution was a national stoppage of auto traffic in the fall of 1967, when there was a switch from left-hand to right-hand driving, and, for periods that in

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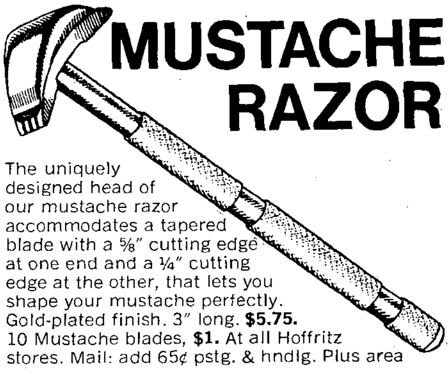

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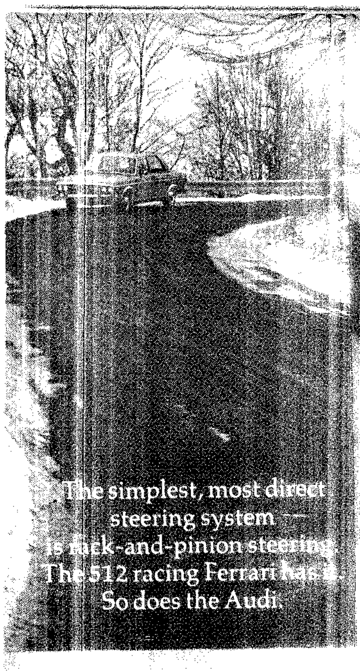
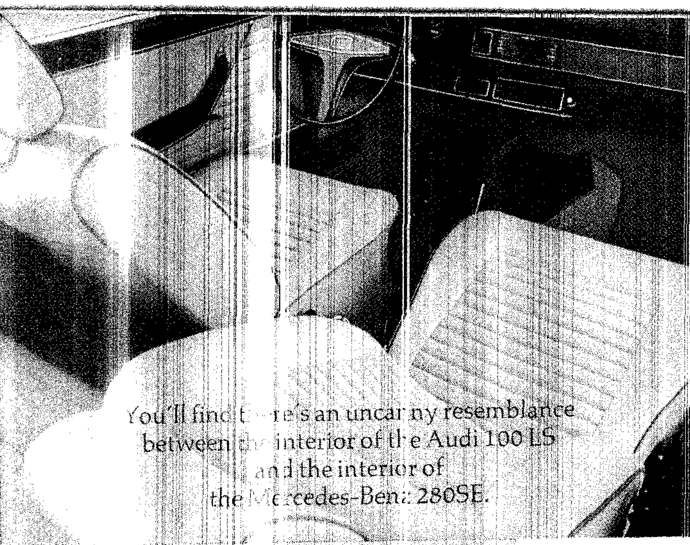
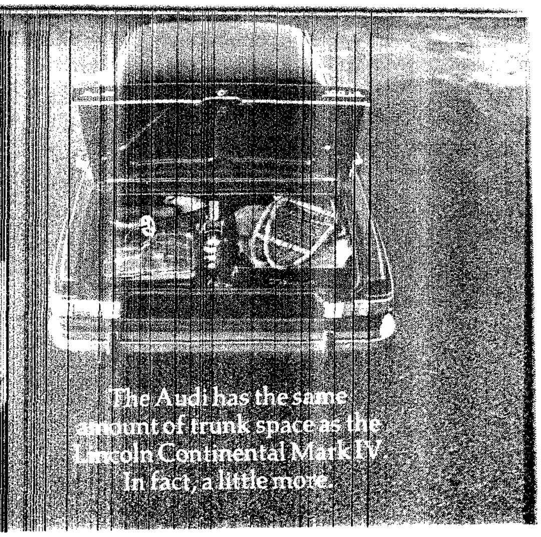


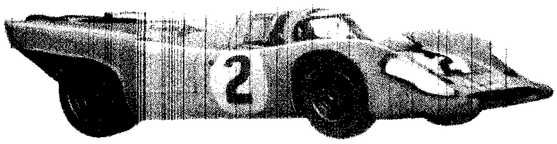
The simplest, most direct steering system — is rack-and-pinion steering. The 512 racing Ferrari has it. So does the Audi.



You'll find there's an uncanny resemblance between the interior of the Audi 100 LS and the interior of the Mercedes-Benz 280SE.



The Audi has the same amount of trunk space as the Lincoln Continental Mark IV. In fact, a little more.



The Porsche 917, one of the most renowned racing cars in the world, has *inboard* disc brakes. So does the Audi.

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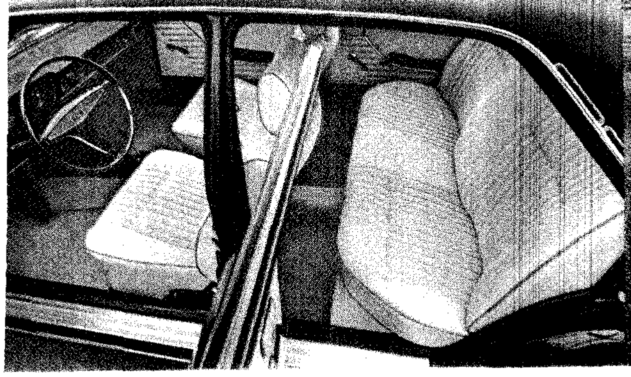
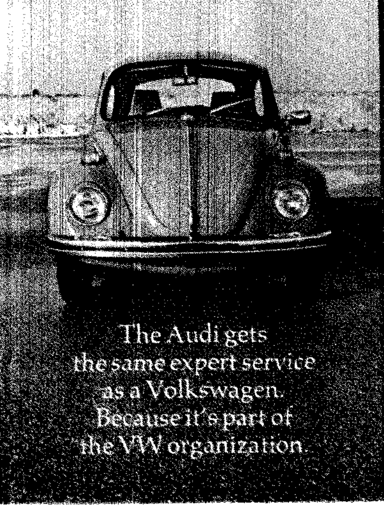
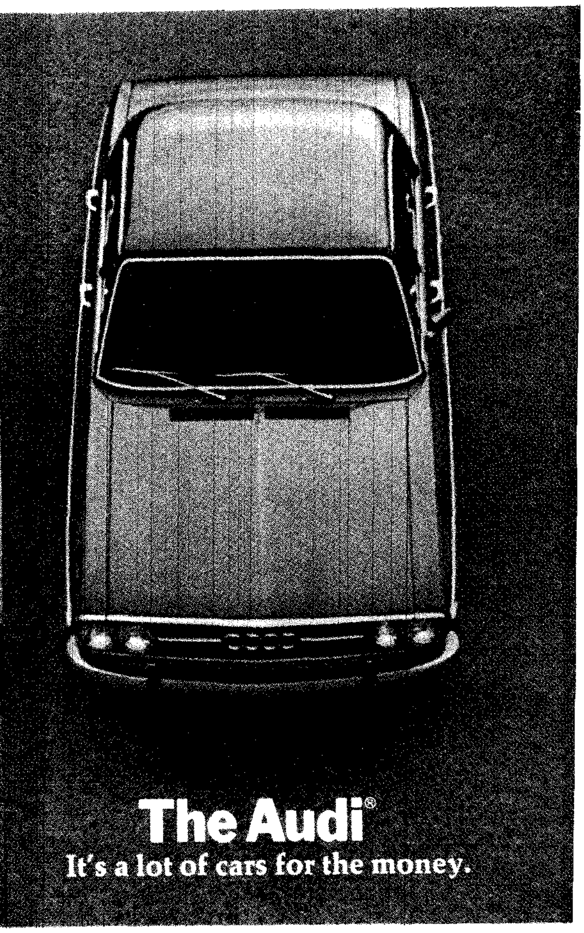




The Audi gets the same expert service as a Volkswagen. Because it's part of the VW organization.



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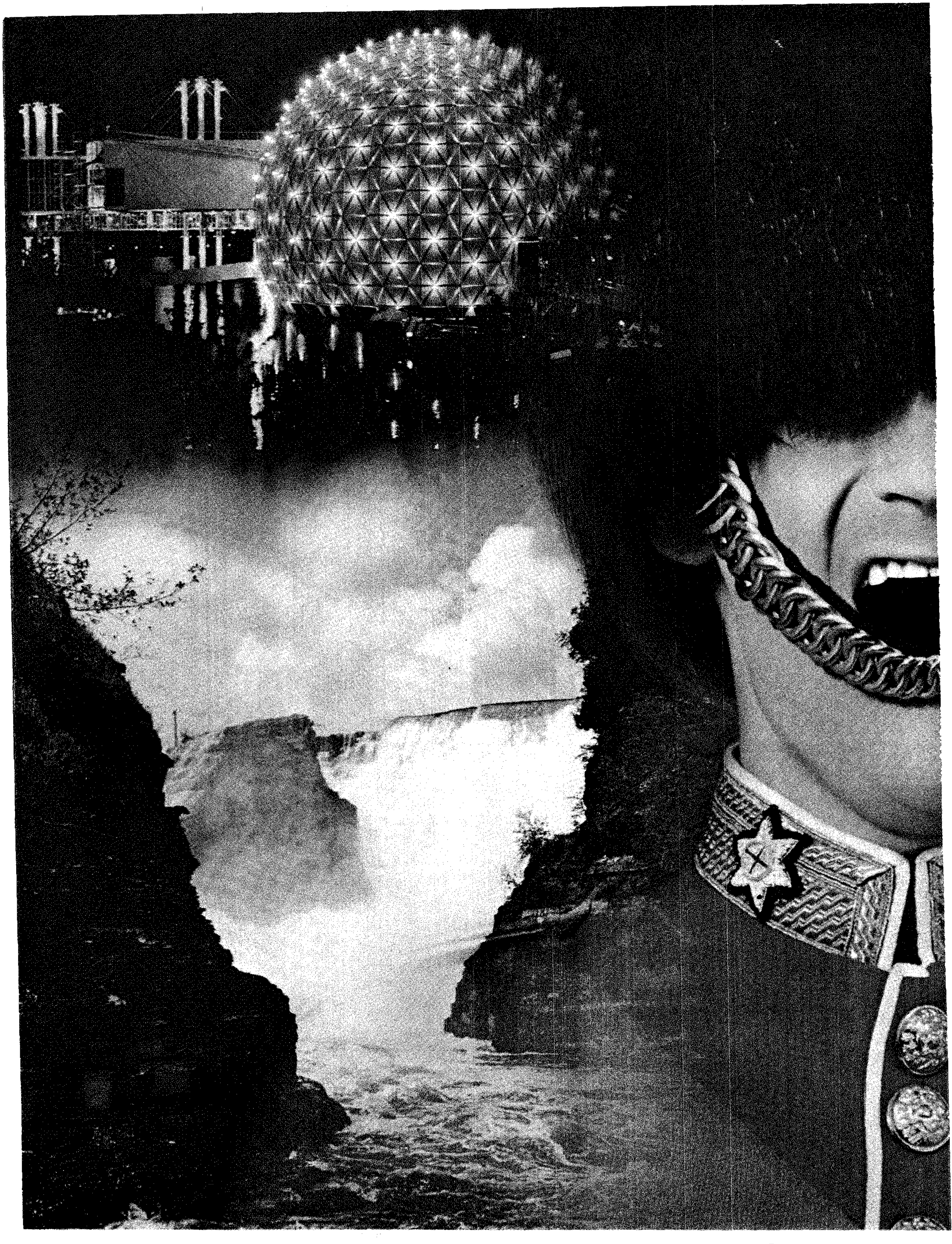

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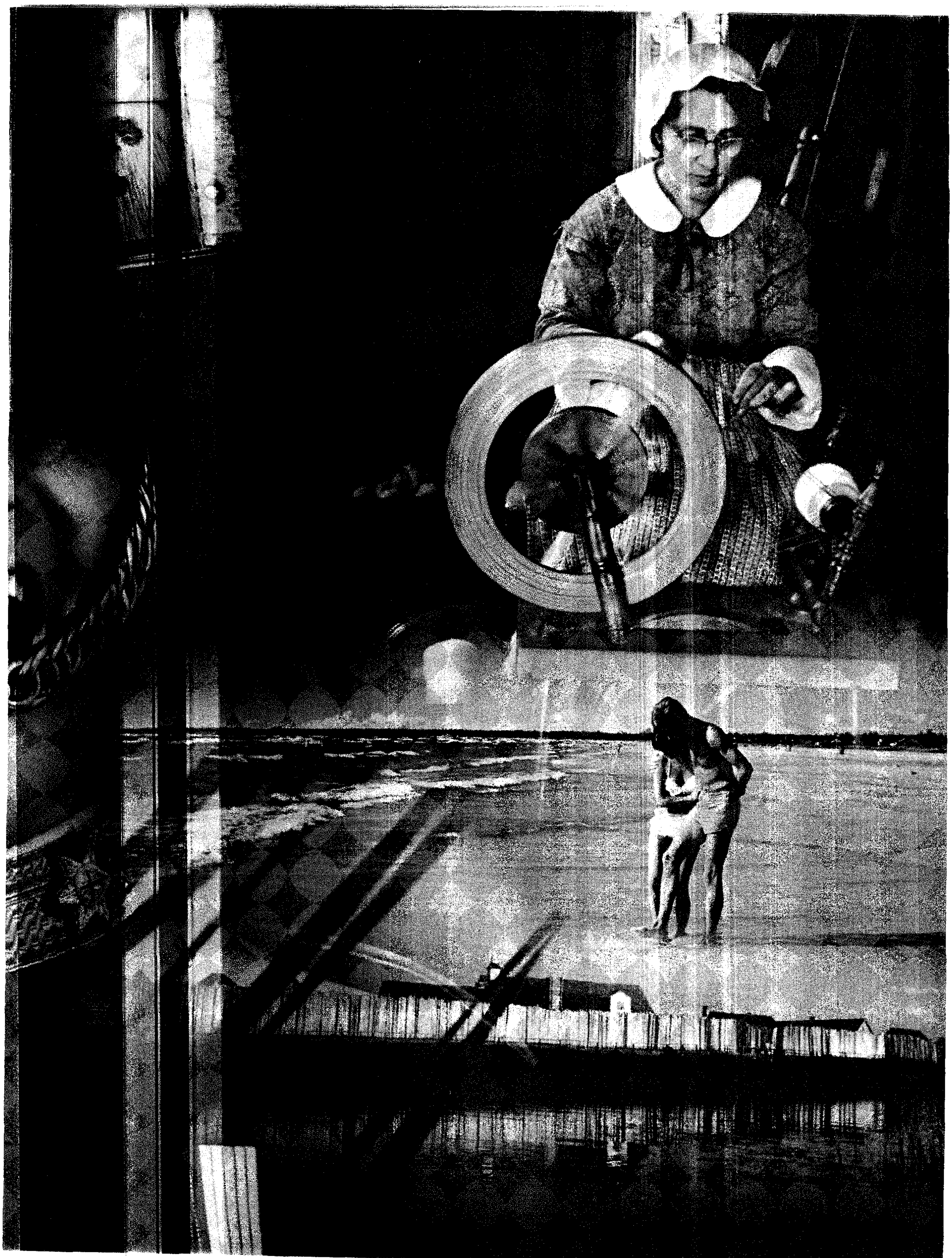

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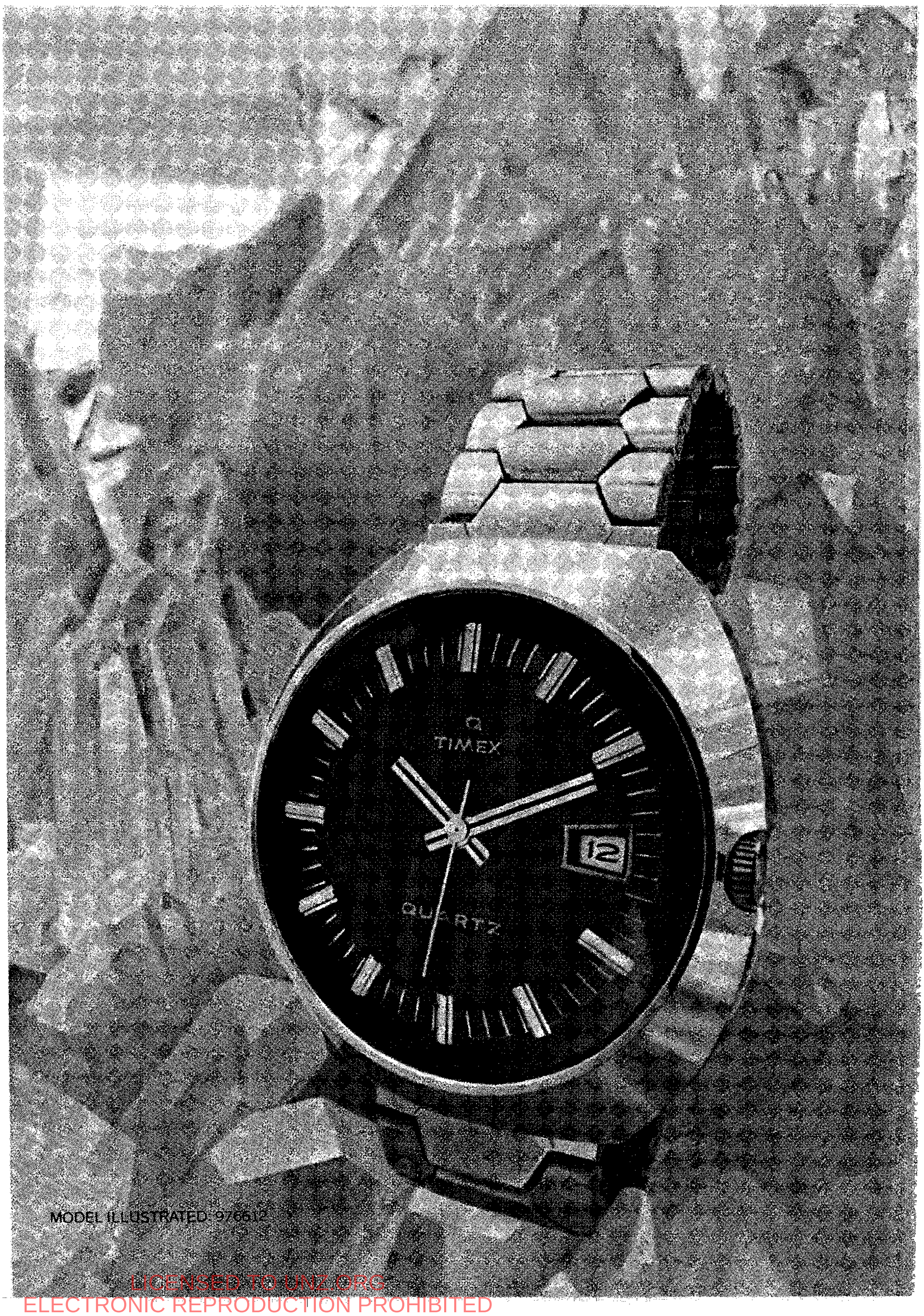

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* Regulation may be necessary to achieve this accuracy

some cases were more than a day long, Swedes had trotted around their cities inhaling strange tonic gulps of unadulterated air.

The talks between Mrs. Thorsson and Mrs. Myrdal might never have got beyond the conversational stage had it not been for the then Swedish Ambassador to the United Nations, Sverker Åström, who picked up the idea and carried it forward until the U.N. General Assembly, in December, 1968, passed a resolution calling for an environmental conference. This was reaffirmed twelve months later (it often takes the U.N. a year to digest a resolution), and the 1969 resolution also called on Secretary-General U Thant to appoint a secretariat for the conference, a secretary-general to run the secretariat, and a preparatory committee to help him set up an agenda and provide appropriate documentation. Nothing much happened for a few months, and the Swedes began to get edgy. By now it had been agreed that the conference would be at Stockholm, and the Swedish government had earmarked a few million dollars for the occasion. A good many people of fairly high international standing were thinking hard about it, but, aside from a handful of middle-level bureaucrats wandering around the U.N. puffing pipes and looking solemn, nobody seemed to be doing much of anything. Finally, at Sweden's behest, the United Nations asked Canada's Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau to make Strong, who had become widely respected for his foreign-aid work (and who was, incidentally, also Canada's spokesman in the deliberations of the United Nations Development Program), available. Trudeau at first said no, and it required some intensive pleading on the part of U Thant, Ambassador Åström, and his Prime Minister, Olaf Palme, to get the Canadian leader to yield Strong up.

Strong did not officially take over until January 1, 1971, but for several months before that he worked part time on the conference, commuting between Ottawa and New York for a couple of days a week and quickly impressing everyone he met with the depth of his commitment to his mission and the firmness of his grasp on its complexities. "I believe that the knowledge and power of science and technology, which have opened up new dimensions of enrichment and promise for mankind, constitute at the same time the greatest threat to its future," Strong told one group in November, 1970. "They are not only a threat to the survival of man but a threat to

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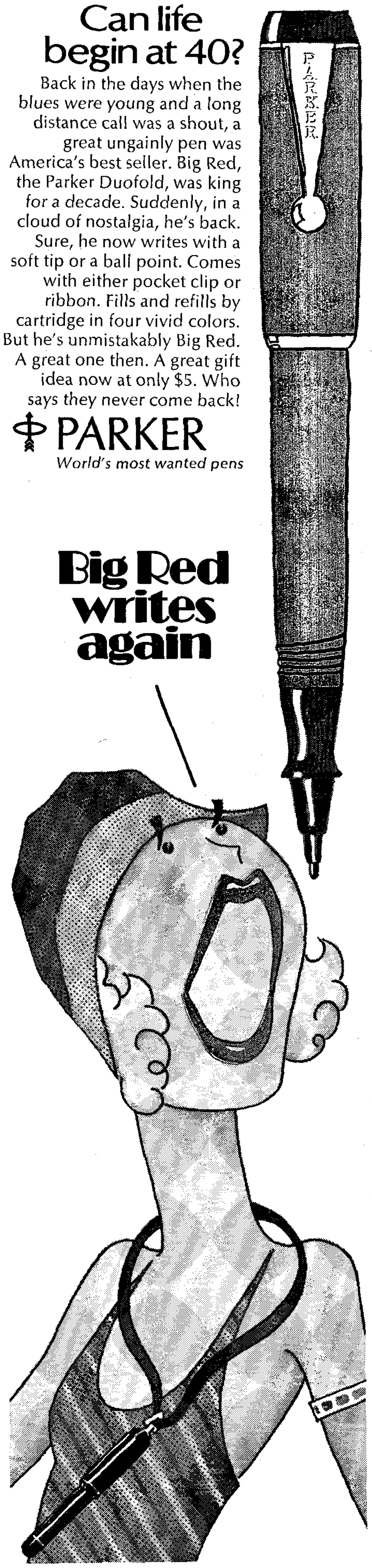
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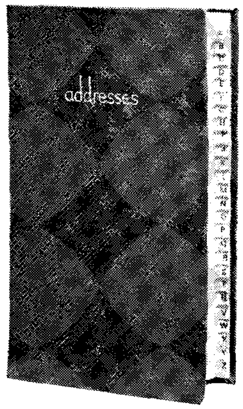
those precious qualities which constitute the essence of our humanness." On a more mundane level, he analyzed a tentative budget that had been sketched out for the conference, and he made what were, by U.N. criteria, startling revisions—the chief one of which was the reduction in funds for documentation from more than eight hundred thousand dollars to two hundred and fifty thousand. It was just about the first time in a quarter of a century of U.N. history that anybody had proposed a cutback in paperwork.

Strong had had little experience in environmental matters—except that as a businessman he had been sufficiently involved in the operation of paper mills, which are notorious polluters, to acknowledge himself "a reformed sinner"—but he has an absorptive and retentive mind. Today, he can glibly cite from memory such sobering statistics as the total amount of carbon monoxide released annually into the atmosphere from internal combustion engines—one hundred and twenty million metric tons. He decided from the start not to encumber himself with an unwieldy staff, and has managed to get by with an average of two dozen professionals and a like quota of secretaries, all but a few of them stationed in Geneva. It is a suitably global group, and has had in it nationals of Argentina, Cameroon, Canada, Ceylon, Egypt, France, India, Japan, Pakistan, Rumania, Switzerland, Tunis, Turkey, Uruguay, the United States, and the Soviet Union. The ranking Russian is Professor Vladimir Kunin, an urbane hydrologist with whom Strong likes to engage in mildly barbed ideological badinage. Strong acquired his principal American adviser, Peter S. Thacher, after they had shared a particularly harrowing environmental experience; they were trapped together at a Washington airport inside a grounded airplane that was being buffeted by a thunderstorm. Strong pushes his staff unsparingly; late one night in Geneva, two of his principal assistants were literally horizontal in his office with fatigue, their brains too fuzzy to think, but he, not only vertical but striding around spewing ideas, seemed unaware of their plight. Every so often, Strong remembers that not all people are blessed with his tirelessness, and at the end of an especially gruelling day invites his staff to join him at an impromptu champagne party in his office. Even on non-champagne days, his subordinates are likely to excuse his demands on them, because they realize he is a rare international civil servant.



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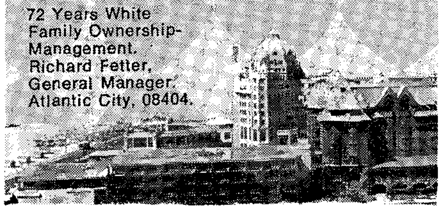

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He loathes red tape. He is happy to make decisions. He is bored with bureaucracy. He even gave a speech last November in which he cheerfully proposed that it might be advantageous for the United Nations if some of its proliferating departments were reduced in size by fifty per cent, and, instead of quoting some such conventional authority on the human experience as Plato, he quoted Pogo: "We have met the enemy and he is us."

Strong has never run a conference of any kind before, but he resolved from the beginning that if the one at Stockholm was to mean anything—and he had no intention of devoting a year and a half of his time to something that didn't—it would have to be not a mere ceremonial happening but a political process. To quote a favorite phrase of his, which he generally utters with a bow to his compatriot Marshall McLuhan, "The process is the policy." Strong wanted the assembled nations to make *decisions* at Stockholm, and, if they were going to do so, most of the research and recommendations would have to be taken care of well ahead of time. Also, the participating nations would have to be motivated to think in ecological terms. In this last respect, the auguries have been propitious: Nearly a hundred nations already have adopted at least one environmental law, and more than sixty either have environmental ministers in their Cabinets or have federal agencies of close to ministerial standing. Strong feels that action "is indispensable if man is going to deal on the scale required with the environmental problem," and he has organized the conference so that at the same time the plenary sessions—which will consist mostly of speeches—are taking place, three committees will be meeting to discuss, and perhaps to endorse, a series of specific proposals he has put together and that he calls the Action Plan. The proposals include, among others, the adoption of a Declaration on the Human Environment, a convention on ocean dumping, and the establishment of an earth-watch program to monitor the environment, to define crucial, universal environmental problems, and to set standards for measuring and compiling essential data. (When, for instance, a marine laboratory at Monaco not long ago sent identical samples of seawater to several other labs around the earth, their analyses were disconcertingly at odds.) Among still other subjects on the agenda will be the question of institutional arrangements yet to come. (Strong visualizes Stockholm as merely the end

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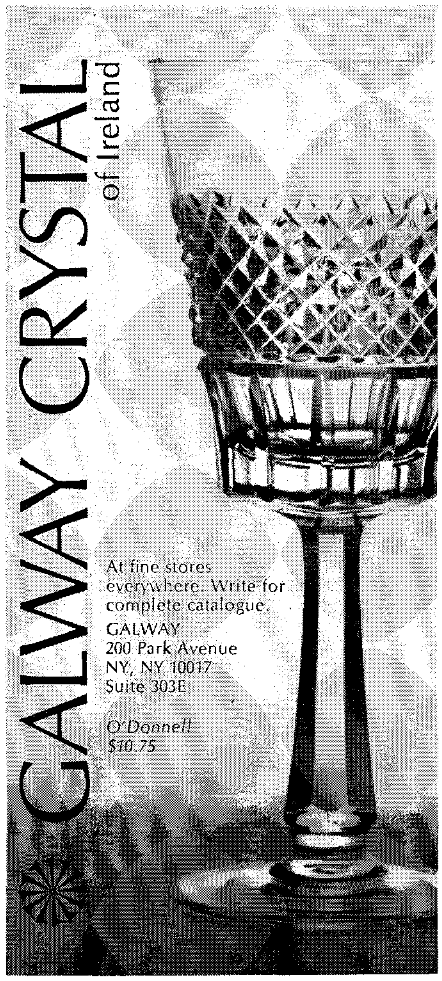

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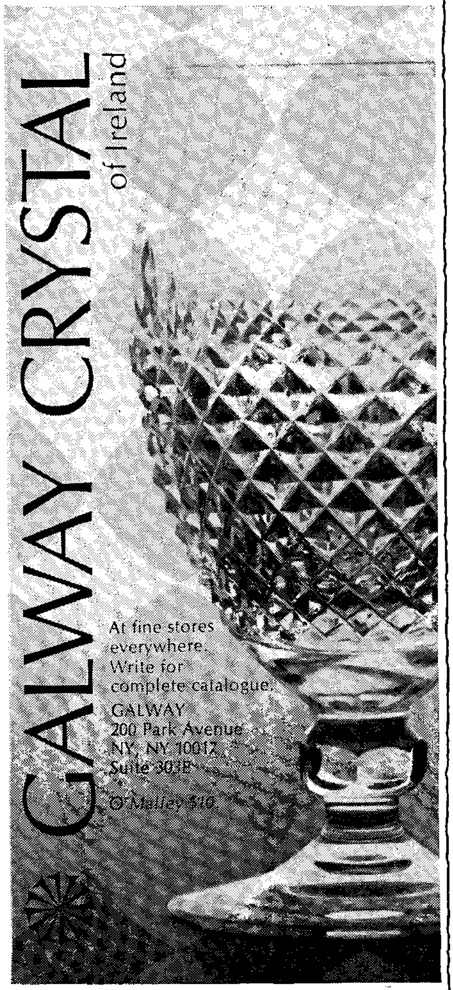

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of the first step in the battle to save man from his own rapacious self.) The United States has proposed the establishment of a hundred-million-dollar fund to help underwrite this future work. Strong solicited preliminary reports on various phases of the environment from a wide assortment of sources—nations, international agencies, intergovernmental groups, and any other individual or body that he thought could make a contribution. The response was gratifying. Around eighty nations, most of which had never come to grips with their own environmental problems, produced reports, some of them surprisingly candid and self-critical, and a few of them graphically illustrating the difference in outlook between developed and developing countries. Ghana, for instance, said that while other nations might be worried about disposing of radioactive and industrial wastes, it was faced with "a desperate struggle to overcome the basic and fundamental problem of environmental pollution due to purely human wastes." In all, Strong's secretariat received seven thousand pages of documentation, which it boiled down to eight hundred pages of official papers to present to the delegates at Stockholm—by U.N. standards, a manageable lapful. Strong also commissioned quite a number of ancillary, unofficial publications, among them a "Multilingual Systematic Glossary of Environmental Terms," with fifteen hundred entries ranging from "abandoned car" to "zooplankton," and the book "Only One Earth," on which Barbara Ward (Lady Jackson) and René Dubos accommodatingly worked for almost a whole year, and which, to the surprise and satisfaction of all concerned, was named the midsummer Book-of-the-Month Club selection and is already destined to appear in seven languages.

Much of the preliminary work on the conference was done in collaboration with a preparatory committee of the United Nations, which has had four long meetings. Strong has some boyish traits, and to his delight Shirley Temple Black was a United States representative at some of these sessions. "She has convictions and works hard," he says. "But maybe I'm biassed in her favor because when I was a young kid, before I would admit to liking girls, I liked her. She was different." In one way or another, a hundred and sixteen nations took part in the formative work—twenty-seven of them on the preparatory committee. Then the Soviet Union and Czechoslovakia pulled out of it and out of the confer-

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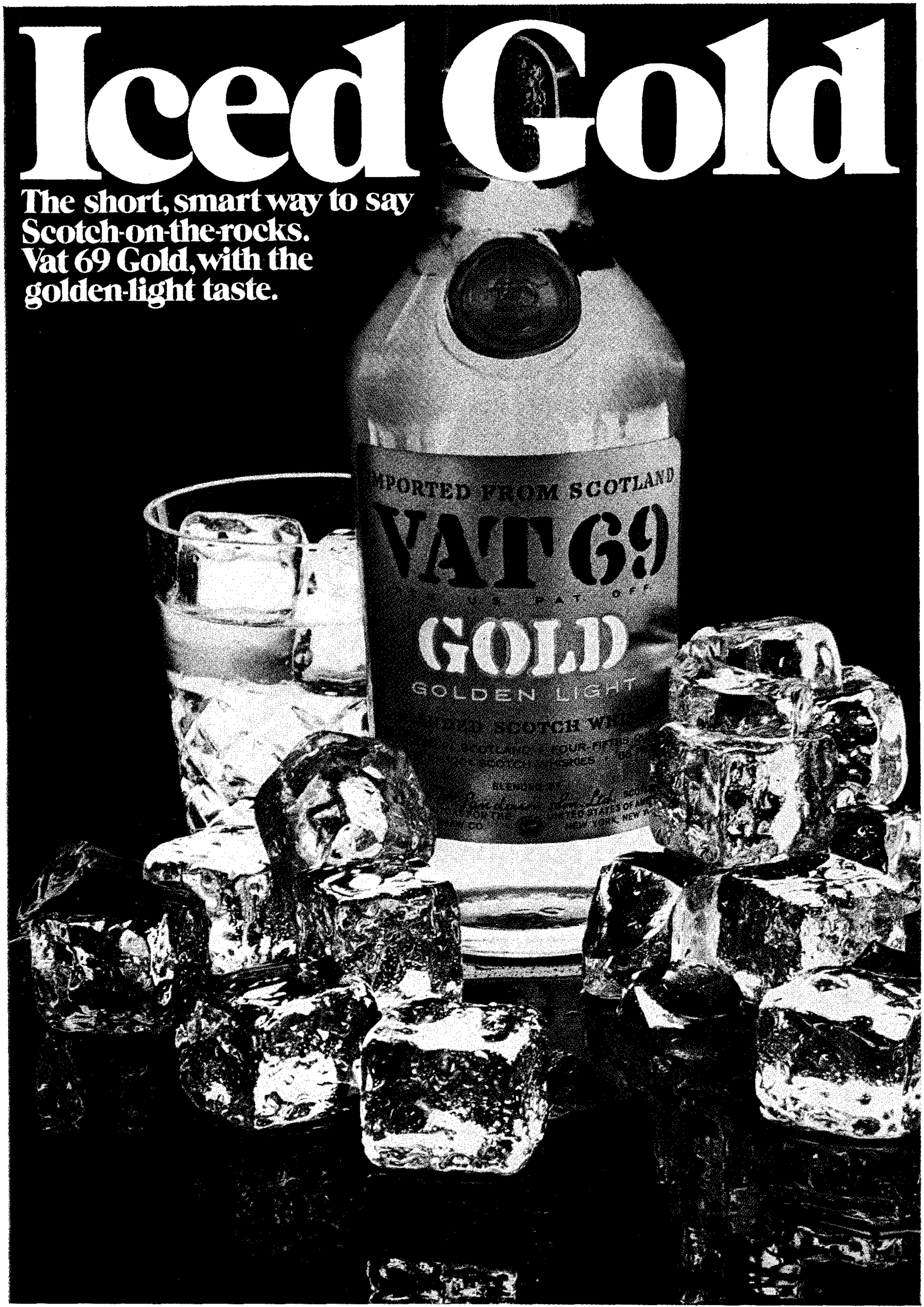
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ence. At the start, the U.N. General Assembly had decreed that to be a full-fledged participant a country either had to be a member of the U.N. or a member of one of its specialized agencies. That made West Germany eligible but not East Germany, and the Soviet Union decided that it wouldn't play the game any longer if its German ally couldn't play, too. Strong had to spend a considerable amount of his precious time trying to work out a way of getting East Germany in, so that the rest of the Communist bloc would attend. He even flew to Cuba this past March for an informal meeting with the East German foreign minister. At last report, it seemed that the question would remain in doubt right up to the opening of the conference.

In June, 1971, moreover, Strong convened a meeting in Switzerland specifically to take up the particular concerns of the less industrialized world, and he followed that with four regional meetings for the countries involved—at Bangkok, Addis Ababa, Mexico City, and Beirut. When some of the smaller and poorer nations expressed misgivings about being able to afford to send delegates to the regional meetings, Strong went out and raised the necessary funds himself.

STRONG knows better than most individuals what it is like to progress from poverty to affluence. His first-hand acquaintance with deprivation began at his birthplace, Oak Lake, Manitoba, a Canadian Pacific Railroad whistle-stop with a population of some four hundred. Around 1880, Oak Lake had been the western terminus of the line, and at about that time somebody had built a flour mill there and the population had soared to six thousand, but that brief golden age was far past when Strong was born, on April 29, 1929. His father, Frederick M. Strong, had been a C.P.R. assistant station agent, but times grew bad, and he was unemployed during most of Maurice's boyhood. There were three younger children, and the family moved from one tacky home to another, usually having difficulty paying the rent; there was never any electricity or plumbing, and rarely enough heat during the midwinter, when temperatures touched forty or fifty below zero. The initial winter-morning chore would be to light a wood fire indoors to thaw out the family's clothing, and the next to light one outdoors to thaw out the pump. The family's food often consisted of chokecherries or pin cherries, saskatoons or pigweed. The Strongs

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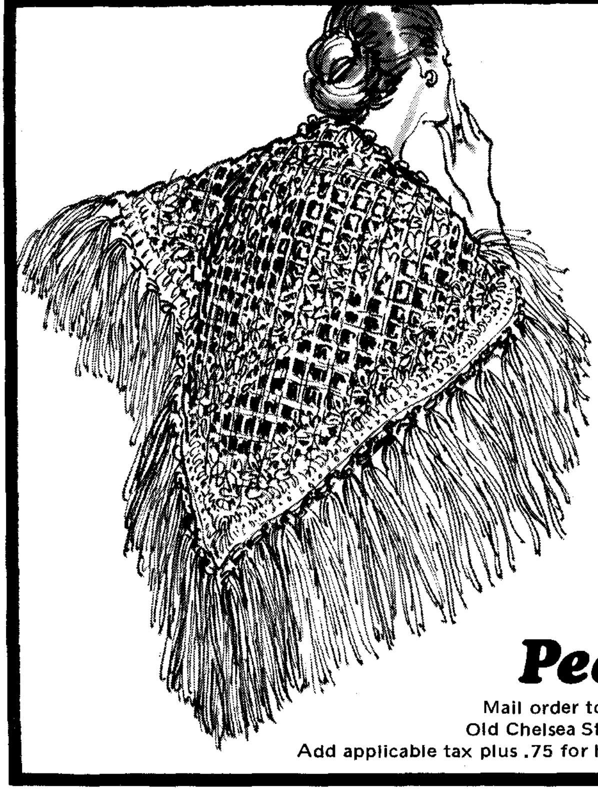

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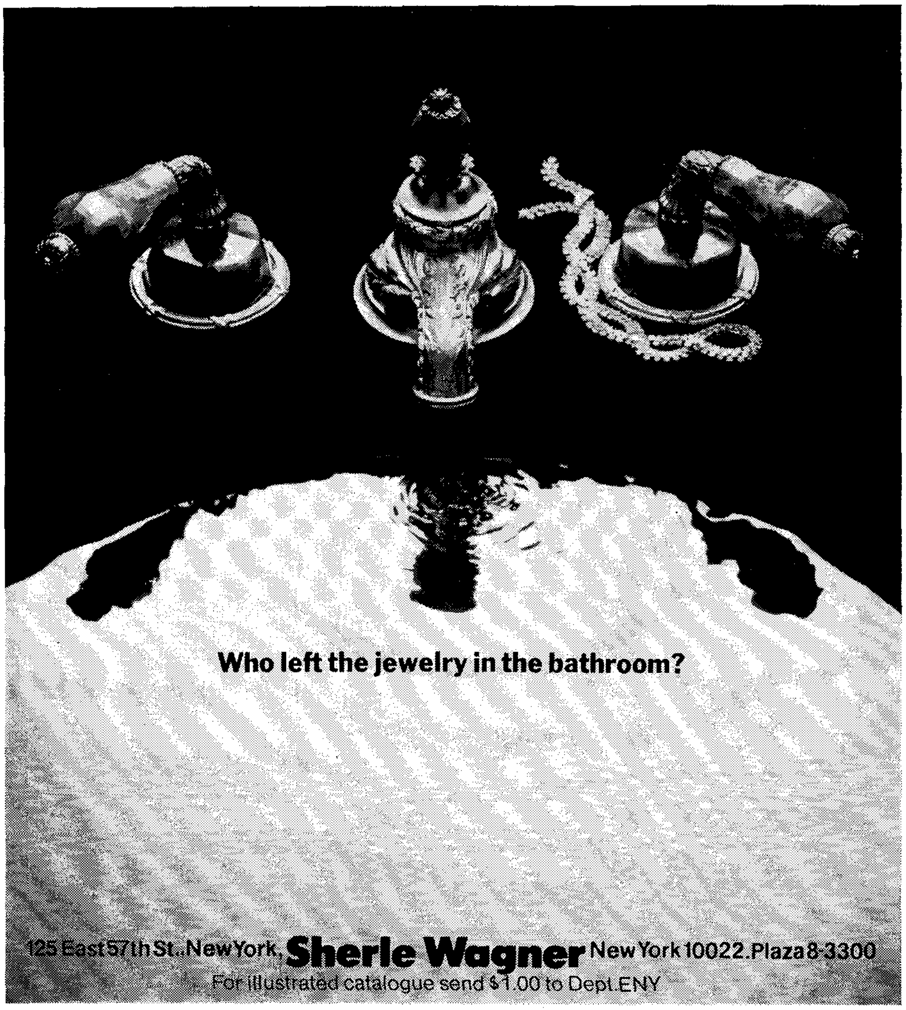

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were faithful churchgoers. Maurice's mother taught Sunday school, and he still has a certificate from the Oak Lake branch of the United Church of Canada, attesting to his not having missed one of its classes in seven years; even nowadays he apologizes for saying "damn" in a woman's presence. Only once did the family have a real holiday, when the elder Strong borrowed a car and drove them all to Saskatchewan to visit relatives. Maurice remembered the episode so fondly that years later he gave the man who lent the car a job in one of his businesses. At the outset of the Second World War, Strong's father enlisted in the Royal Canadian Air Force. The allotment he sent home—seventy-nine dollars a month—seemed miraculous, but at the same time his oldest son, entering his teens, was puzzled. "I kept thinking, What kind of society is this, when it takes a war that's killing people to save my father's life by giving him a job?" Strong now says. "I was frankly very radical in my thinking at that time. I didn't believe that what was happening to poor people was right, and I still don't." It all proved too much, though, for Strong's mother, a college graduate who had tried not only to sustain four children's bodies in such circumstances but to stretch their minds by reading to them from Shakespeare and Tennyson. She had a breakdown from which she never recovered. "One's whole life is clearly shaped by early actions," her son said recently, "and my life has clearly been shaped by the ambitions and drives I developed early. Because of my experience, I feel that the elimination of basic poverty should be man's top priority. The existence of mass poverty is totally incompatible with the concept of human dignity. It was my long-standing concern with the destructiveness of poverty that got me into foreign-aid work; two-thirds of the population of the earth is really afflicted by poverty, and I felt I could make an impact there. In handling foreign aid, I became increasingly aware of the importance of interdependence on earth, and that—not merely pollution—is at the heart of the environment issue: the necessity of conducting ourselves on this planet in a way that corresponds with the realities of the physical world. To survive, we simply must have better standards of collaborative behavior. Rugged individualism is passé. A high-technology civilization like ours inherently requires more coöperative attitudes. We live in apartments and shop in supermarkets and are utterly interdependent, but we still tend to behave

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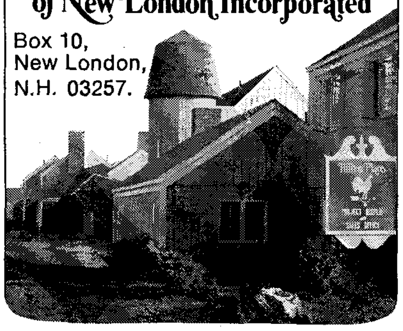

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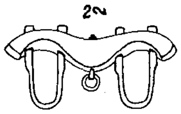

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all too often as though we were blazing trails through forests. Now, I'm not for world government and I'm not for uniformity; I think that the strongest political and ecological systems are those that preserve variety. But you can't let variety run rampant. The environmental issue is more a matter of political and social management than anything else: You can't go on forever with four competing service stations at every crossroads and a deficiency of hospital beds."

An important influence in Strong's boyhood was the Oak Lake school principal, Clarence E. Heapy, who had hardly ever been outside Manitoba but who, in his pupil's view, was a genuinely universal man. "A lot of people who look big in small towns look smaller and smaller the more you move around and broaden your perspective," Strong says. "I've probably travelled almost as much by now as anyone except an airline pilot, and the more ground I cover the bigger Mr. Heapy looks." In 1962, a few years before Mr. Heapy retired, Strong, along with other former pupils, treated him and his wife to a European trip. In school, Strong had little difficulty with the curriculum; he was only thirteen when he started his senior year in high school. Not infrequently, he would finish his assigned work well ahead of a deadline and wander over to the east-west highway, Canada's coast-to-coast Route 1, and let his imagination carry him out along it and on around the world. Or he would take to the hills to commune with nature and reflect on its mysteries. "I could never get over the wonder of a hare's turning white in the winter and brown in the summer," Strong says. "I developed a profound respect for nature, which is at the root of my religious feelings, because the exciting things that were happening in the natural world owed nothing to man. I got my larger thoughts sitting in the hills. That's why I still like to live in a village." His affection for nature impelled him even then to pick up discarded gum wrappers. "I hated disorderliness," he says. "It's probably because we so often lived in shanties where our back yard was littered with junked cars." He claims never to have randomly discarded a soft-drink bottle. In 1970, when the province of Manitoba was celebrating its centenary, Strong took his wife and children back to Oak Lake, and he subsequently became the principal contributor to a fund to provide the town with a new hockey rink. Like practically all male Canadians, he played hockey as a boy, but he doesn't

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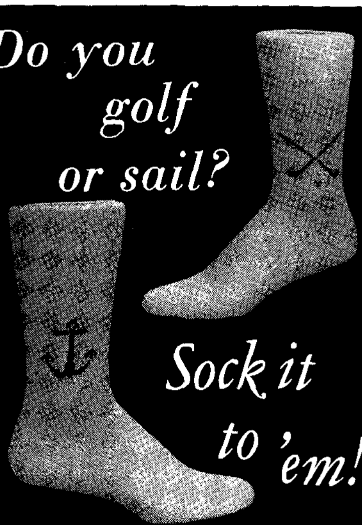
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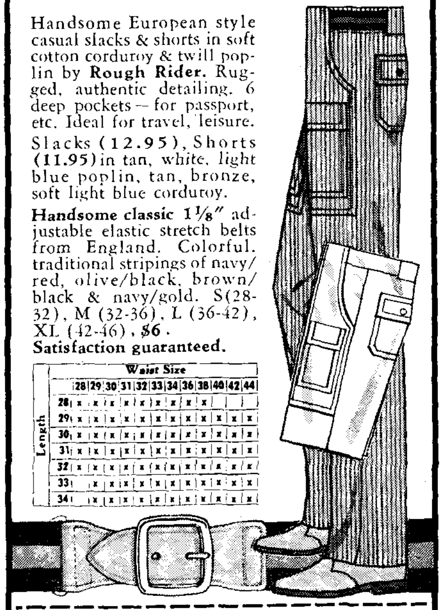
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skate much anymore, because he has weak arches.

Strong's father had a brother in Oak Lake who ran a hardware store and was sometimes in a position to help him out; in his early teens, Maurice developed an interest in economics, and his uncle helped *him* out by letting him read some financial journals he subscribed to. Late in 1942, in his last year at Mr. Heapy's school, it upset Maurice that while some of his classmates were enlisting in the armed forces, he was unacceptable because of his youth. Reasoning that if he was old enough to fight against his classmates in schoolyard free-for-alls he should be able to fight alongside them for their country, he ran away from home. But when he reached nearby Brandon no Army or Navy recruiter would believe his story that he was eighteen. Strong then reversed his tracks, and, eventually arriving at Vancouver, managed, by now having armed himself with a falsified birth certificate, to sign up as an officers' messboy on the Princess Norah, a Canadian transport vessel under lease to the United States to ferry troops to Alaska. Strong made four or five round trips before his father caught up with him (the boy had been dutifully writing home all along), and persuaded him to return to Oak Lake and finish high school.

IN the fall of 1944, Strong was in Winnipeg, considering matriculation as a fifteen-year-old freshman at the University of Manitoba, when his eye was caught by a Hudson's Bay Company ad inviting apprentice fur traders to apply for an Arctic post. The job paid sixty dollars a month, and Strong got it, abetted by a mustache he was cultivating as proof of maturity (and which, until he got married and his wife made him quit, he used to enhance with shoe polish). Strong was sent to Chesterfield Inlet, an enclave so far out in the Northwest Territories that it required a five-day train ride up through the vastness of Manitoba and an additional ten-day boat trip to get there. Strong took along a lot of reading matter, much of it on economics, and this was just as well, because regular mail deliveries to Chesterfield Inlet occurred only once a year, when the ice broke up. The ship Strong sailed on belonged to his employer, and at intermediate stops he was instructed to help with the unloading of supplies. He didn't know that white men were supposed to let Eskimos do all the manual labor, and his willingness to pitch in

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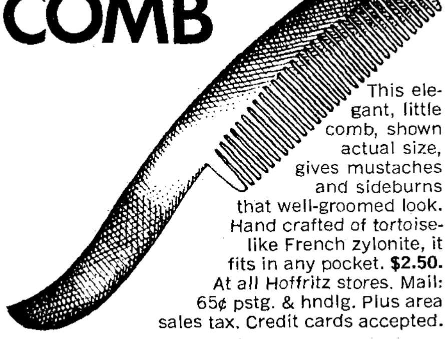
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beguiled the natives. On his very first night at Chesterfield Inlet—a community of twenty-five resident white families, half of them affiliated with a Roman Catholic mission, and one Eskimo family—Strong further endeared himself to the indigenes. Warned that a dockside work crew of Eskimos from the surrounding area might goof off while waiting for the tide to turn, he tried to distract the natives by playing the fool and, among other things, imitating a duck. The Eskimos conferred on him the nickname "Metik"—"the boy who acts like a duck."

Strong spent a little more than a year at Chesterfield Inlet, and might have remained longer if he hadn't thought that the Hudson's Bay Company didn't treat the Eskimos well enough. (While urging them on the one hand to embrace Christianity, the company also kept its trading post open on Sundays, in order not to miss out on a sale to any Eskimo who might happen by.) The young Manitoban lived with the store manager—and, for a spell, a pet polar bear—and had plenty of time to read, reflect, and study his Eskimo. His command of the language came in handy a couple of years later. There was a polio epidemic in the Arctic, and when the R.C.A.F. flew some of the Eskimo victims down to Winnipeg, Strong served as an interpreter.

While up north, Strong had from time to time collected rock samples. One day, a mineral prospector who was visiting Chesterfield Inlet expressed interest in them, and eventually he and Strong formed a company called New Horizons Exploration, Ltd. Strong was only seventeen, but in the incorporation papers professed to be twenty-one. The company soon sold a hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of stock; although the venture didn't produce any consequential strikes, it gave Strong a valuable introduction to the investing world. He soon decided to prospect elsewhere; indeed, it has been characteristic of his volatile, upward-spiralling career that he has never stuck very long to any last. Once, while waiting to hop a freight car at Broadview, Saskatchewan, in 1943, motivated in part by tidiness and in part by a yen for something to read, he had snatched at a floating fragment of newspaper and learned from it about the Atlantic Charter and the fact that a United Nations was in the postwar offing. Now, in 1947, he met a Frenchman working for the fledgling U.N., who suggested that if Strong would go to Lake Success, Long Island, where the international body was then tempo-

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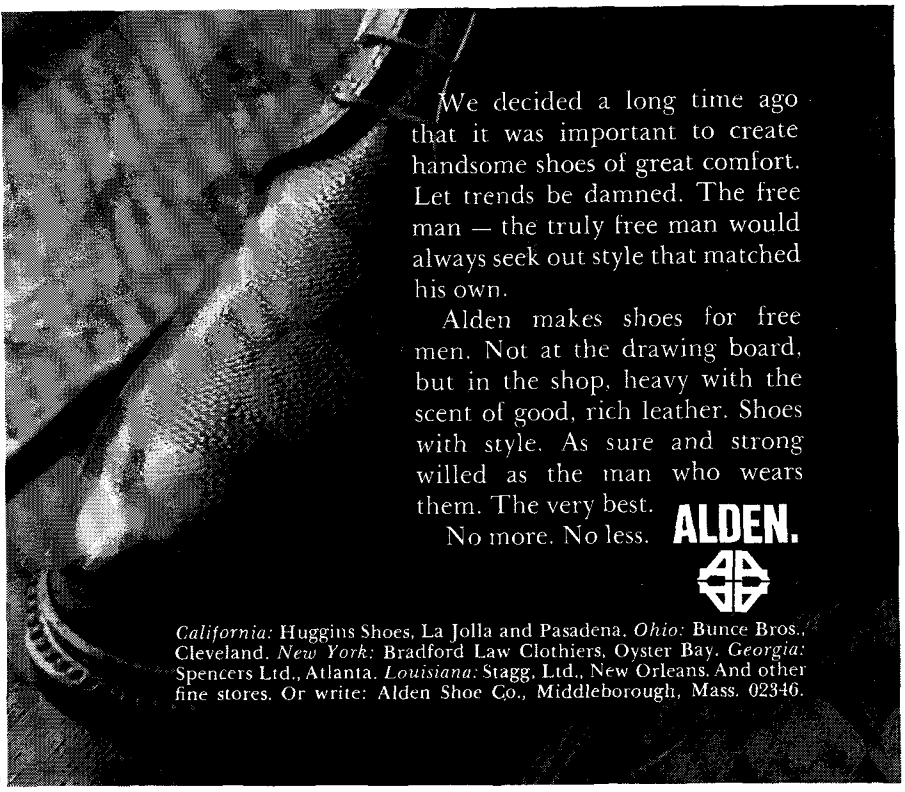

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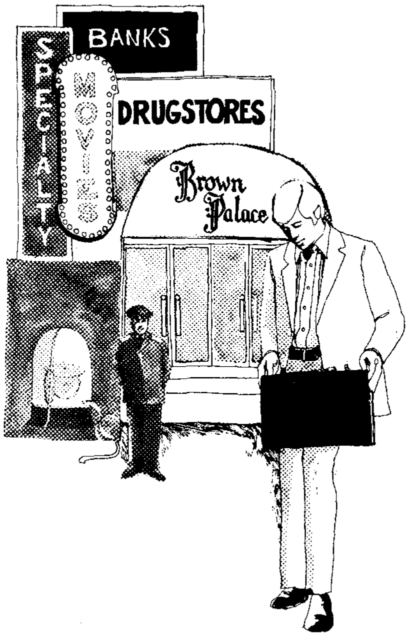

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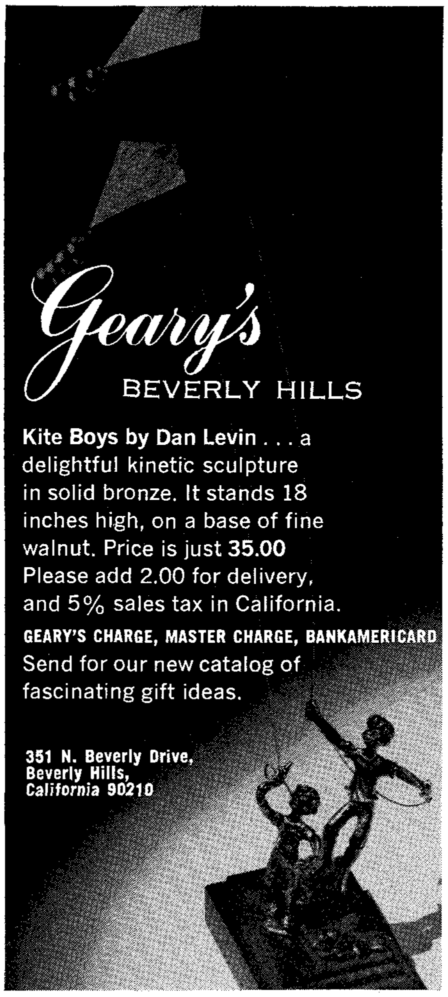
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rarily quartered, he could get a job as an assistant pass officer, which involved such less than earthshaking responsibilities as supervising the guard force that distributed pads and pencils and filled water glasses. Strong leaped at the opportunity, and felt amply rewarded, for the thirsts he was slaking belonged to the storied likes of Andrei Vishinsky and Eleanor Roosevelt. In a diary he kept at the time, he remarked prophetically, "I'm most impressed with the United Nations and convinced that therein lies the key to my future." He vowed further in this reverie that when he eventually returned to the United Nations it would be as an official representative of Canada—which was precisely what he was when he next came onto the U.N. scene, in 1968.

Strong has been bothered all his life, and still is, by the fact that he has no proper academic credentials. At Lake Success, he met an assistant dean of the Harvard Business School, who offered to try to help him get admitted there, even without a bachelor's degree, if he could dig up the tuition money. Strong probably could have borrowed it from his former business associates in Canada, but he didn't want to be obligated, so he entered an R.C.A.F. flight-training course, on the theory that if he finished it and got a commission it would count as a near-equivalent of a college degree. He washed out after almost cracking up a couple of planes and learning that he had poor depth perception. So he went to Calgary and became a statistician and stock analyst for a brokerage firm. He did very well from the start, exhibiting an uncommon knack for sniffing out which oil companies had fields that were about to gush and which mining prospectors were about to tap rich veins. By 1951, he felt sufficiently secure to think about getting married—so secure, in fact, that the very first time he met his wife, who was attending a normal school, Strong told her unhesitatingly that he was going to marry her. He was twenty-one and she was twenty. They have four children, from nine to fifteen, as well as a Hungarian foster child, a girl at present twenty-three, whom they took into their home after the uprising of 1956. Strong is an affectionate father but a firm one. His oldest boy asked him not long ago if he had any ideas about how he might enjoyably spend his summer. Strong *père*, mindful of his own youth and not averse to using some of the global connections he has made in his maturity, proposed three options: a job in a Siberian work camp, a voyage up the

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Amazon, or a berth on a Panamanian freighter. "You must be kidding," Strong *fils* said, closing the discussion.

The business world of Canada in the nineteen-fifties was not unlike that of the United States thirty years earlier, full of wheeler-dealers and manipulators, and Strong readily proved himself their match. In 1951, tiring of his brokerage job, he became assistant to the general manager of an oil company, and shortly afterward built and fitted out a good-sized house. Then, while on a business trip, he found himself back in Oak Lake one night, sitting on the steps of Mr. Heapy's school, meditating. As he describes that moment, "I thought, How many times in your life have you said to yourself at this spot, 'If I ever have the means to do something useful or interesting, I'll do it.' Well, now I've got it made. Should I spend the rest of my life, then, pursuing money or should I pursue my ideals?" He arose, dusted himself off, and returned to his brand-new Calgary house, where some of the furniture hadn't even been delivered. He told his wife he wanted to sell everything they had and spend two years getting to know the world. Mrs. Strong, an extraordinarily flexible woman, agreed. Strong chucked his job and bought two boat tickets to Genoa. His wife and he didn't return to Canada for two years. Nearly half this time was spent in East Africa, which fascinated him to the extent that he immersed himself in, and duly learned, Swahili—and this, it goes without saying, has stood him in good stead in urging its full-time users to support the Stockholm conference.

It had been the Strongs' plan to sail from Mombasa, Kenya, to Durban, South Africa, and thence on to other alluring ports. But in Mombasa Strong ran into a Canadian who persuaded him that this was an especially exciting period to be in Kenya. The Mau Mau uprisings were in full swing, and independence was in the wind. Ever since his Eskimo days, Strong had felt sympathetic to primitive peoples. So he rushed back to the pier, dragged his wife and their luggage off the boat, took a train to Nairobi, and spent a whole year there. It was not easy then in Nairobi for whites to mingle freely with nonwhites; just about the only place where interracial meetings were condoned was the Y.M.C.A., and Strong would frequently turn up there to talk to Africans about their frustrations and aspirations, which struck him as not unlike some of his own back in Oak Lake. Through his oil-business associations, he got a job representing

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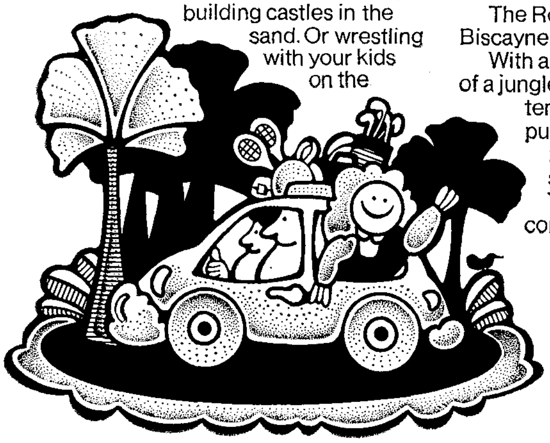

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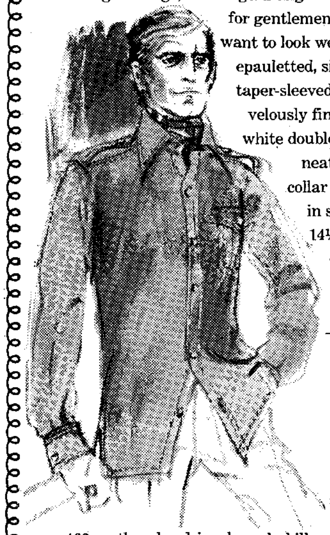

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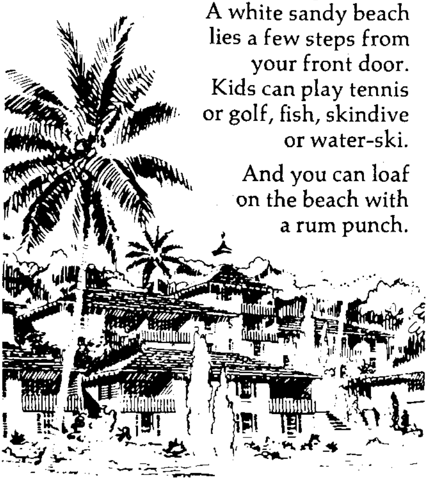
the Caltex Company, and he can boast of having established the first service station in the history of Zanzibar. On the side, he helped organize a graphite mine in the Masai territory of Tanganyika—now Tanzania—which was only a middling success, because elephants kept knocking over the washing pans. Strong might well have spent the rest of his life in East Africa, but at that time the only jobs available to someone like himself were with the white minority, and he informed his diary then that this was a dying breed. After independence came to the region, Strong realized that there was an acute shortage of nonwhite managerial talent in Africa, and he toyed for a while with the notion of setting up a management-training center there. He never realized his ambition to personally organize one, but as head of the Canadian foreign-aid program he did see to it that several programs were organized, including one in Kenya. He has also recently become chairman of the board of a Swiss institution called the Center for International Management Studies.

In 1954, Strong, a seasoned twenty-five, returned to Canada. He now tried to get a job working in some international capacity for the Y.M.C.A.—with whose activities abroad he had been much impressed—for the Ford or Rockefeller Foundation, or for the Canadian foreign-aid office. In each instance, he was turned down for lack of a college degree. Strong is obviously not a petty man, but he is not displeased that he subsequently became the president of the Canadian Y, the director of Canadian foreign aid, a trustee of the Rockefeller Foundation (not to mention a governor of the World Bank, the Asian Development Bank, and the Caribbean Development Bank), a lunch companion of McGeorge Bundy, and the holder of ten honorary doctorates, the most recent conferred on him last week by the University of Toronto. After the rejection of his job applications in 1954, he decided that if he had to amass some credentials to gain suitable entrée to the world he hoped to move in, he'd gain them in the way he best knew—by making a name for himself in business. While he was at it, he resolved, again with his wife's acquiescence, that he would make all the money they needed to live comfortably by the time he was forty and then turn to something more satisfying. Meanwhile, he planned to involve himself as a layman in the Y and other extracurricular affairs that he cared about.

Strong attained his financial goal



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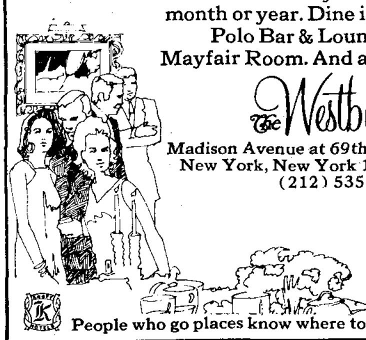

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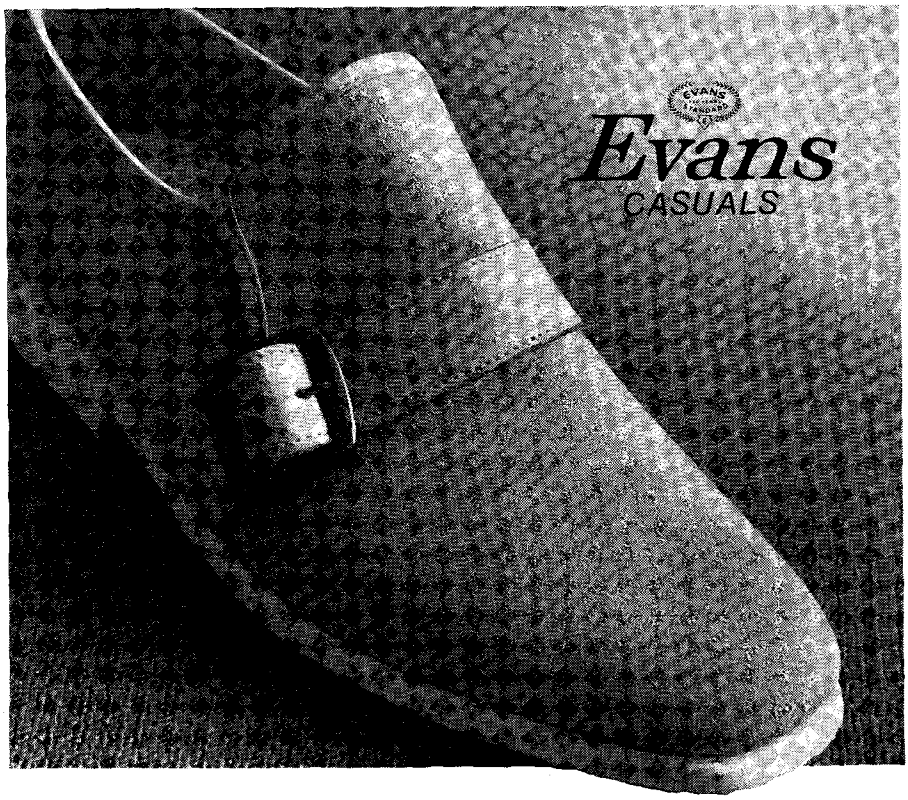
well before he reached forty. "Maurice could be very ruthless in a respectable sort of way," one of his associates of that era recently recalled. Once, when he suspected some associates of unacceptable hanky-panky, he summoned them to his office for a conference, and kept them there in aimless chitchat while some other associates searched their files and came up with evidence of their mischief. On the other hand, after he had won some litigation against a business rival, he stopped the loser outside the courtroom, grasped his hand, and said, "You're too good a man to fight with. Let's be friends, and you join my board." It had not taken Strong long to acquire boards for men to join. At twenty-five, so valuable a commodity had his judgment become that he was a twenty-five-thousand-dollar-a-year executive of one petroleum company, and at thirty he was running his own. At the same time, he formed his own firm of management associates in Calgary, and in 1962, when he was thirty-three, the Power Corporation of Canada, a bulwark of the Eastern establishment of that country's financial world, beckoned him to Montreal.

The Power Corporation was a holding company that had investments in utilities all over the world, but it had had some setbacks, and most of its top executives were either dead or retired. Some of the companies it owned in Canada, moreover, had been nationalized. As a result, Power had a lot of cash to invest. A director of Power passing through Calgary met Strong and was impressed with his knowledgeability about Power's situation. The board member phoned back to Montreal and said, "There's a man here who knows more about us than we do." Strong was soon appointed executive vice-president and managing director of Power, with the understanding that he would be president when he turned thirty-five. He moved to Montreal after stipulating that he be allowed to spend some of his time working for the Y.M.C.A.; as one of his principal deputies he at once hired William I. Turner, Jr., now the president of Power, whom he had met through their mutual interest in the Y. Strong was a puzzle to the Montreal establishment. He declined a proffered mansion in Westmont, the fashionable suburb where most wealthy Montrealers lived; he preferred a house in middle-class Beaconsfield. He did join the exclusive Mount Royal Club, but he was regarded there with some reservations. "I wouldn't ever completely trust



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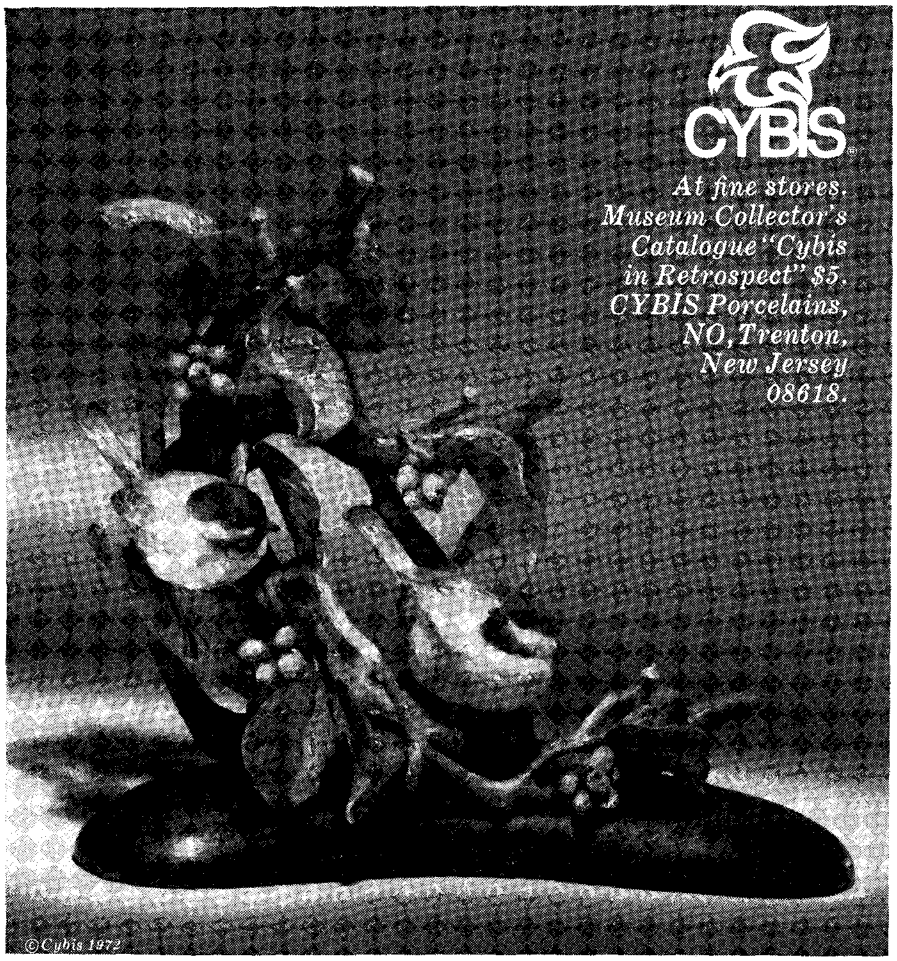
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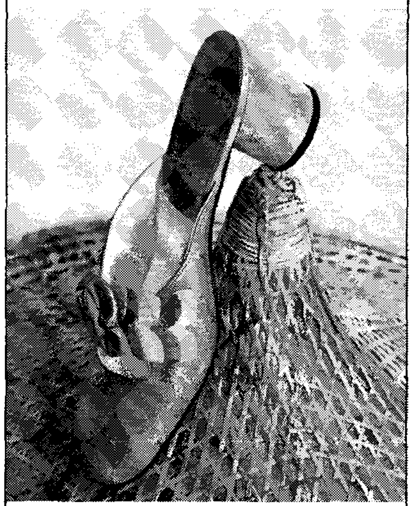

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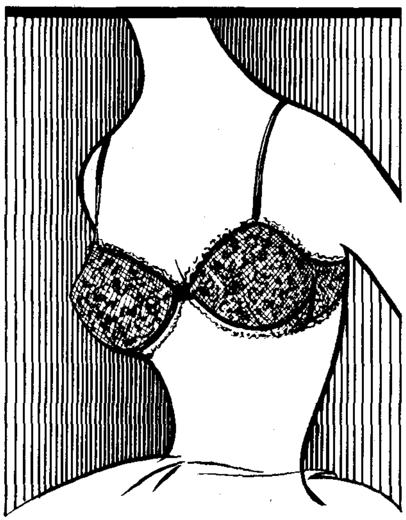

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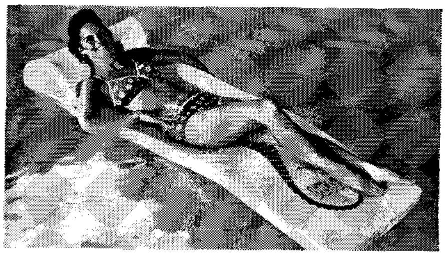
Maurice, because he doesn't drink whiskey," a member said at the bar one night. Strong drinks only wine. By 1964, he had built up Power's assets to nearly three hundred million dollars, had an income of two hundred thousand, and sat on the board of directors of a different corporation for each year of his life—thirty-five. He had also got to know just about everyone of consequence in the Canadian government, and it was no surprise when, the next year, Prime Minister Lester Pearson, seeking to overhaul his foreign-aid program, asked him to take on the job. This posed a problem to Strong. He had, of course, dreamed of just such an opportunity all along, but now that it was available did he have the courage to seize it? He did, even though it meant a cut in income of a hundred and sixty-three thousand a year. "It was no real sacrifice," he says. "It always annoys me to read of the alleged sacrifices that men make when they go into public service. The real sacrifices are made by those who go straight into public service from high school, and who, unlike me, never get a chance to accumulate any capital."

Strong put in four years—a long stretch by his lights—in charge of the Canadian foreign-aid office, which, during his stint, became known as the International Development Agency. One of his principal achievements was the establishment, early in 1970, of an International Development Research Center, with projects in twenty-five nations, to which the Canadian government agreed to give five per cent of the annual aid budget. He felt, and still feels, that for the smaller, developing nations to make economic headway, they must have facilities on their own soil to pursue the research without which technological advance is doubtful, if not impossible. At his urging, the I.D.R.C. representatives have devoted most of their energies to matters of health, population, and nutrition. Strong was instrumental, too, in providing Canadian support for the International Institute of Tropical Agriculture, a potentially important research center now operating in Ibadan, Nigeria. Strong was in line for still another high Canadian post, the administration of a long-range domestic economic plan, when Prime Minister Trudeau reluctantly released him, late in 1970, to the importuning United Nations.

STRONG'S prestige as secretary-general of the conference at Stockholm has naturally pleased his fellow-Canadians, who have acclaimed him re-



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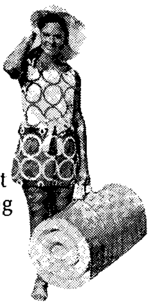

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cently as Mr. Clean, "the lord of all pollution," and as one of their greatest natural resources. Some of them have even been talking about him as a logical successor—though he has never campaigned for any political office—to Prime Minister Trudeau. Strong was also widely mentioned, before Karl Waldheim's selection, as a successor to U Thant as U.N. Secretary-General, but he showed no interest in campaigning for that post. He professes to have no such aspirations. "I do believe it's true that I shaped my broad directions very early in life," he says, "but not in terms of wanting this or that specific job. I've seen too many people consumed by ambition; I prefer to shape my life in terms of values." He is uncertain just what post-Stockholm shape it will take. He will probably stay around the United Nations long enough, at least, to see to it that any decisions made in Stockholm get smoothly implemented. Then, if he follows the pattern of his life, he will drift on to some new pursuit. He may spend a year or two in contemplation, perhaps in India; it is his feeling that he has a few years of study and reflection coming to him, since he missed out on college. He may concentrate for a while on Australia, where he is part-owner of a ranch; or New Zealand, which he finds an especially agreeable vacation spot; or even the Fiji Islands, one of the few places where he has failed to meet a challenge: Trying to keep up with the local skin-diving champion there one time, Strong tested his own endurance almost to the point of drowning.

For the moment, though, Stockholm is Strong's sole concern. As an emission-free publicity stunt for the conference, someone has rounded up two hundred bicycles, painted in the U.N.'s blue-and-white colors, for the delegates' use. Strong is slated to ride out the first bicycle. But no one knows better than he that the environmental problem cannot be solved by gimmickry. It can be solved, he has been trying for the last year and a half to persuade the representatives of his three and a half billion fellow-men, only by concerted, selfless, worldwide action.

—E. J. Kahn, Jr.

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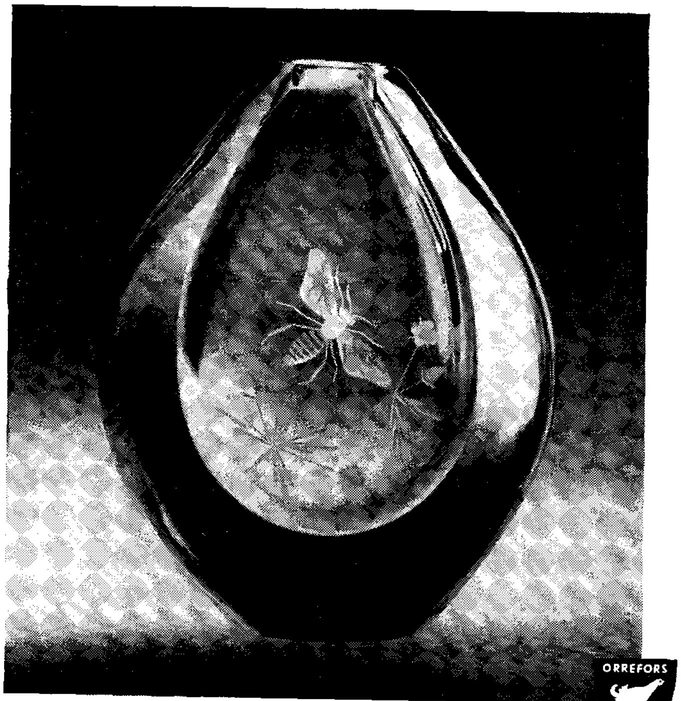

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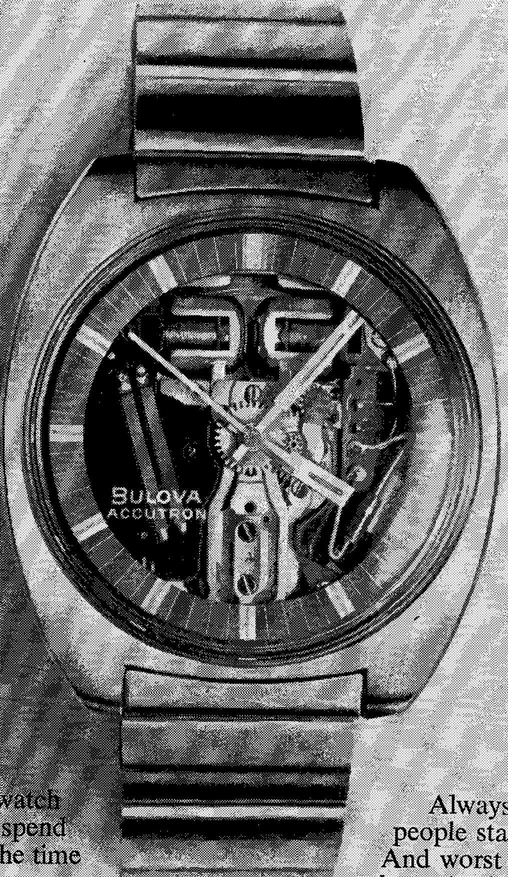

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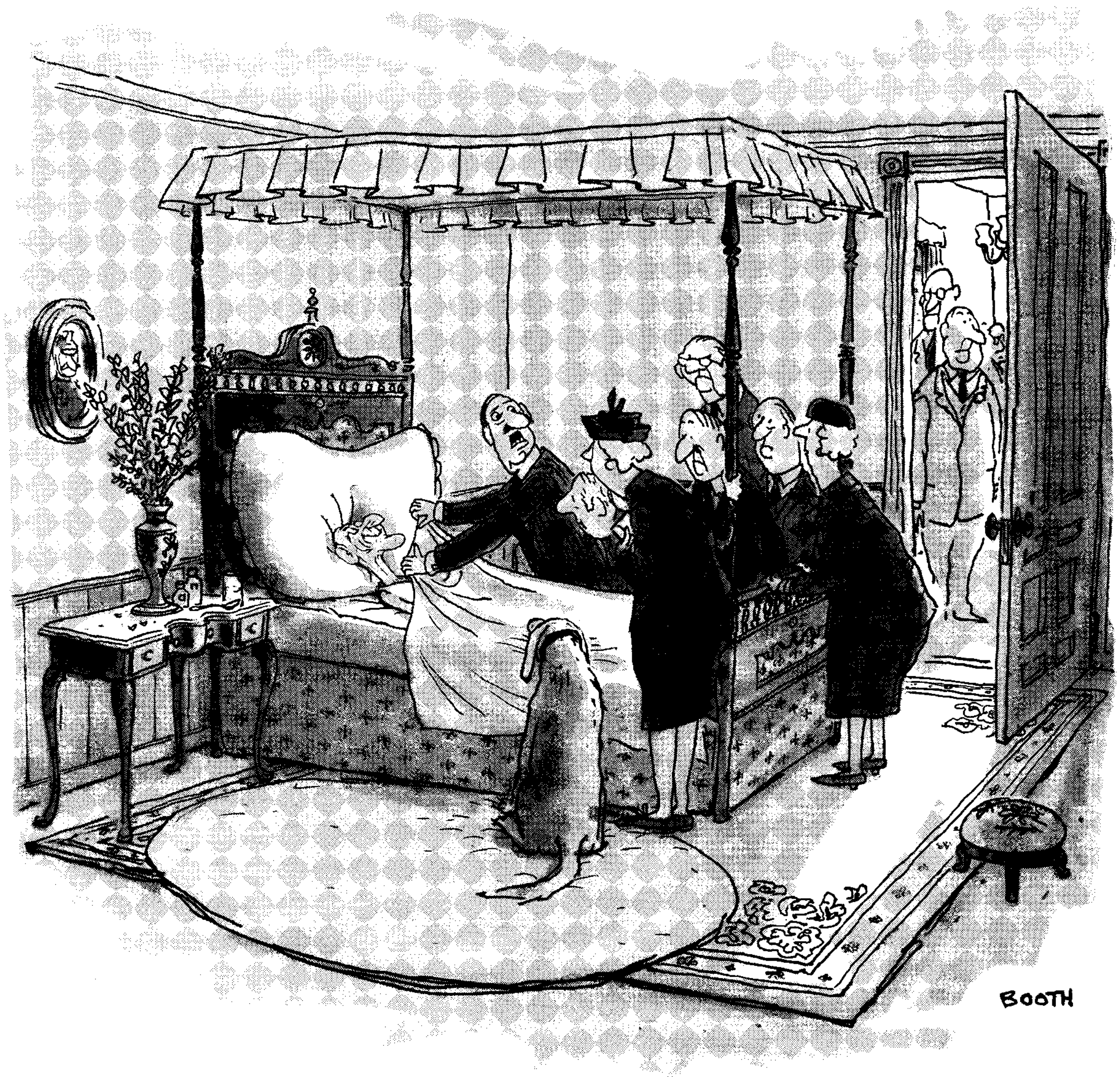
THE THEATRE

OFF BROADWAY

AT the beginning of the second act of "The Hunter," at the Public, a girl dressed in white fringed buckskin enters carrying a pistol in one hand and a watermelon under her other arm. She parks the watermelon stage right, walks to stage left, takes aim, shoots, and the melon splits down the middle. I shall remember the show, if at all, as "The Case of the Breakaway Melon." The play is surely mysterious enough to slip into the thriller category (although it is anything but thrilling), but the writing is so opaque and of such poor quality that one never feels that the mystery is worth cracking. The setting is an open field. There are two Army cots, with a soldier in Civil War uniform on each of them, and behind them a tree and a tombstone. The soldiers are Lee and Harry, and they constantly address each other by name, even when nobody else is around, in the manner of people in the old radio soaps. The fourth, and final, character is an older man, dressed in a red hunting jacket and a red hunting hat, who enters bearing a shotgun and who also seems to be a participant in the Civil War, to judge from his conversation. Throughout the second act, he appears to be nailed to the tree. Throughout the third act, he is an unburied corpse and the tree is gone. At the end of the play, all four characters stand up and chant a rhythmic passage about a black army's taking over. I've skipped a lot of details, many of them of deadly cuteness, but none, I think, that would enlighten you much. What saves the evening from total fatuity is the performance, under Kent Paul's direction, which at least holds the attention. Michael Hadge and Robert Glaudini are the soldiers, Douglass Watson is the old hunter, and Kathleen Cramer is the melon buster.



"He said, 'Tell the Telephone Company to go fly a kite.'"

"HARK!" is a plaintive, watery little revue for six at the Mercer, with music by Dan Goggin and Marvin Solley, who also appear in it, and lyrics by Robert Lorick. Five of the players are so wistful and so blank-faced as to be all but interchangeable; the sixth is a gifted, vivid young woman named Sharron Miller, who can sing and dance, and I hope to see her soon again in more energetic company. The second act is better than the first—at any rate, everyone seems less down at the mouth. One number, about wife-swapping in Westchester County and its environs, done as a square dance, is funny and original. As for the rest, tolerable is the most that can be said.

THE Equity Library Theatre revival of "One for the Money, Etc.," selections from three revues of the nineteen-forties by Nancy Hamilton and Morgan Lewis, has now moved to the Eastside, and something has been gained and something lost along the way. Fred Voelpel's imaginative settings and costumes give the show a stylish period look that adds a great deal to it, but, in spite of a gen-

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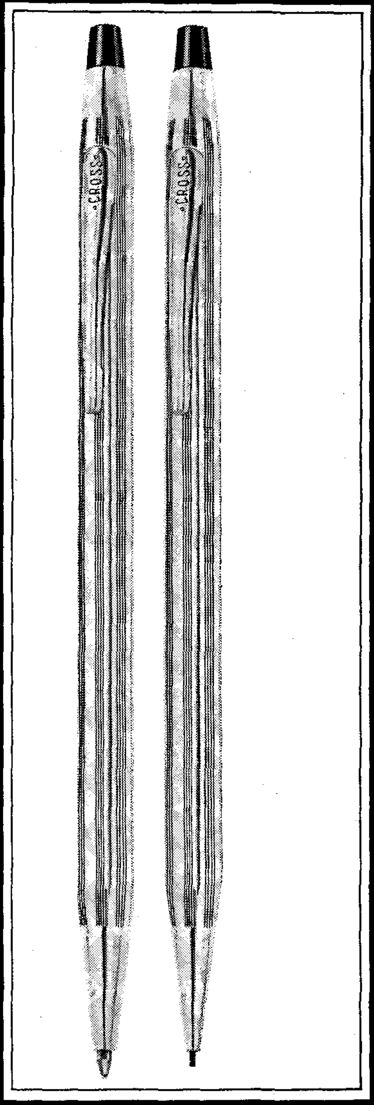

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erally competent performance, much of its lovely, innocent, carefree spirit has evaporated between West One Hundred and Third Street and East Seventy-fourth. The brightest of the numbers still are "Wisconsin, or Kenosha Canoe," a clever parody of a Rodgers-and-Hammerstein musical; "The Old Soft Shoe" (bright and sad, with Douglas Houston but without Ray Bolger); and "Goodnight, Mrs. Astor," a cheerful finale for the entire cast. Among the performers, I particularly admired Geoff Leon, Mr. Houston, and Joy Garrett.

—Edith Oliver

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THE USES OF THE PAST

[*Adv. in the Lawrence (Kan.) Daily Journal-World*]

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Joan of Arc was born January 6, 1412, at Domremy, France. When she was 16, heavenly voices commanded her to take up arms for France and free the city of Orleans from siege by the English. But when she went to the French commandant and told him that she was sent by God to lead the armies of France, he sent her home.

In July, 1428, however, things were going badly for the French and Joan went to the French Dauphin himself and convinced him that God had given her this mission, which would also see him crowned king. He consented and she led 4,000 Frenchmen to victory over the English 10,000 at Orleans. After numerous whirlwind victories, Joan of Arc stood at the Dauphin's side when he was crowned Charles VII.

Many successful campaigns followed, but Joan was captured by the English in 1430. Determined to discredit her claims to divine guidance, they turned her over to the Church for trial for heresy. When she refused to repudiate her claims to direct communication with God she was condemned and was burned at the stake in the Old Market Square at Rouen, May 30, 1431.

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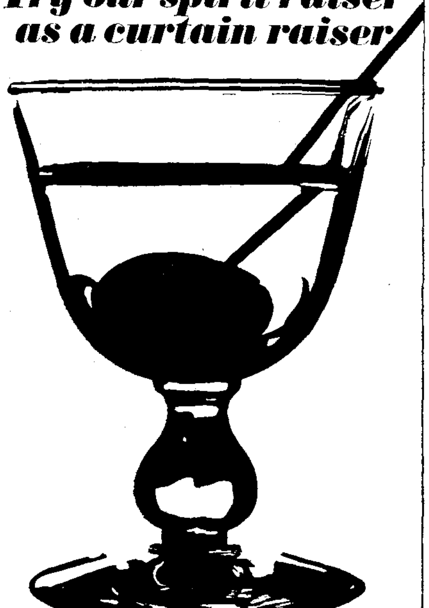

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REFLECTIONS

THE STATESMAN AND THE CONQUEROR

THE grief and din of Vietnam have obscured something new in American policy—a design that undoubtedly must be credited to Henry Kissinger. It plainly bears the marks of his intelligence, which on the evidence of his books is that of a diplomatic conservative and political amoralist. Dr. Kissinger's first book, "A World Restored," was an account of the Congress of Vienna. It was a study of political legitimacy—something that was at the source of the peace that Metternich succeeded in establishing in Europe after 1814. The legitimacy of an international order, Dr. Kissinger wrote, has fairly little to do with justice. It consists of an agreement among the major powers on a workable international system and on the permissible aims of foreign policy. It presumes satisfaction: No state possesses an ambition it is ready to pursue at the cost of overturning the system. Thus it assumes that none of the states feel radical insecurity, since radical insecurity implies a threat that must be eliminated or neutralized at any cost. It implies equilibrium—a balance of power.

Today, the American government clearly has concluded that an equilibrium exists between the United States and the Soviet Union. The arms-limitation talks at Vienna and Helsinki, the President's Moscow trip, and the European-security conference that may take place later this year merely ratify that equilibrium. President Nixon's trip to China, then, was designed to bring China out of its revolutionary isolation from—and hostility toward—the established system of international relations. By acknowledging the legitimacy of the Communist government in China, which the United States had before refused to do, the Administration expected China, in turn, to acknowledge the legitimacy of the diplomatic order. They expected China to recognize, no doubt tacitly, certain limits of political conduct. And so in the Bangladesh affair the Chinese did act—with rather more discretion and restraint than the United States did.

The China initiative seemed a daring stroke in terms of the conventional wisdom of American politics, but it capitalized upon a suppressed popular impulse for change in this country, which means that it was a brilliant capitalization upon the inevitable. It reversed an American China policy that under a succession of previous Administrations had delivered blows, bluster, and grand denunciations in the name of democracy and liberty. That way of conducting ourselves before the world—an American tradition—had become so corrupt in recent years, so sterile and thick with hypocrisy, that the country was ready for some Metternichian realism, as translated by Dr. Kissinger. But at this point the contradiction in the new American policy makes itself felt. And again the nineteenth-century analogy is instructive. Napoleon had to be driven from his European conquests before the settlement of 1815 became possible. Until that was done, the struggle of the Continental states to free themselves from Napoleon made any legitimate settlement inconceivable. The only peace possible would have been one imposed and enforced by French military power in defiance of that resistance. Peace by conquest is perfectly imaginable: popular resistance can eventually be crushed, or in time and for lack of outside support it may eventually wane. But that is no peace of legitimacy and balance.

Mr. Nixon may be willing today to concede to Russia its East European sphere of influence; the Democratic Administrations had already done as much. He is apparently willing to concede Taiwan to China. But he insists that Vietnam be conceded to an American sphere of influence. This clearly would seem the expected *quid pro quo*, deliverable by those great powers with whom the larger bargain is struck. Thus, since the start of North Vietnam's Easter offensive, Mr. Nixon's remonstrances have been addressed to Moscow, in tones that combine reproach with menace. Dr. Kissinger travelled first to Moscow, not to Paris. The two Americans had certainly never expected the Vietcong and the North Vietnamese to be delivered on a platter. They had expected the Saigon government, and Vietnamization, to be allowed to continue unmolested. But ours is the Napoleonic problem, and not even the Russians can really help with that—even if they were disposed, cynically, to do so. The Vietnamese Communists themselves are resourceful and intransigent enemies of any international arrangement that defies their revolutionary and nationalist goals. They are determined to conquer or be conquered: they are an unsatisfied power. And within the frontiers of those forests of death in Vietnam they are the great power—not Russia or China or the United States of America.

The American sphere of influence on the Asian mainland has been preserved this long only through merciless warfare. There is no legitimacy in power that has to be maintained in that way. We are the intruding force, attempting to impose a solution that defies the native balance, supporting elements in Vietnam's society that, genuine as they may be, have never been able to sustain themselves without foreign help. As Dr. Kissinger wrote of Napoleon's subject states, when a power is felt to be foreign that "is the surest indication of the absence of legitimacy." North Vietnam is the

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"revisionist" and unsatisfied power within the confines of Vietnam's struggle. The North Vietnamese and their allies in South Vietnam will admit no settlement that thwarts them, and they have the ability—and the time—to enforce their will. We, in turn, are the revisionist factor within the terms of that classical and conservative great-power balance that Dr. Kissinger conceives, for we are the ones who insist that the actual power situation in Vietnam be revised to our advantage. We demand that a conquest be delivered which we have been unable to accomplish. That, the amoralist should understand, is the difference between Vietnam and the Soviet Union's position in Eastern Europe. The Soviets' conquests are completed; pacification has succeeded there.

The alliance between Henry Kissinger and Richard Nixon has always seemed a little odd—an expedient and conservative alliance but one that also concealed exactly the contradiction that now has emerged. Mr. Nixon's conservatism is the American conservatism, powerfully nationalist in tradition and given to an inveterate identification of national purpose with moral purpose. The view of the Vietnam war that the President consistently has stated is no idiosyncrasy; it expresses something very powerful in the American national ego. In his book, Dr. Kissinger contrasted the statesman with the conqueror. The statesman's vocation is to reconcile nations to the claims of order and a mutual security, to "stability, not perfection." The conqueror identifies order with his own will, attempting "to equate his will with the structure of obligations." The argument made by the United States is that our predominance in South Vietnam must be granted because the United States must not be defeated, must not seem "a pitiful, helpless giant." This Administration is ready to practice a Metternichian realism, provided that the United States is exempted from the amoralist's verdict. The new American policy presents the statesman and the conqueror unreconciled.

—WILLIAM PFAFF

•

James Oliver Buswell, one of the greatest violinists of the modern musical world, held time to a standstill, as he delivered Johannes Brahms' Concerto for Violin and Orchestra in D Major, Op. 77. The young virtuoso's strings grabbed his audience's soul and lifted it to the highest bounds of sensuality.—*Erie (Pa.) Times.*

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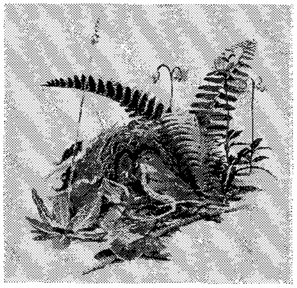

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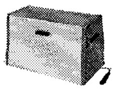

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Scabrous Poet from the Estate Belonging to No One

ERICH VON STROHEIM may have been Erich Stroheim. His parentage may have been Catholic nobility, as he liked to suggest, or it may have been Jewish lower middle class. Studies and reports over the years have differed. Exposers have suspected him of being biographically a fraud. Given his fierce fondness for almost mythological forms of himself—like the impulses of Disraeli, the Jewish Italian descendant who flamboyantly mimed in his life and books the likeness of the lucky English Tory gentleman and invented a grand Venetian past for himself—it seems psychically likely that Stroheim, in exile in Hollywood, invented a few facts about his past. What is certain is that he was a genius, and that geniuses anyway make up the essences of themselves.

Years later, he shot a scene in which a jumped-up American nob makes a mess of dealing with his white kid gloves. Stroheim acts in the film, watching: playing an impostor, but much more skillful with gloves.

When he first arrived in Hollywood, it was socially the most smug place ever invented. Also the most inbred. Carl Laemmle had fourteen relatives employed at Universal. He was the head of the studio. Stroheim worked for Universal in those days. He said on tape once to John Huntley, of the British Film Institute, "The first script girl I had was a niece, and a spy for the front office. If I had caught her spying, I would have thrashed her. But oddly enough—I don't know whether it was my looks or my uniform—she didn't squeal."

No wonder, then, that he leaned on the uniform. The looks in themselves were no great aid. His features were plain, his gait was inexpressive. He created the whole thing: the boldness, the monocle, the long cigarettes, the stiff back tilted forward that makes him look as if he is perching on a shooting stick instead of a chair and trying to see the result of a point-to-point when he has a horse running. He illustrates exactly the Vienna of just before the First World War, when highborn people were going covertly to moneylenders and when cavalrymen in the Balkan wars were wearing bright-red trousers that could have got them picked off and killed in an instant.

He arrived in Hollywood after working in San Francisco as a travelling salesman for a New York dress house. No wonder he always prided himself on the white kid gloves.

MANY good film directors have thrived on choler, and the job excuses that to an extent. Directing can take a degree of flushed generalship. Other directors have been gentle introverts, partly by surrounding themselves with the right helpers. Still others have managed to be thinkers, and it seems that Stroheim was one of them. He deliberately never learned to drive a car, because driving stopped him from thinking. He is often taken for having the nature of a stiff-backed fop, but that was probably one of his sheltering disguises. The nearer truth may have been that he was a man with a mind more like a writer's. His films transmit a writer's concentration, and it is very infectious. It pervades the films and fixes them. Foolish jokes used to be made, and still are, about his insistence on the rightness of small details, but a lot of the jokes came out of producers' crossness with a director who wanted a soldier in uniform to be wearing exactly the right medals. Years later, Brecht did exactly the same thing and was honored for it. Stroheim's reputation for arrogance—arising mostly from his determination to get minutiae properly executed—seems undeserved, like Orson Welles'. Stroheim was a novelist in film. To a novelist, detail simply matters. If he seemed arrogant, it was probably to the careless; to anything of consequence he bowed. "Blind Husbands," which he wrote and directed, has a subtitle voicing advice to himself as a character who is a rash pretender bent on climbing the Alps without experience: "Don't try to break records. Mountains have no patience with arrogance. They'll call you to account." Stroheim's best pictures aren't melodramas, however hacked about by the studios, and they certainly aren't Ruritanian, for all the uniforms. They very much have to do with being called to account.

The Museum of Modern Art is about to show "Blind Husbands," "Foolish Wives," and as long a version of "Greed" as now remains to us anywhere: a hundred and forty-five minutes, cut from ten hours, the length of the program supplemented at the museum with a special selection of stills rescued from the M-G-M bins when the studio was, as it put it, housecleaning. (A Stroheim scholar and eloquent film-lover, Herman G. Weinberg, was luckily around to catch the debris, now preserved in a wonderfully fascinating book called "The Complete 'Greed' "—fifty dollars, ye gods; apt price, considering the title—which anyone interested in Stroheim's masterpiece will want to read alongside the complete script, published long ago by the Belgian Cinémathèque and coming out in America soon.)

The great loss in the hacking down of "Greed," which is a close adaptation of Frank Norris's novel "McTeague," is not so much in the total removal of the subplots as in the sub-

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sidence of the feeling between McTeague (Gibson Gowland) and his wife (ZaSu Pitts), and in the reduction of their characters to types of ruling humors, like people in Ben Jonson. The wife begins the film as a flower-faced girl with the look of a D. W. Griffith heroine. Her love of her husband, an oafish unqualified dentist with a square-cut head and a bush of fair curly hair like rampant dandelions, seems believable because her gentleness at the beginning is piercing. She has a sweet recurring gesture of putting her finger to her lips that is one of the visual motifs of the film; it lands up as knowing and evil. Her change into a malignant miser is abrupt, and this is the greatest damage done by the shortening of "Greed." She wins a lottery and immediately turns into a harridan. By cutting minor characters, the truncation of the picture also makes less clear Stroheim's abiding contempt for the star system. He had, like a Russian, immense feeling for the substance of bit parts. All the same, the film remains a thrilling work. The untouched sequences make it quite obvious that they could never act on us with such fury and pity if they were not extracted from a film originally the length of "War and Peace" or "Remembrance of Things Past."

Though Stroheim didn't write the novel, a lot of the qualities in it were to stand fast in all the films he originated. His great career as a director established in general, for instance, the feelings about money which "Greed" is full of. He was allowed to go on for only twelve years before Hollywood clamped down on him for what it willfully viewed as his extravagance—one of the many horrors of his working life being that this "extravagance" was commercially very well exploited in his heyday, including such devices as putting up an ad in Times Square with a dollar slash through the "S" in his name. He was probably much disliked for his scorn of go-getting. "Greed" can't have been much fun for greedy men to see. His ideas were called grandiose, but they were something more threatening: they amounted to an attack from a grand position on the attrition of character involved in push and drive and hanging on to capital. No one has ever made gold look more glittering and more ugly. His prints of the film were hand-tinted in gold. People are still alive who saw them. McTeague's birdcage for his pet birds was gold-tinted. So was the frame of his wedding photograph, in which his wife sits with a stately-looking bouquet and

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he sticks one foot out even farther than his chest, like an Edwardian head of state. So was the alarming enormous gold-tooth shop sign that the McTeagues, in their decline from one part of a San Francisco boarding house to a lesser part and eventually to a shack in the back yard, used as a ghastly sort of table. So were the images of long, bony arms clutching at gold coins, once intended to be repeated through the film and now cut to one shot.

"Greed" is the film of films, as Renoir has said. Last week, ill but lively and as sage as always, he talked about Stroheim's way of filmmaking: "He worked in the domain of the unconscious. Genius does." He said what he had said before to me: that "Foolish Wives" changed his own career. A couple of years ago, he said that before seeing "Foolish Wives" he had taken it that filmmaking lay in transcribing plays and that he hadn't thought of wanting to transmit the detail of what sort of cheese a man ate, what noises he heard from the courtyard, what wine he drank. He remains fascinated by the mixture of the naturalistic and the formal in "Foolish Wives" (which is there at its very greatest in his own "Rules of the Game," though he would be the last to think so). "Foolish Wives" opens at Count Karamzin's château by the sea. The Count, in his dressing gown—Stroheim himself—is doing a little target practice before breakfast coffee. Like von Rauffenstein in Renoir's "La Grande Illusion," he is a deadeye shot. Stroheim can make a dressing gown look as much like a military uniform as Noël Coward can make it look like white tie and tails. He is watched by the Ambassador's enthralled wife; the Ambassador is infuriated by her enthrallment. The Count, who is no count but depends on a fake White Russian retinue of a family to keep his end up in Monte Carlo, is eventually found out to the horribly literal extent of his cousins' wigs being removed. Then he is spilled dead down a manhole in the street, like a bag of coal. It is an ending as strange and dreadful as the ending of "Greed," where two friends who have turned into each other's lethal enemy fight in Death Valley, their faces caked with dust, in front of a pack mule that has had to be shot because it was about to gallop off with the water canteen. (The bullet goes right through the canteen.) The surviving man, symbolically, stays locked to the dead loser by a handcuff that the loser clapped onto him at the last minute, and so he

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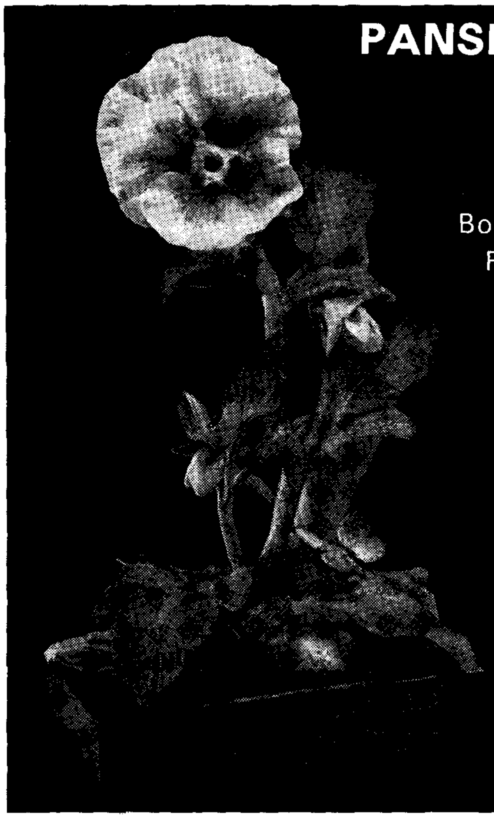

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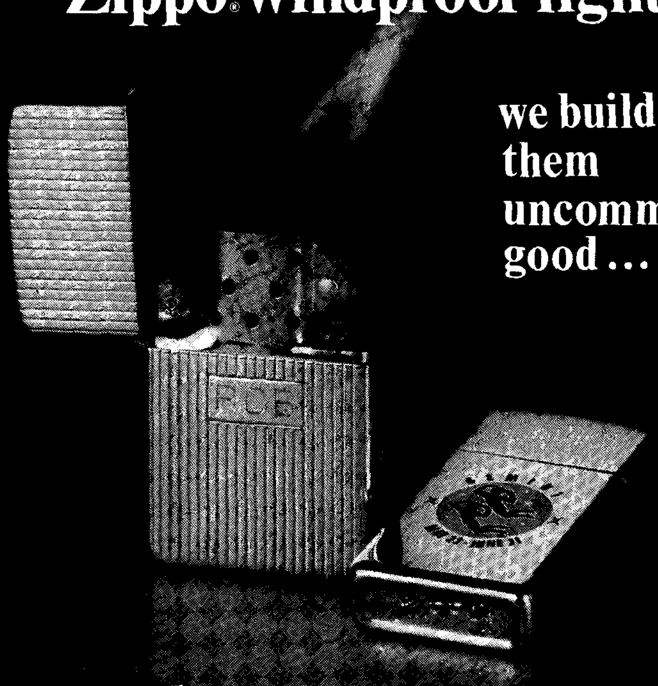

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hasn't won at all. Running through the film, as in Stroheim's others, there is a peculiar tenderness as well as the harshness of surrealism.

There is also a withering sense of humor. In "Blind Husbands," Stroheim eventually dies on top of a mountain because he has been abandoned by a jealous doctor whom he pretends to have cuckolded: "I lied because I was afraid you wouldn't believe the truth," he says desperately, too late, with six inches of cut rope hanging from his waist, and having neither the guts nor the skill to get down the mountain on his own. Stroheim was always fascinated by the counterfeit. It seems no accident that in "Foolish Wives" he plays a fake grandee. "This counterfeit game is dangerous," says the doomed dandy-villain to his pretend-royal cousins, talking about counterfeit francs. "What we need is some good American money." One of his cousins, according to a subtitle, has called herself the Princess Olga Petchnikoff so often that she has come to believe it herself. Stroheim was always fascinated, and not a whit impressed, by the social boldness of frauds. In "Foolish Wives," trapped by fire, the debonair faker he plays jumps ahead of a woman into the firemen's net. His fellow-officers remonstrate. "Gentlemen," he says with dignity, "you do me an injustice. The lady was frightened. I jumped first to reassure her." Just the same, for all the fraud chivalry, the jump exhibits a good deal of nerve.

Stroheim was thought of as a showman, and still is, but it was no showman or snob who devised the sequence in "Foolish Wives" where a spoiled beauty is angry about the lack of manners of a man who doesn't pick up her handbag and who turns out to be a meticulously polite soldier with amputated arms. Stroheim was stirred by ideas of the revenges that people have to take—on false politesse, on snobbery, on mediocrity, on bad marriages, on themselves. The last confrontation in "Greed" is not really between McTeague and his old friend: it tells something about confronting the question of how you are to dispose of your life, the Last Judgment question that is put by even the most atheist great works of art.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

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THE ART WORLD

The Profession of Art

THE demonstrations of artists in the thirties, under the banner of "Jobs for All Unemployed Artists," were a kind of charade in which art was presented as an accepted profession in the United States. Even if one ducked the always troubling question of who is an artist, one could not, of course, reasonably expect that all artists would be placed on a payroll. Radical charades were, however, characteristic of the Depression, and intelligent individuals felt no embarrassment in behaving as if "the people," or "the proletariat," had come to power and were prepared to welcome suggestions about arrangements in the new social order. Left-wing theories educated artists to see themselves as the cultural representatives of the masses and as endowed thereby with the privilege of having a say as to how governmental institutions, and even privately endowed ones, ought to be run. A hallucinating assumption of proletarian power was, for example, implicit in the protest of artists against the vandalism committed by the Rockefellers in breaking up Diego Rivera's mural for Rockefeller Center because it contained a likeness of Lenin. Cultural combats based on this sort of fanciful supposition were an everyday component of the life of art in the thirties; they contributed an atmosphere of giddiness in which dreamlike demands, such as the right to remake the world and be paid for doing so, were tiresomely reiterated.

Mr. Lincoln Rothschild, a contributor to "The New Deal Art Projects: An Anthology of Memoirs," edited by Francis V. O'Connor (Smithsonian Institution Press), recalls that in the thirties the "announcement of the gift to the nation of Andrew Mellon's great collection of old masters, with funds to build a large museum to house it under government auspices in Washington, D.C., brought forth criticism [from the American Artists' Congress] of the administrative arrangements because of failure to include representation for professional artists in its governing body, and lack of concern for American art and the living American artist in the program of the museum." The protest presupposes that in the United States "professional artists" have become an intellectually coherent quasi-official body entitled to supervise any addition to the nation's cultural life—a body comparable, say, to the Artists' Union in the U.S.S.R. But the American Artists' Congress exposed its lack of seriousness when it declared that the gift of a "great collection of old masters" indicated a "lack of concern for American art and the living American artist." To whom would the availability of masterpieces be of greater "concern" than to artists? Or was it the wish of the Congress that Mellon should have provided it with funds to buy paintings from its members to hang alongside the Old Masters? Actually, the Congress was only playing at being a professional organization, just as the union of artists on New Deal projects was only playing at being a professional association or a trade union when it staged those demonstrations demanding jobs for all unemployed artists. Although it pretended to speak for America's professional artists, it was a political group set up a short time before its statement about the Mellon collection as a unit in a network of homogeneous "fronts," in various cultural fields, through which persons with reputations could lend their prestige to the movement against war and Fascism; it recruited artists who were far apart both in their practice of art and in their conception of it (from Stuart Davis, its executive secretary, to newspaper cartoonists), and its identification with the economic interests of—in Rothschild's phrase—"the professional fine artist" proved to be a façade when it collapsed after the attack on Finland by the Soviet Union as an ally of Nazi Germany.

For all their frivolous aspects, however, the demands of the artists for jobs and for power were part of a drive to affirm a new social basis for art in American society. Painting and sculpture were to be reconstituted as careers open to all. The effort during the Depression to establish art as a profession was the chief interest of art in the thirties. The theme, apparently unpremeditated, of present and future employment runs through all the reminiscences in Mr. O'Connor's book. The desire of artists for acceptance by society is responsible for the pathos of art in the years before the war and much of the boredom that hung over that period.

Before the thirties, the practice of

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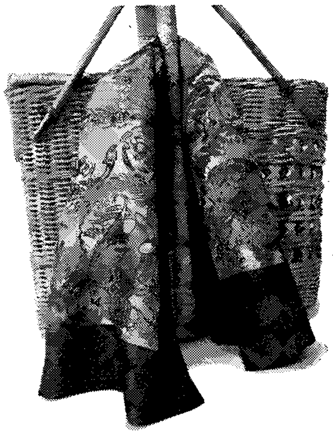

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art in America had been limited to the well-to-do and their protégés, and to artists supporting themselves through commercial work (Edward Hopper and John Sloan, to mention the first names that come to mind). The normal prerequisite to being a full-time artist was having an income; in O'Connor's book, Sloan, a veteran member of the early-twentieth-century "the Eight," is quoted as offering virtually his entire life's work for "an income of fifty dollars a week, guaranteed for the rest of my life so I can paint." Obviously, Sloan wanted not a job but the means to go his own way as a painter; his was still the traditional idea of the artist as aristocrat: for fifty dollars a week he could be a bohemian—that is, self-elected—aristocrat. In the Depression, however, "income" became translated into "job," and the artist was no longer a gentleman, or bohemian pseudo-gentleman, but a socially employed expert. It seemed easy to raise painting to the level of a profession when members of most professions had nothing to do; an artist who cannot sell his paintings is not substantially different from a lawyer without clients. In its lack of earning capacity, art also took on the aspect of a trade whose practitioners were out of work. The Depression brought forth the novel idea of the unemployed artist—a radical revision of the traditional conception, for it implied that it was normal for artists to be hired for fees or wages and that in the absence of commissions they were idle.

In this new version of his relation to his products, the artist was bidden to cease thinking of himself as an adventurer of genius and to believe that what he wanted most was to be put to work. He was no longer to desire freedom through an income, as did Sloan; he was to seek the assurance of a professional rate of pay. Though the Artists' Congress adopted no aesthetic position, its philosophy of how the artist ought to function in society was unambiguous and militant. Rothschild says that the Congress organized "what was hoped might be a pilot attempt . . . to broaden economic opportunity for the professional fine artist and to break down the sharp distinction between 'fine and applied' art that had been generated in the nineteenth century by romantic, spiritual pretensions regarding the purpose of the arts. With the coöperation of a friendly manufacturer, a competition was held to obtain novel pictorial designs for gift-wrapping papers." Apparently, "broadened economic opportunity" for "the professional fine artist" consisted in his ceasing to be a fine

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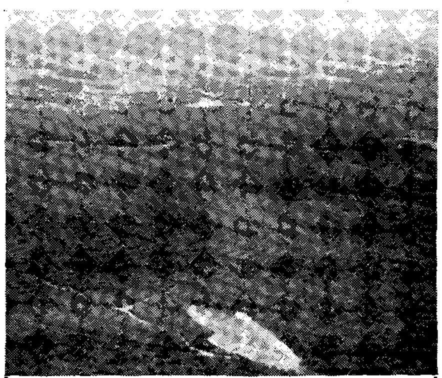

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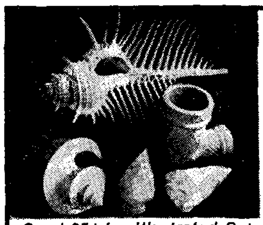

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artist. The liquidation of Romanticism into gift wrappings not only contained the promise of economic stability but had the support of the Leninist conception of the artist as cultural worker, as well as of the neo-Thomist theory of the artist as "maker." Regardless of philosophy or financial status, artists of the thirties were tempted to march to the rhythm of "We Want Jobs!"

The only potential employer of artists en masse was the federal government. Early on, Washington proved willing to include needy artists in its work-relief program. But emergency employment fell short of the ambitions of the new artists' organizations. What they sought from the government was a status equal to that of agencies filling indispensable functions: national defense, forest preservation, mail delivery. The advocates of total employment of artists argued that a public need for art existed, together with a public demand no less real because it had so far failed to express itself. A favorable response to a Works Progress Administration Art Project post-office mural by citizens of a Tennessee town was offered as evidence that the American public was entreating Washington to supply it with art. Nineteen-thirties Marxism spread the reassuring dogma that an appetite for art is inherent in human nature. On this premise, it was logical for the artist to feel that he was in the company of a cultural vanguard engaged in bringing about the aesthetic self-fulfillment of the masses. To supply him with the means for this transcendental undertaking was the obligation of a government founded on the promise of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

The New Deal Administration reacted to the notion of the Art Project as the embryo of a future community of art lovers by balancing itself on the ambiguous position of art as the supplier of food (to the artist) and of inspiration (to society). According to Mrs. Audrey McMahon, director of the Art Project in New York, "Hopkins [head of the W.P.A.] saw it as a relief setup; Cahill [national director of the W.P.A. Art Project] as a cultural opportunity." Relief meant a job to pay the rent; cultural opportunity meant raising the artist and his public at least to the level of Europe. To avoid deciding which purpose it favored, the W.P.A. incorporated the Art Project into its Professional and Service Division—an evasion of a choice between employing professionals and servicing the unemployed that kept the program in a constant tur-

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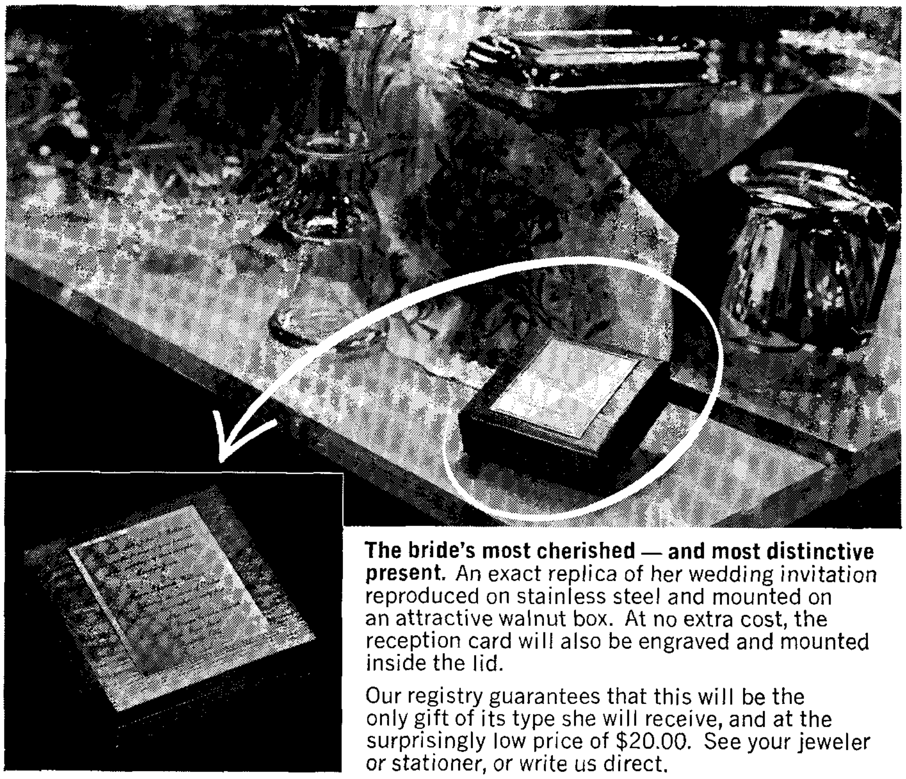

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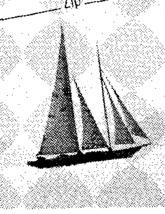

moil. Quotas to govern the hiring of non-relief artists—considered essential for *high-quality production*—kept changing at the whim of officials, and the projects were constantly pruned, expanded, then reduced again. The neurasthenia of the government in dealing with art subjected the Project artist to a war of nerves, as if a bet had been made as to who would get worn out first. However, the torments of the artists were for the most part the result of the indifference of both high-level officials and the public.

Despite all rebuffs, the prevailing feeling of the thirties consisted in what one of O'Connor's authors characterizes as "the desire [of artists] to participate as dignified citizens with their own creative skills which they wished to bring to the community at large." The aim of reaching the common man resulted in the humiliation of the artists and a costly misdirection of their energies. The Art Project was an important event in American art, but it was not important in regard to style. Critics have blamed the program for the static repetitiousness of the works executed, as if being paid by the government prevented the artists from developing a new sensibility. But the widespread acceptance of the sentimental caricature of the artist as a citizen patronizing his neighbors with his skills was just as great an obstruction to originality as was employment on the Project. The standard, economic or political in origin, of what the layman could appreciate was as strictly applied off the Project as on it. The new ideology of art for the community cut the link between painting and sculpture in this country and *the advanced art* of Europe, which Americans had been engaged in absorbing during the twenties. The dullness of Project art owed less to bureaucratic regulation than to the artists' fixation about influencing the public. Yet it cannot be denied that the Project situation reinforced the social obsession of the artists and was unfavorable to the exploration of new possibilities. Project artists could paint as they chose, but, as Peter Busa has complained in a reminiscence mentioned in the O'Connor anthology, "What we did on the Project was colored by our having to do commissioned work." Even when paintings were not actually commissioned, artists felt the presence of a commissioning power. Art that "communicated" with the artist's audience or its representatives was encouraged at the expense of intuition and temperament. One might say that "Projectism" was inherent in the Project, in the form

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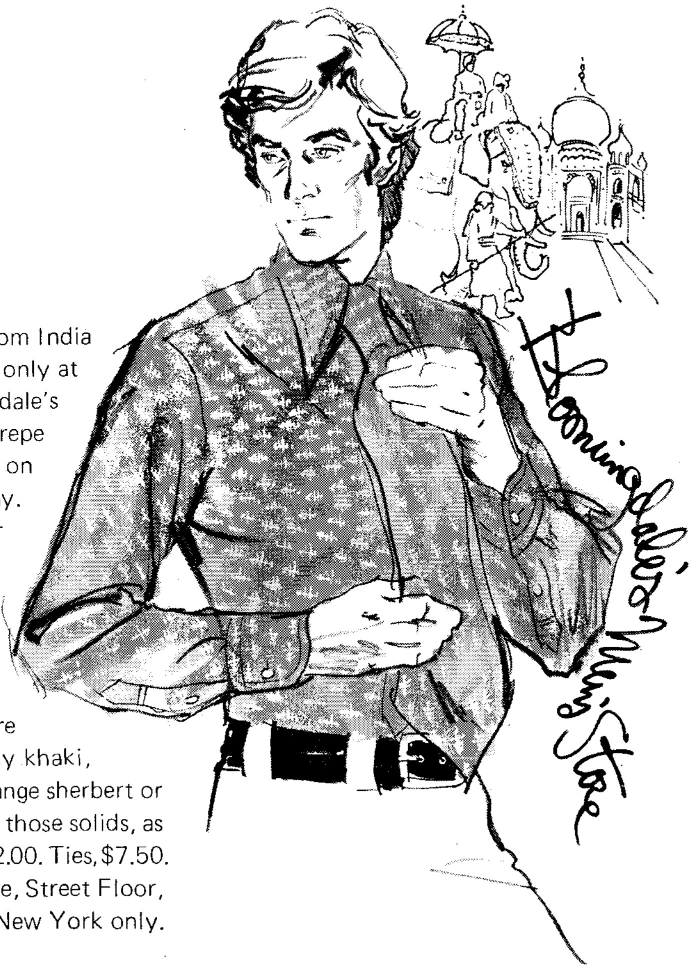
of a rational purposefulness in conception and execution, and that this attitude inhibited the arbitrariness, the perversity, and the need to satisfy an I-know-not-what of feeling that goes with creation. Its search for political backing and its eagerness to allocate paintings to schools, libraries, and the offices of congressmen automatically led the Project to overstress the public nature of art. Too much importance was placed on the theme of the work and the factual accuracy of details; Edward Laning tells, in the O'Connor symposium, of the difficulty of reaching agreement on whether the first linotype machine was unveiled under an electric bulb or a kerosene lamp. Ideally, the "story" of a Project painting and its message would be self-explanatory, as in Laning's "Mergenthaler and the Linotype" and James Newell's "The Evolution of Western Civilization," but, if necessary, the Project artist stood ready to expound its meaning.

"Distortion of reality"—that is, expressive drawing and use of color—was kept at a minimum to avoid upsetting the spectator unfamiliar with art or provoking him to damaging wisecracks; the philistine humor of New York's otherwise admired Mayor LaGuardia was particularly menacing on official occasions. The depressing effect of the public presence on the art of the thirties is best exemplified by the mural executed for the Newark Airport by Arshile Gorky. This ten-panel work, "Aviation: Evolution of Forms Under Aerodynamic Limitations," was conceived by Gorky at about the time of his easel paintings—"Enigmatic Combat" and his four versions of "Image in Xhorkom." The artist, then thirty-two, was approaching a note of his own in his experiments with advanced models (Picasso, Braque, Masson). The contrast in invention, poetic suggestion, and aesthetic quality between the "Xhorkom" compositions and the Newark mural amounts almost to a split personality. "Aviation," inspired by the Project principle of conveying a theme and by Gorky's ambition to be professionally accredited, is an exercise in Cubist-style pattern-making, already current among fashionable portrait painters and designers. By the standard of Gorky's studio paintings, which reach into memory and the unknown, the mural was hackwork. Unfortunately—or luckily, from the standpoint of Gorky's development—even this contrived wall decoration was too "advanced" for the officialdom of the period. Gorky accompanied his mural with an elaborate explanation, in which Cubist theo-



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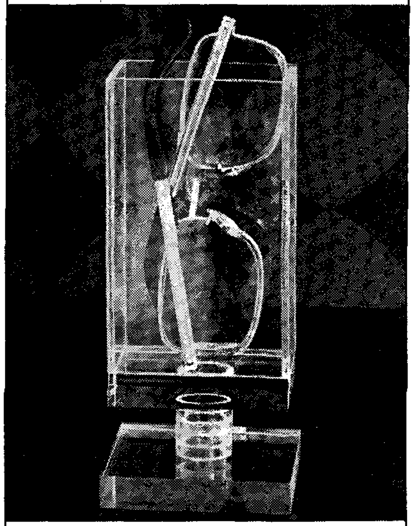
ries of two-dimensionality were associated with objects seen from the sky and with the experience of flying, and he cited "the new vision that flight had given to the eyes of man." Gorky's resort to visual and verbal platitudes did not, however, prevent LaGuardia from walking out in the middle of the artist's elucidation of another one of his paintings. Nor did it save "Aviation" from destruction by order of the commanding officer when the Newark Airport was taken over by the military during the Second World War. One of the great lessons of the thirties is that in our time art cannot educate people, even in art. The "dignified citizen" creating for the "community at large" is a utopian ideal that postulates a society which does not exist and is not likely to.

HOW shallow were the roots of art as a profession in nineteen-thirties America was dramatically demonstrated by the rapid drying up of the Art Project with the start of the defense program and their rapid closing down after Pearl Harbor. Both the presumed people's demand for art and the wholesale satisfaction of that demand by America's newly unveiled reservoir of talent ceased overnight. For the first time, Project artists could be said to be genuinely "unemployed." Most found jobs in art-related trades, such as silk-screen printing and map-making, or entered the Army or the war industries. A steady income from painting and sculpture became, as it had been before the Depression, the prerogative of a closed guild whose work enhanced the prestige of the rich and of the politically prominent.

It was the extinction of the illusory market of "art for the people" that brought to light once more an essential dimension of art—I mean art as a vocation practiced for its own sake or to satisfy what the American Artists' Congress had scorned as "spiritual pretensions." The profession of art is actually two professions: one directed toward public taste, the other toward forms of experience embodied only in art and to which creations from all times stand witness. In relating himself and his work to this extended dimension of art, the contemporary artist engages in a mythic vocation, in which, beyond current fashions and social and political problems, he seeks the approval of the masters. In the thirties, this second, "inner" profession, founded on art's values, was centered not in the Project and its outstanding ideas and personages but in a handful of young artists—Gorky, de Kooning, Pollock,

Find for a fumbling father



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Gottlieb, Rothko—sensitive to social demands and confused by them, and in the school of Hans Hofmann, which propagated principles of form and feeling derived from the advanced European art movements. Now that opportunities for art as employment had ended, art for its own sake and for the sake of the inner development of the artist came to the fore as a pioneering collective phenomenon. (Perhaps the Project, by ceasing to exist, deserves credit for this.) Out of a job, American art forgot its mirage of a respectable social status and dedicated itself to greatness.

Since the emergence, during the past fifteen years, of new categories of customers, private and institutional, for American painting, accompanied by tales of rags-to-riches in the art world, art has reappeared in the roster of viable professions. With that suddenness with which innovations pop up fully grown in American life, the social potentialities of painting and sculpture (e.g., in banks and office-building lobbies) have presented themselves on a vastly larger scale than they did in the thirties. University training courses in all media, galleries, museums, and grammar-school programs, domestic and international art-appreciation tours—a situation complete with individual and corporate sponsors and tax deductions—have put the New Deal Art Project in the shade. Yet despite this almost magical expansion, the question remains whether art in America can ever stabilize itself as a profession and still qualify as "fine art." Today, an agitation in the manner of the thirties for career opportunities in art is growing more insistent, swelled by demands for equality for blacks, Indians, women. The social issues are complicated by the fact that art does not exist as art without the mythical essence to which social issues are irrelevant.

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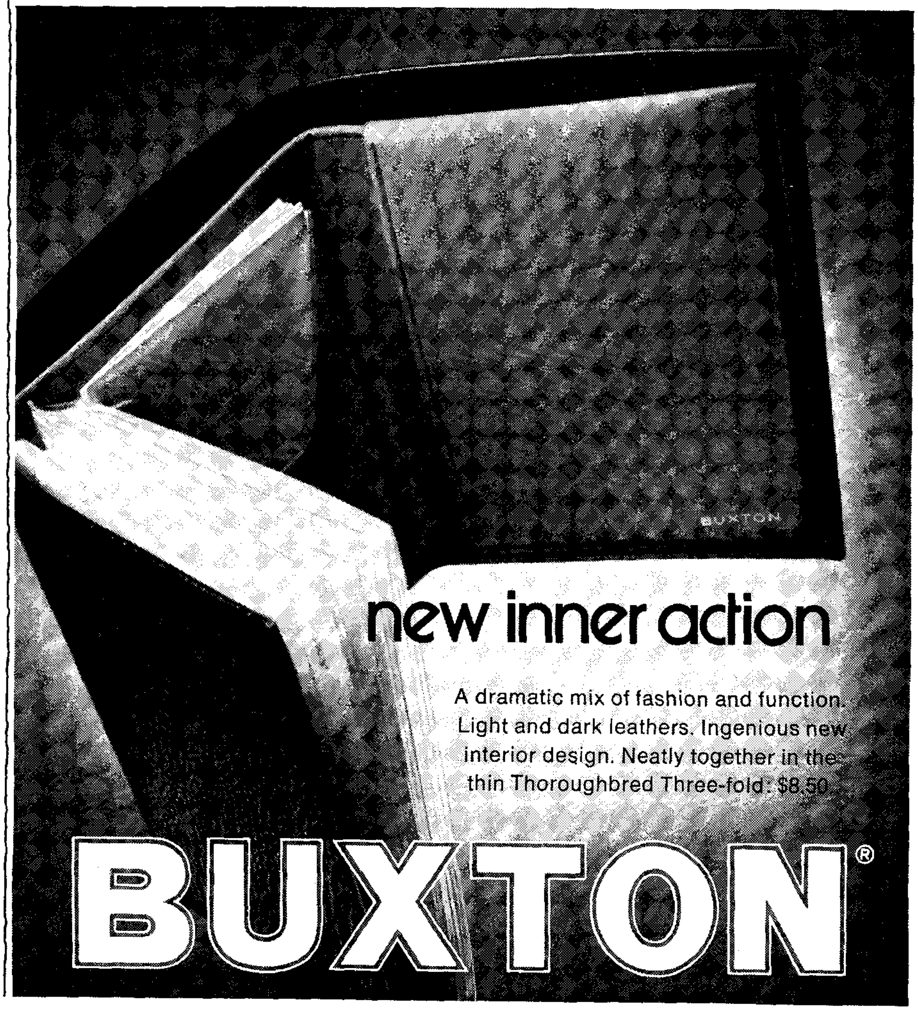

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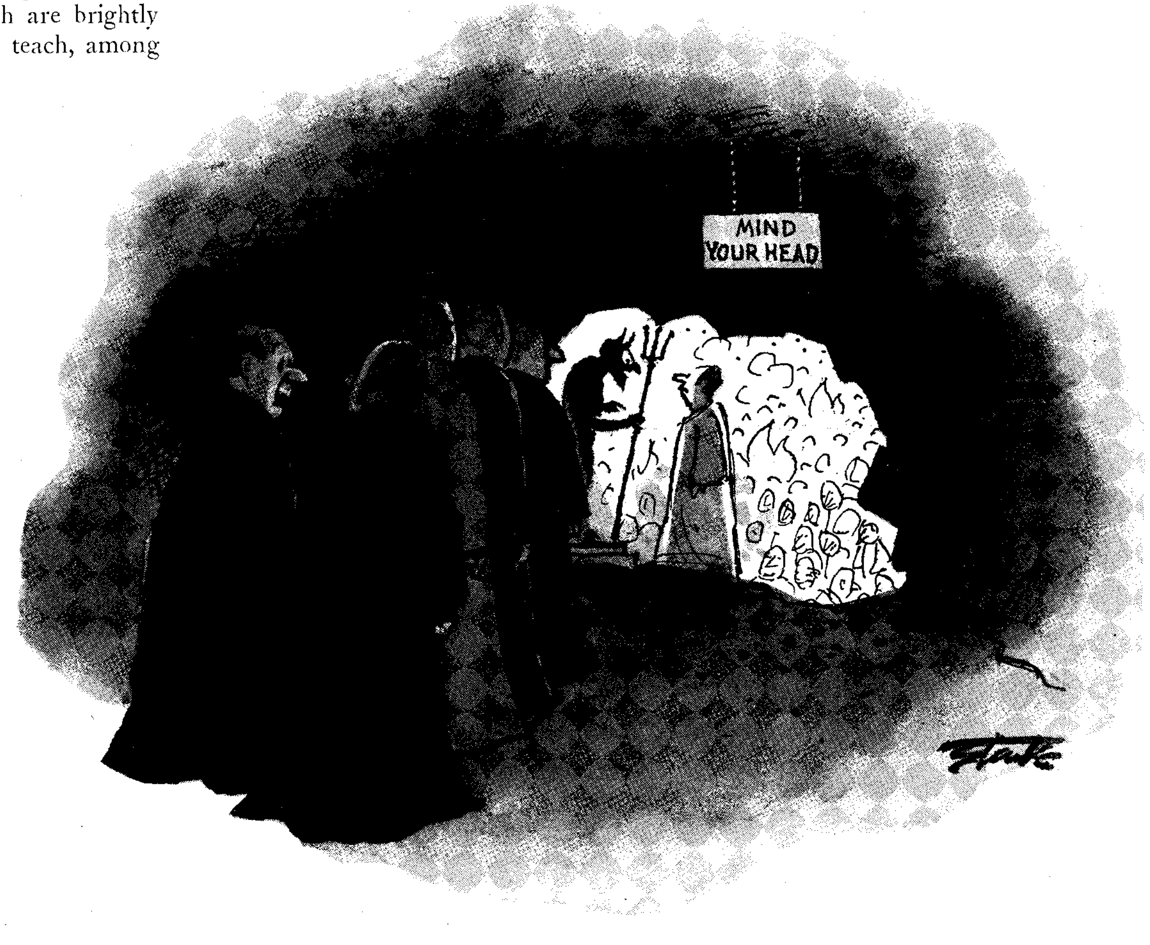
WHEN a seven-foot, yellow-feathered bird who is subject to depressions attempts to seat himself upon the letter "h" and fails, it is no longer simply an event in children's television, or even in the media. It is part of the intellectual history of a generation, who are already in important ways the children of "Sesame Street." There is an idiocy in current discourse, which calls things about which people can be angry or mistaken "controversial." In that sense, "Sesame Street" and its sequel, "The Electric Company," are controversial programs. It is as though all the lessons of New Deal federal planning and the sixties experience of the "local people," the techniques of the totalitarian slogan and the American commercial, the devices of film and the cult of the famous, the research of educators and the talent of artists had combined in one small experiment to sell, by means of television, the rational, the humane, and the linear to little children.

The human characters of "Sesame Street" live in a brownstone on an integrated urban slum block, where, in the company of cloth figures called Muppets—most of which are brightly colored and furry—they teach, among other things, the alphabet, induction, friendliness, geometric forms, and counting. Oscar, the green-furred grouch who inhabits a trash can, where he collects fish heads, mud, an old sneaker, a petrified brownie, and who makes occasional trips, for the sake of his collection, to the dump, is not just a creature of whimsey, with a tendency to rant; he is something of an expert on ecology. His neighbor is the inexhaustibly obliging blue-furred Muppet Grover, who will run great distances, interminably, to illustrate the concepts "near" and "far," who will patiently deliver to a restaurant customer the letters missing from his alphabet soup, who will dance, sing, and demonstrate in waltz time, "Around, around, around, around, over, under, and through," and who will be frightened out of his hiccups and into unconsciousness by a not altogether successful creature called the Snuffleupagus, whom all the human members of the cast, black and white, Puerto Rican and Anglo, still take to be a figment of the seven-foot bird's imagination.

Small children from poor or middle-class families who watch "Sesame Street" do better on cognitive tests and in first grade than children who do not watch it. Children who watch it frequently do better than children who watch it rarely. Children who begin to watch it at the age of three learn more rapidly than children who begin at four. Eighty per cent of America's twelve million preschool children have watched it. Ninety-seven per cent of American households now have television. Yet Joan Ganz Cooney, the founder of the Children's Television Workshop, which created both "Sesame Street" and "The Electric Company," points out that in a survey of activities favored by preschool children watching television ranks second from the bottom, followed only by "petting my dog." "They don't dislike petting their dog," Mrs. Cooney says. "It's just not high on the list of their priorities." Neither, evidently, is watching television. It doesn't play with them, or, normally, offer them the pleasure of acquired competence in anything. But lots of children, particularly disadvantaged children, are becoming (in an expression the Children's Television Workshop once used in research but now regrets) "zombies"—riveted, without any discernible reaction, to the television set; getting, within a year or two, beyond the natural aptitude of learning, for example, to read.

In the first year of "Sesame Street's" existence, a Muppet, a cartoon, or a famous person from a network program (Bill Cosby, Pat Paulsen, all the Cartwrights from "Bonanza") would recite the whole alphabet each day, not just for the sake of repetition but out of concern that a child who saw only ten letters in a single program might be misled into thinking he had mastered the whole thing. One day, the research staff discovered what has since been known as the James Earl Jones Effect. Mr. Jones recited the twenty-six letters slowly, in a tone of menace, staring



"I have a feeling that it's not going to be all that bad."

directly into the camera. At the first recitation, children repeated the letters in his pauses; at the second, they were beginning to recognize the letters as they appeared on the screen beside him; after that, they began very quickly and with pleasure to recite the alphabet before him. The alphabet has now acquired, through the prestige the celebrities brought to it at first, and through later developments among the regular live cast, cartoons, and Muppets, such currency in preschool circles that daily repetitions are no longer necessary. Counting, too, has gone up since the first year, from ten to twenty; and when Big Bird persists in believing that the alphabet is a single, beautiful word pronounced "ab-ka-def-gi-jekyl-mnop-ker-stew-uk-zee," which he can sing but not decipher, nobody seems confused, except him.

On "Sesame Street," there has been an amiable, senile Muppet pedant, Herbert Birdsfoot, who is in the habit of addressing Kermit, the Muppet frog, as "young man," and who, being profoundly devoted to physical education, found himself stuck one day in the middle of a deep knee bend. "Young man," he said, looking pensively at the floor, to Kermit, "do you realize that you have webbed feet?" Kermit himself has given many lecture-demonstrations, among them one that embroiled him with the letter "W," that program's sponsor. Every program is "sponsored" by a few letters and numbers, which are given elaborate commercials in graphics and song. "Zap. Zap. Zap. Zap" may not be everybody's description of the four lines of the letter "W," but it was Kermit's, and the shaggy blue-furred Cookie Monster ate the lecture's subject anyway, transforming it, with successive bites, into an askew "N," a "V," a tilted "1," and nothing. A substitute "W" began to wiggle, walk, and wobble—in a kind of visual, extraprose equivalent of onomatopoeia (the word "path" on "The Electric Company" walks down one)—and ultimately wrestle (a phonemic mistake, unusual on the program) with Kermit until he weakened. Kermit has had other misfortunes with lessons. When he was counting four eggs, for example, they hatched, and the chickens began to walk away, leaving three, and then two, and then one. "All right," Kermit said, "there's only one chicken left, so let's count it." The program is extremely patient with error and frustration.

There is the Muppet Ernie, neurotic, easily moved to tears, particularly by the letter "E," with which his name be-

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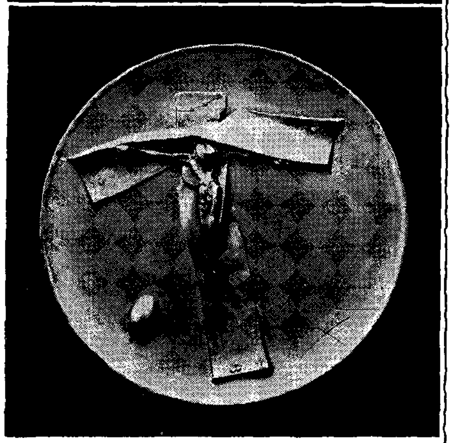
gins. A Muppet salesman, with a green face and a blue nose, dressed in a shirt, tie, trousers, jacket, black hat, and trenchcoat, has repeatedly tried to sell Ernie the number 8. “Hang it on the wall,” he suggests at the beginning of his sales pitch. “Next time you wanna know how many legs an octopus has . . . next time you wanna know how many reindeer Santa Claus has . . . next time you wanna know what time you eat your breakfast . . .” and, with each sinister and ingratiating phrase, he flashes the 8 inside his trenchcoat furtively toward Ernie. It costs a nickel. Ernie does not buy it. “Sesame Street’s” attitudes toward consumerism are skeptical, except in the realm of learning.

“Our next contestant,” says the Muppet master of ceremonies in a little parody of the quiz show “Concentration,” “is a monster from Sesame Street.” The contestant is the Cookie Monster, known to some as Monster, to some as Cookie, and to fathers in the world outside, at bedtime, as a difficult creature to imitate the voice of. Cookie is a fanatic, undeviating in the quality of his obsession. He eats things. Many lessons on “Sesame Street” are terminated when something eats them. But Cookie, who has of late been eating mainly cookies, is a junkie. “To me, your nose is a cookie,” he once said to another Muppet in a desperate moment. He sees cookies in all things circular: a rubber-tire swing, or a bicycle wheel. Geometric forms are among the program’s many subjects. When cookies arrive, he tends to eat the entire shipment, but he is moved to empathy at the sight of a human being temporarily deprived of a cookie. “How sad,” he says. “You taking it so well.” He has never quite correctly learned the language. Other characters on “Sesame Street” use dialect, make grammatical errors, even speak in Spanish. The black expression “Give me some skin” has now become so common among characters asking for a handshake that Muppets say “Give me some fur.” On the quiz show, Cookie won by losing. There were four numbers on the wall, concealing prizes. As in “Concentration,” the object was to name the numbers that concealed matching prizes. Cookie failed to match anything. He lost a jet plane and won a consolation cookie. “Sesame Street” does not overvalue competition.

Herry, a dishevelled blue Muppet with a magenta nose (no program is a better argument for color television, which is, unlike color movies, in every way better than black-and-white), once confided his secret, the whole alphabet, with shyness, to Grover, who repeated it to several other Muppets, who repeated it, in turn, with incredulity. It was unlike Grover to betray a confidence, but, as a teaching method, it was an advance over several educational strategies of progressive schools in, say, the forties and fifties. I can remember classes learning to sing “This is / the symphony / that Mr. Schubert never finished.” “Sesame Street” uses the best techniques available, and develops new ones. There is an inspired, unlikely reading song composed of traffic signs: “In, Out, Park, Walk, Yield, Enter, Exit, One Way . . .” The whole program has this sort of odd, useful intelligence. There are beautiful animations: a fakir who counts on his fingers and, since the desired total is twenty, sprouts two extra arms before dissolving into the psychedelic, and doing the whole thing again in Spanish; a bluesy serpent who sings “I’m Sammy the snake. I go sssss in the morning;” a pride of uncaged, ferocious “x”s, one of which leaps to take its place in the word “exit;” cartoons by the Hubleys and Maurice Sendak; an instructive appearance by the Pink Panther. There are short films of real wildlife, some of them accompanied by instructions: “Everybody scratch” (which was redeemed by clips of penguins grooming and a baboon daintily scratching his wrist); some of them accompanied by music: a whale having his teeth brushed to the lyrics “I got those I-can’t-get-enough-of-brushin’-till-I-make-my-teeth-white blues;” some of them silent.

There are “Moonbird” voice-overs of uncoy, childish voices, and appearances by very small real children, some of whom fail, with the utmost confidence, to follow the instructions for such simple games as “Simon Says.” There are little discussions of seasons, weather, sirens, rain, and nightfall. And there are real adults. They are the least interesting characters on the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program, partly because they lack the ingenuity of the fantastic, partly because their lives are meant to be so exemplary, unfrightening, and normal. They are a bit flat. Like other creatures on "Sesame Street," and even on "The Electric Company," they often sing off key. Like the songs of other creatures, too, their songs are often carefully unrhymed, for fear that a child will catch only a too tight rhyme scheme and lose the meaning.

What happens when an utterly charismatic presence appears on the program was illustrated a month ago. Jesse Jackson, once an associate of Martin Luther King, Jr., and the head of Chicago's Operation Breadbasket, sat on the stoop of a Sesame Street brownstone. In cadences very moving and familiar, Mr. Jackson led a mesmerized integrated group of very little children in speaking such lines as "I am somebody. I may be four. But I am somebody. I am black. I am brown. I am white. I am somebody. I can learn anything. I can grow. I can be President. I can be governor. I can be mayor. I can change the world. Beautiful children can grow up and make the whole world beautiful. What time is it? Nation time. What time is it? Nation time," and so on. The performance was followed by Kermit's singing of one of the program's most popular laments: "It's not that easy being green,/ Having to spend each day the color of the leaves." Oscar the grouch soon demanded to know whether the children were listening to him, Oscar, told them, characteristically, that he did not care to see their ugly little faces, and unsentimentally slammed the lid of his trash can. There was no sense in which Jesse Jackson's leading the children was controversial. But, for much of the country, the performance, and the integrated life on "Sesame Street" in general, may have been maddening. Nothing but the once apparently token but now vital appearance of black performers on network television would have put many adults in the frame of mind to stand it. The techniques of teaching and of demagogy are never quite distinct; one does learn some things by rote or chanting, because that is the most efficient way to learn them. But the people who run "Sesame Street" have so far been extremely wise about whom they permit to appear on the steps of that brownstone.

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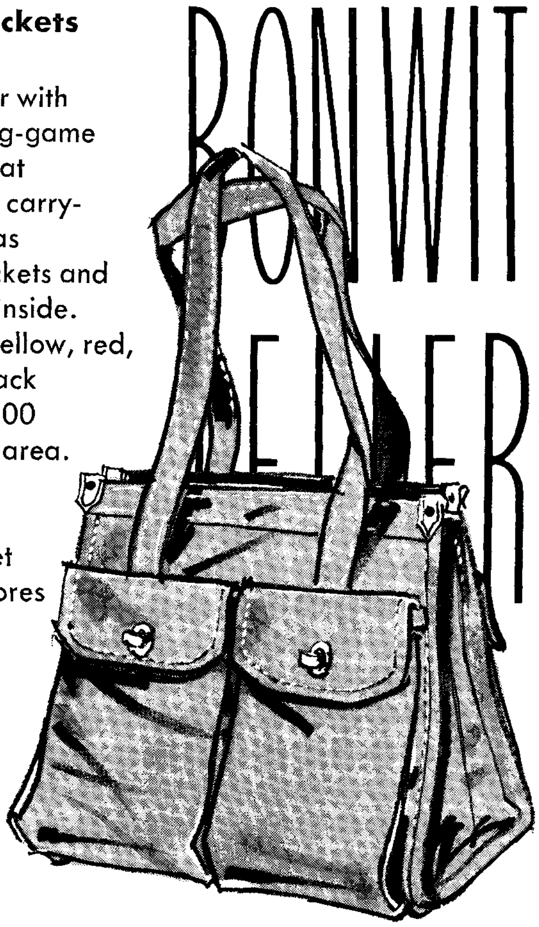

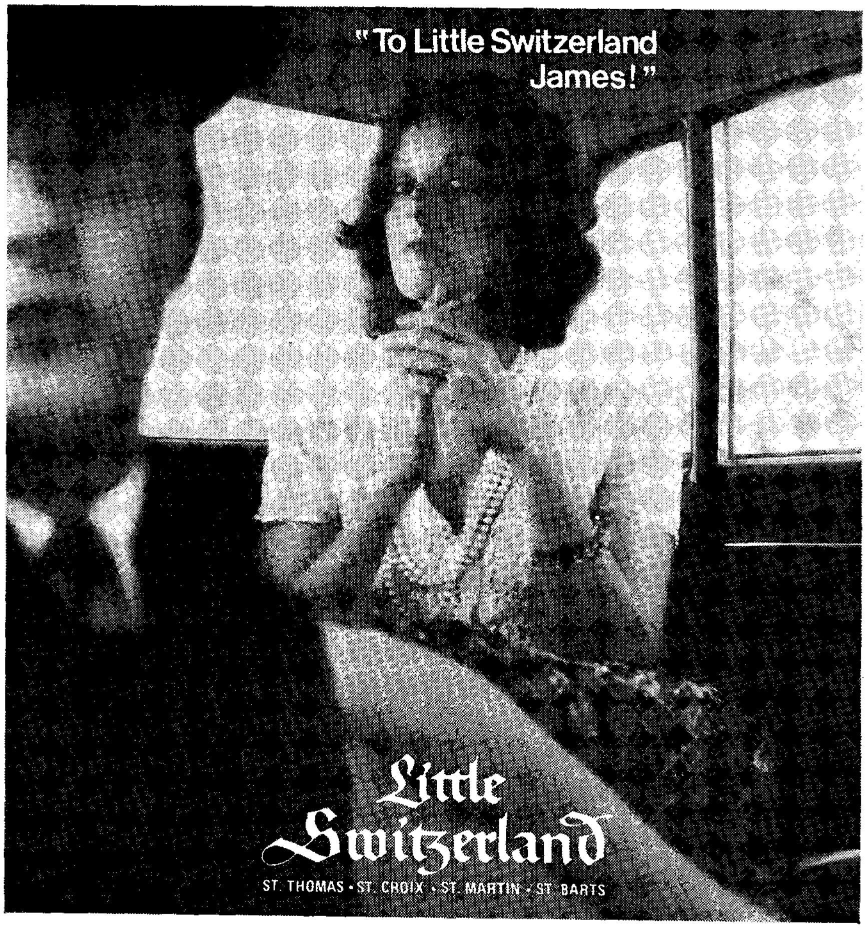
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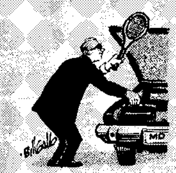

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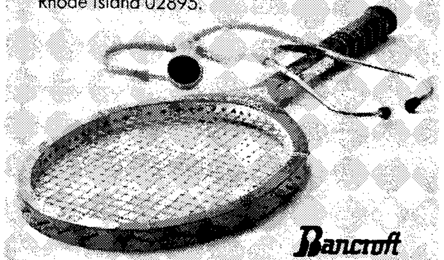

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is not saying much yet. Their combined annual budget is thirteen million dollars—immense in terms of educational television, minuscule in comparison with programs on commercial stations or the cost of reaching an equivalent number of children by conventional teaching methods. The money is drawn from the federal Office of Education, from foundations, and, recently, from sales of products (books, records, toys, Muppets, plastic letters and numbers) designed to help in teaching and to help the two programs become, to some degree, self-supporting. It is a very powerful collaboration of adults for children. Young adults from the Neighborhood Youth Corps, who feel that they themselves were ripped off by the school system through inadequate preparation, are teaching their younger brothers and sisters in local communities, in coöperation with the Workshop, with funds from the federal government. It is very hard for anybody, except the silly and the idle, to argue that learning to read itself is dated or a rip-off. A lot of what the programs create is really art—which is extraordinary, considering that the ideology here, the catechism, the product, is just letters, geometric forms, decency, and numbers.

No one but a few educators, who have argued on both sides of several questions (whether "Sesame Street" is too authoritarian or too permissive, too middle-class or too poor, too fast-paced or too unambitious), and one English TV program director, who used all these arguments simultaneously, has taken very strong exception to "Sesame Street" yet. There is going to be a "Plaza Sesamo," a "Vila Sésamo," a "Sesamstrasse," and possibly a "Rue Sesame," in addition to the English version of the program in the fifty countries where it already runs. But "The Electric Company" has higher, later stakes. It was designed specifically for the second-grader who is behind in reading. It teaches only verbal skills. But the audience consists of people who are older and younger than the target children. The younger ones, still also "Sesame Street" watchers, are not a problem. It is common these days to find a three-year-old, who still has trouble speaking, sounding out the brand name on a tea bag or a box of breakfast cereal. "The Electric Company" has a black hippie reading freak, called Easy Reader, who dotes on legible matchbook covers. It has a daily soap-opera parody, called "Love of Chair," in which almost nothing ever

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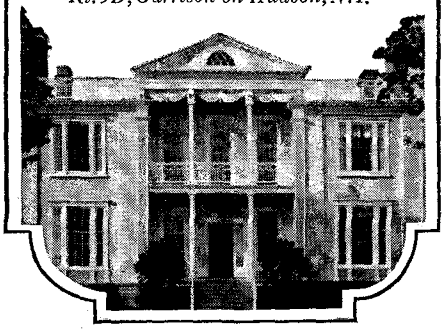

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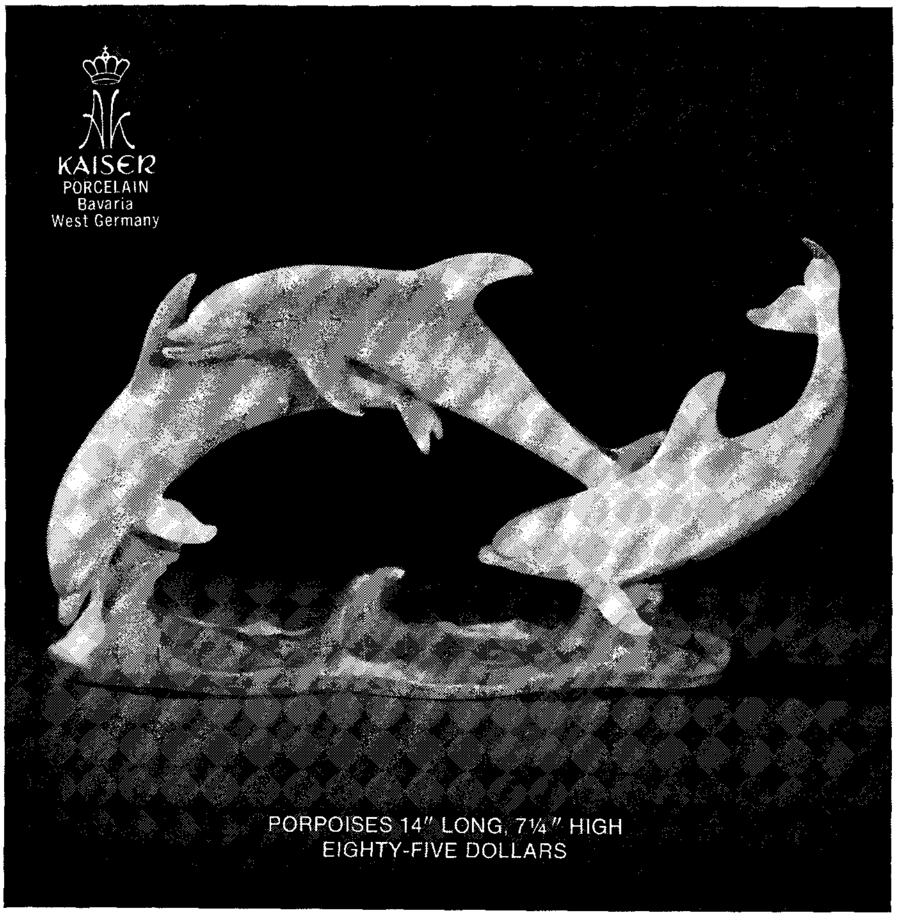
happens. "The boy," the sentence reads, the announcer says, the scene demonstrates, "is sitting on the chair." Or "The chair is sitting on the boy." Accompanied by conventional soap organ music, the announcer concludes, "For the answer to these and other questions (What number are you calling? And what ever happened to Naomi?), tune in tomorrow for 'Love of Chair.'" For some reason, this feature is extremely popular throughout the country. "The Electric Company" is used in eighteen thousand schools.

There is also an enlightening cooking lesson, given by "Julia Grownup," who once taught the "ill" syllable by producing a grilled dill pickle with chilled vanilla filling. Miss Grownup (played by an excellent moronic comedienne, Judy Graubart) produced her masterpiece when she was demonstrating plurals. Regretfully, as she was making a fresh-fruit salad, Miss Graubart removed "s"'s from her list, as she found herself, improvidently, with a bowl of grape, a box of raisin ("Can we get a closeup of the raisin? It's a fine one"), and a solitary apple. To her great relief, she had a wheelbarrow of lettuce in her kitchen. She placed the three pieces of fruit upon it, and in dressing her salad she proudly added three plaid children's dresses.

"The Electric Company" paints letters on everything—on newspapers, balloons, shoe soles, subway turnstiles, rows of medals, hats. It uses syllables as units of sound and units of meaning; it anthropomorphizes and ceaselessly alliterates them, as in two short, beautiful animations by the Hubleys: one featuring a languid night-club singer who breathes, "Tr ue, bl ue S ue," the other starring a snarled green multi-legged snakelike creature who shoots "C" into "ool" at the billiard table and then produces "C ool, p ool f ool." A character called J. Arthur Crank regularly telephones to protest the similarity between the "ue" and the "oo" sounds, and other injustices in the language, but he doesn't work out. A tortured horse in an animated cartoon about a cowboy who persists in singing—off key, as the "ie" sounds don't match—"I could die for a piece of your pie" works better.

There is a frenetic, high-powered quiz program whose object is "The Secret Sound," and whose master of ceremonies, Skip Hinnant, another excellent comic, is simply beside himself whenever anybody makes it. On a day when the secret sound was "ar," the master of ceremonies was ecstatic when the contestant, Bill Cosby, spoke of



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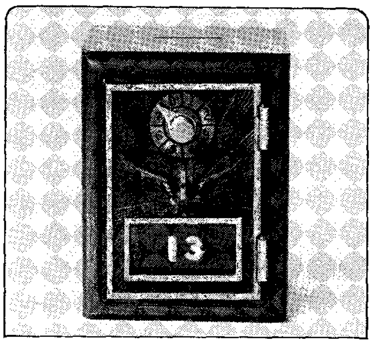

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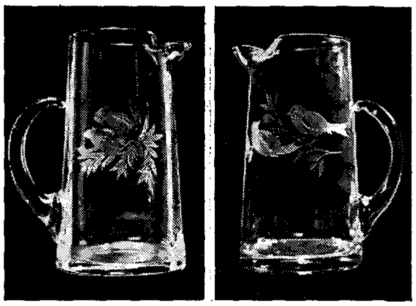

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someone who "gave me my big start;" he pivoted a full circle with enthusiasm when the contestant mentioned that he "works very hard;" he became totally hysterical by the time he heard the sentence "It's pretty far." The contestant, already loaded down with prizes, had his sleeves, his collar, and his mouth stuffed with money when he asked for a "cart" and went to pieces. The same sort of thing happened on a day when the sound was "th;" Bill Cosby appeared as an absentminded fellow with an umbrella in his jacket pocket, said he was too nervous to think, that his age was thirty, that he just couldn't hold another thing, and added a final, fatal "Thank you."

Comparatives are illustrated by the words, by their placement on the screen, by music, or by anything else that will help explain. "High, higher, highest" is a nightmare in semantics, graphics, music, synaesthesia. But there are graceful things, like a fine cartoon with a character who introduces herself as Myrna and then proceeds to name and gather up Myrna's lamp, Myrna's curtains, Myrna's fireplace, Myrna's other possessions, until she falls, by sheer weight, through the floor—and goes on about Myrna's furnace and Myrna's basement until she has altogether thoroughly illustrated the possessive.

There is a talentless but friendly child rock group, called "The Short Circus." But there is also a splendid detective and decoder who, with one foot perpetually in a wastepaper basket, puts scrambled messages through a machine that looks like a washing machine with roller dryer. He studies such enigmas as "key's The doormat. the under," looks for capital letters and periods, and comes up with such formulations as "The key's the doormat. There you have it! The key *is* the doormat." He points out this nonpossessive use of the apostrophe, long before the actual message is correctly deciphered, with that tremendous enthusiasm and utter conviction that the entire cast brings to the most elementary spellings and inductions. "Mad" kicking the sinister silent "e" from "made;" a broom sweeping the word "litter" away; a mover unloading the letters "b," "d," and "e" from a van, assembling a word, and going to sleep on it; a cartoon Message Man who is always too slow to sound out instructions to "Run!," "Step back!," "Duck" (in this one, he is actually clipped from the air by a duck), or "Do not bother this giant person"—it is all still very uneven. It is also hard to predict what ef-

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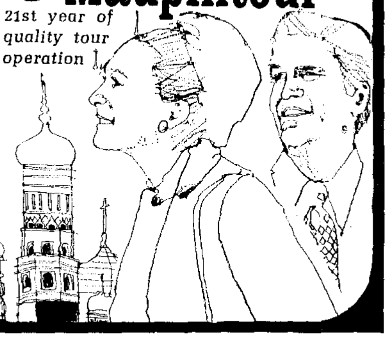

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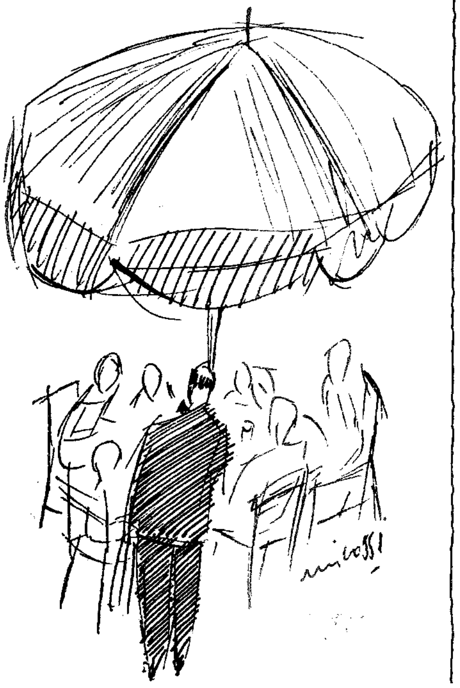
fects it will have on notions of written prose, which has its limitations.

Rita Moreno demonstrates punctuation with a group in a Latin rock song. There are animated parodies of "2001," in which, with Richard Strauss music and a giant slab with metaphysical overtones, the syllables "oo," "all," "ee," and "alk" are created by seismic disturbance. (It does not seem to matter whether parodies are perceived by children as parodies; they tend to keep the program alive for the creators.) There is a subsequent bit in which a sage speaks of the four basic "alks" of life, and expresses her belief that life is a beanstalk. Minds are constantly kept shuttling between rules and exceptions, jokes and hard sells. The program always ends with a light bulb being turned off and the phrase "And now, the last word." In the past, it has been "pajamas," "sneeze," "dim," "reach," and "garbage." Next year, for complicated reasons, "The Electric Company" is going to make great use of the rebus.

WHAT all this energy produces, except statistical results—unless you are observing an individual child who might have been watching "Sesame Street" for three years now—is very hard to measure. A lot of adults, veterans, prisoners, migrant workers, other people, watch it. A few weeks ago, in Jackson, Mississippi, Big Bird conducted the seventy-five-piece Jackson Symphony Orchestra. He led an integrated audience of more than ten thousand children and their parents in a passionate recitation of the alpha-



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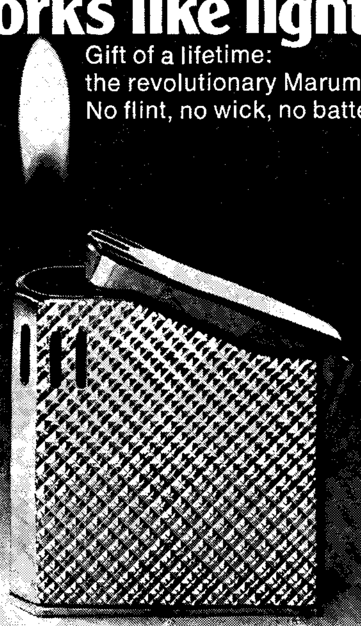

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bet. He counted to ten. The audience, including a few retarded adults and spastics, clapped and counted with him. Big Bird kept addressing the regular orchestra conductor, whose name is Lewis Dalvit, as "Mr. Dingbat," recalling that other complicated political presence Archie Bunker. A Jackson policeman drove white, black, and Chicano members of the cast to the Jackson airport. The mayor had welcomed them when they came to town. Nation time.

The Children's Television Workshop has seventeen full-time community organizers, working with local groups, parents, teen-agers, teachers, anybody, throughout the country. The organizer for Appalachia, Paul Elkins, is based in Clinch Valley, beside the River Clinch, in St. Paul, Virginia, where the biggest local employer is the Clinchfield Coal Company. Mr. Elkins was once a school principal, but now he works for "Sesame Street" and "The Electric Company." When local people suspect the programs of Communism—because there are so many black people on them—Mr. Elkins, who was born and raised in Appalachia, reassures them, and changes the subject. He visits the people in shacks and schools. At the Riverview Elementary School in Clinch Valley one recent morning, three classes were watching "The Electric Company," in color. The children deciphered the message "ho, Silver. Hi" with enthusiasm—while the cowboy on the screen was still remarking, "I said it to the horse, and he just looked at me." They were very pleased with "Love of Chair." At a nearby shack, a four-year-old boy had recently rubbed his eyes with oven cleaner, but his father, who was home on welfare, told Mr. Elkins he could not have watched "Sesame Street" anyway, since the television set, in a local expression for being out of order, had been "torn out" for two weeks. "You can turn the thing wide open and you can't get a sound—not even 'Bonanza,'" he said. The name "Brenda" and the letters "Bre," "Br," and "Bren" were printed all over the sagging front porch of another shack, near the rusting fragment of a car, the coal heap, and the garbage in the front yard. A young woman said her four-year-old daughter, Brenda, liked both "Sesame Street" and "The Electric Company." A grandmother, farther along the hollow, said that one of the seven children of her three unmarried daughters particularly liked "Sesame Street." "Ain't no such thing as not watching it for Walter," she said. A

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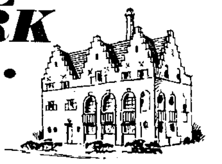


two-year-old with a bleeding eye walked in. His mother explained that someone had thrown a rock at a chicken the other day, "and he was just coming round the corner." "Sesame Street" was not on the air just then. A soap opera, "Another World," was. Everyone was watching. At the last shack in the hollow, a mother of three children, who had participated in workshops for mothers of "Sesame Street's" most regular watchers, was asked by Mr. Elkins whether her four-year-old boy still watched the program. "Nope," she said. —RENATA ADLER

•

TROUT

A black blush surfaces,
the trout nibbling the moon
on the water.

Gift-wrapped in a silver daze,
a slow swim, it glides
to the pond edge where I wait:
is this a flirt,
a suicide?
Lidless eyes trance inward,

keeping some close count.
The others move to center,
a dark cluster there:
is it an invalid
who needs a rubdown?
Ecclesiastes begging an ear?
The only crazed one on the ward?
The trout nods and druggily sways,

fins against my salty hands.
Passively, its belly rubs,
then shadows like a lover.
I can feel
the bulged heart pump,
a small red fever.

And then the trout curves off,
a soft bag of hieroglyphs,
secret-monger.

—SUZANNE BERGER-RIOFF

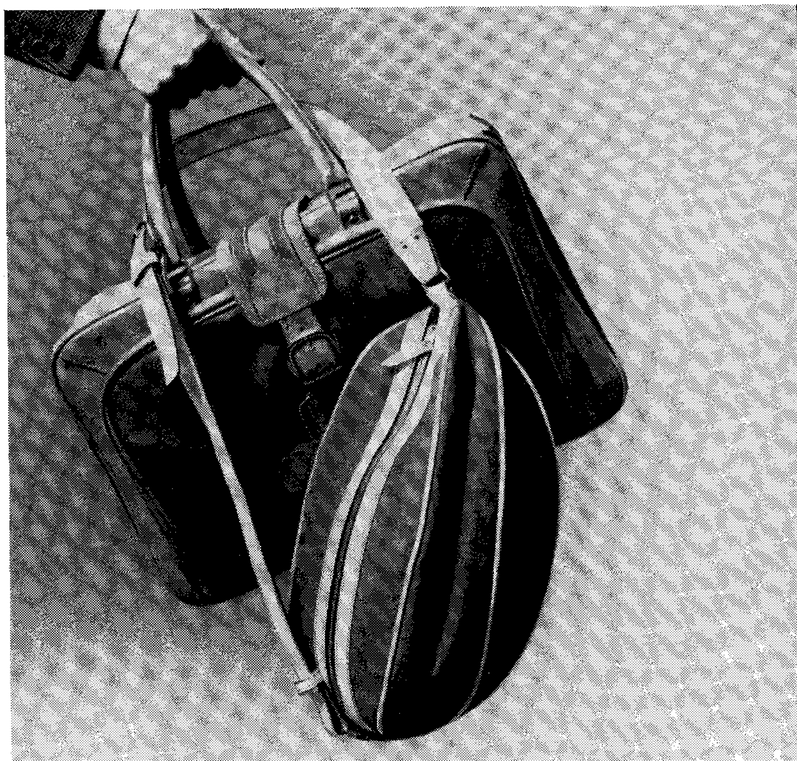
•

OKLAHOMA CITY, Okla.—"Just because I'm 63 doesn't mean I can't do what I've wanted to do since I was eight."

So appropriately named grandma Bessie Rider has her first motorcycle.

"It threw me four times the first day and I was black and blue all over," she recounts. "But I'm persistent. I mastered it. Now I'm going to take in the U.S. I'm going to go after a deer and run it down with my bike. I thought my sons would be shocked, but one of my six said, 'Ma, it's about time you had some fun out of life.' Isn't that great?"—*Oakland (Calif.) Tribune.*

With six sons, you better run down *two* deer.



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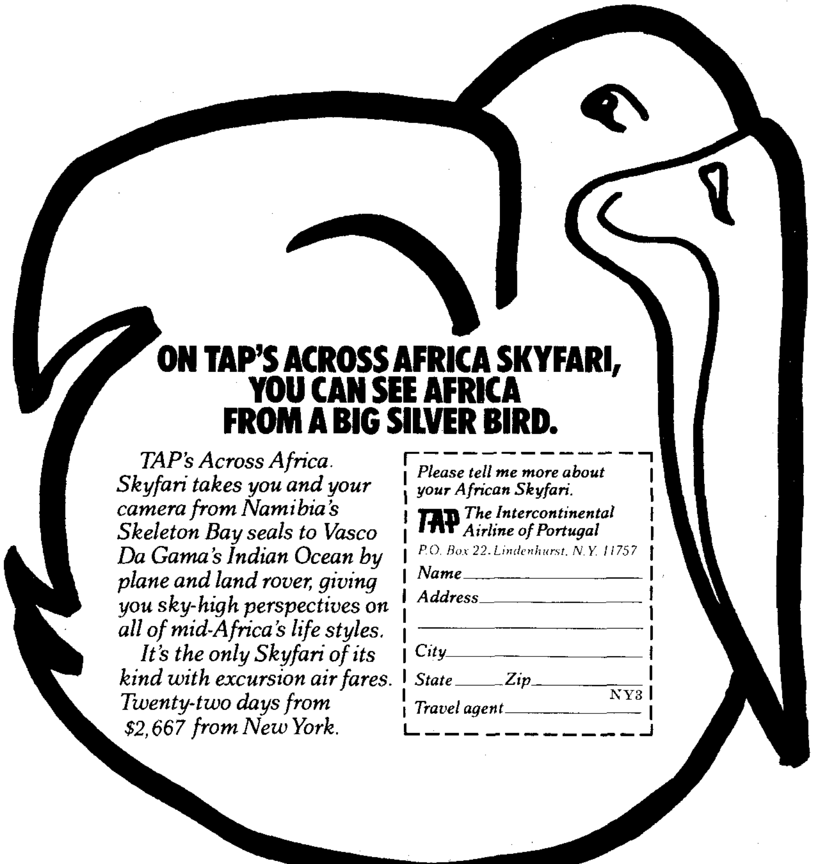
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U.S. JOURNAL: NEW YORK, RICHMOND, DETROIT

THOUGHTS OF A NON-SHAREHOLDER WHOSE MIND TENDS TO WANDER DURING MEETINGS

General Motors Is the Mother of Parliaments

AT the annual shareholders' meetings of American corporations, attention to the fine points of parliamentary procedure is so thorough that it would seem almost rude for a visitor to dwell on the fact that the votes are counted before the meeting begins. Motions are made and seconded in the most orderly fashion, after all, and full discussion is encouraged. At a time when there is a lot of talk about citizens' not being able to participate in decisions that affect their lives, a shareholder might find it comforting that fully eighty-five per cent of the corporation's shares are represented right there at the annual meeting even after he realizes that an executive sitting in the second row represents practically all of them. At every meeting of every corporation, all of management's proposals are passed overwhelmingly and all of the proposals put forward by independent stockholders are overwhelmingly defeated, but the procedures for voting are a model of efficiency and honesty. General Motors even employs a separate firm to handle the ballots—thus protecting itself from any charge that some tool of management may have reported that the selection of an accounting firm was approved by 99.61 per cent of the shares voted this year when the real figure must have been closer to 99.54. To someone who has sat through a few of the annual meetings that take place each spring, it is apparent that if the time comes when American schoolchildren are required to carry around a little book of doctrine to chant from, the book will not be the thoughts of Chairman anybody but Robert's Rules of Order.

The organizations that now criticize American corporations on such matters as pollution and weapons manufacture and the support of the South African regime do not denounce the annual meeting as a sham. There being no rule that the stagers of an artificial event have exclusive rights to its use, the dissidents use the annual meeting themselves. It provides a structure for their campaigns and a forum for their arguments. Management holds the meeting under the pretense that the public, in the form of individual shareholders, actually has some control over the corporation, and the opponents of management attend under the pretense that they are shareholders looking after their investment. (As part of the game, management and its new critics often use each other's rhetoric. At the General Motors annual meeting this year, it was suggested that G.M. should end its South African operation partly because the oppression of workers by a racist regime might eventually lead to rebellion or sabotage, thus endangering the shareholders' investment. Richard C. Gerstenberg, the chairman of the board of General Motors, said that G.M. was remaining in South Africa "so we might continue our role in the forefront of progress.") Off the floor of the annual meeting, the critics acknowledge that, unlike those who have traditionally assumed the role of spokesman for the small stockholder (Lewis and John Gilbert, for instance, or Wilma Soss), they are interested in making the corporation accountable not to its shareholders but to the people. The Project on Corporate Responsibility, which has brought stockholder proposals before the General Motors annual meeting for three years through its Campaign GM, works under the assumption that any pollution that may be caused by General Motors cars is making breathing difficult even for people whose portfolios consist entirely of A.T. & T. and some municipal bonds.

"Come on in, dear. Miss Jones was just giving me a kiss instead of a cigarette."

A Salary of Eight Hundred Thousand Dollars a Year Ought to Be Called Something Else

IT is customary at annual meetings for one stockholder to complain about how much executives get paid and another stockholder to tell the chief executive officer of the corporation that he earns every penny of his salary just for chairing the meeting. The ability of a company president or chairman of the board to run an annual meeting does in fact seem to be taken as a symbol of his executive prowess. Harold S. Geneen, the president of International Telephone and Telegraph, was widely praised this year for his crisp handling of I.T.T.'s annual meeting, and the *Wall Street Journal's* account of Gerstenberg's performance called the G.M. meeting "one of his major tests since taking over the top job at G.M. January 1." If Geneen really did earn his salary in the three hours of the I.T.T. meeting, he was working at a rate of about two hundred and sixty-five thousand dollars an hour; his salary, if that word can be applied in this instance, was eight hundred thousand dollars last year. At the G.M. meeting this year, there was some muttering at the press table that Gerstenberg was not earning his money, since, unlike his predecessor, he did not remain standing at the lectern the entire time.

One of management's proposals at the G.M. meeting this year was an incentive bonus plan for executives. It passed with 98.8 per cent of the vote. According to the United Automobile Workers, the plan makes it possible for an executive to make as much as ninety times the salary of an assembly-line worker. Speaking against the plan, Irving Bluestone, a vice-president of the U.A.W., said, "I am constantly intrigued by the idea that men who receive a salary of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year need some extra incentive to do their job well."

A SHAREHOLDER WHO WANTS TO SHARE THE GUILT HAS NO LACK OF DIVIDENDS

THE notion that a shareholder is morally responsible for the actions of a corporation presents a perfect dilemma for liberals, since the shareholder can feel guilty by following either course of action open to him. Keeping the stock and working to change policies that the shareholder considers socially harmful carries the old stigma of "reform from within" and the even older stigma associated with hopeless causes, since nobody really believes that the stockholders who are concerned with social issues are actually going to carry the day at some annual meeting. Meanwhile, the dividends—now tainted—continue to come in. The other alternative, selling the stock, is, of course, a cop-out. And sell it in order to buy what? An investor who is repelled by what a General Motors plant manager said about African workers to an American churchman who was investigating the role of American industry in South Af-

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rica ("I wouldn't say these people don't have any reasoning power, but what they do have is very limited") may find himself comfortable with his new Ford stock only until he learns what the managing director of Ford South Africa said about Africans to the same churchman ("I didn't mix with them in the States, I don't mix with them here, and if I move back to America I wouldn't mix with them there, either").

Some institutions—Yale, for instance, and the Ford Foundation—have recently announced that moral considerations have made it impossible for them to continue to follow what is known as the Wall Street Rule, which is to vote with management or sell the stock. The Field Foundation has decided not only to vote its conscience but to express it at annual meetings, and this spring its president, Morris B. Abram, was the principal spokesman in opposition to management at the annual meeting of the Pittston Company—a particularly appropriate place to discuss moral issues, since the meeting appeared to have been staged by someone who earned his living in the thirties turning out social-protest movies. Pittston owns, among other things, the coal company whose dam gave way at the head of Buffalo Creek, in West Virginia, this February, resulting in the death of a hundred and twenty-five people. The meeting was held in a bank in Richmond, Virginia—a dozen or so well-dressed men voting seventy-nine per cent of the stock with perfect parliamentary procedure inside a room that had thick carpeting on the floors and modern paintings on the walls and a splendid view of the capitol green, while thirty or forty bedraggled survivors of the Buffalo Creek disaster who had come to ask about their claims were kept out in the hall by off-duty Richmond policemen working for the company. Abram began by discussing the possibility that, as some critics of the coal industry have claimed, Pittston's coal companies are able to mine coal cheaply enough to export it to Japan or France partly because some of the costs of doing business are borne by the people of Appalachia instead of by the companies—the people, for instance, who have to live among smoldering mountains of coal waste that are formed because dumping the waste on the nearest flat ground is obviously cheaper than putting it back into the ground. ("I would hate to think that we destroy our land, our streams, our people—that we waste ourselves—in order to provide power to others who

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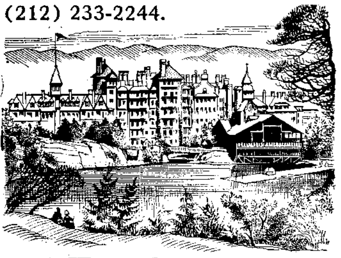

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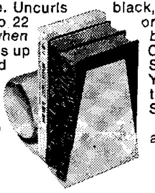

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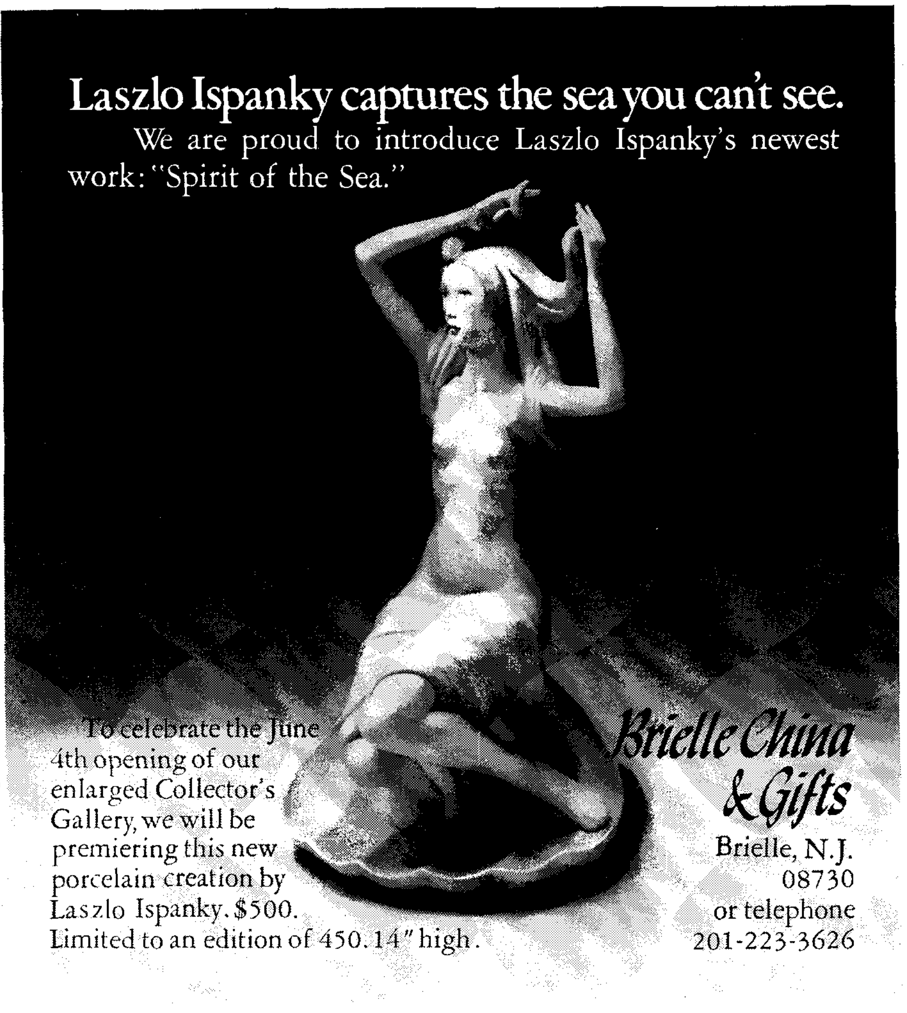
are more careful with their own lands.") The Field Foundation has long supported projects intended to improve the lot of people in Appalachia, and Abram said that the foundation is concerned about being in the position of using the returns from its investment in a corporation to try to repair the damage the corporation is doing in order to earn those returns. According to a recent item in the *Wall Street Journal*, a unit of the United Church of Christ has formally adopted that position by giving a large sum to an Angolan liberation group as a form of retribution for money earned by the church from its stock in Gulf Oil, which has large interests in Angola. Another rule of Wall Street, of course, is that everyone benefits from the circulation of money.

LARGE STOCKHOLDERS CREATED SMALL STOCKHOLDERS IN THEIR OWN IMAGE

WHEN the Episcopal missionary society appeared at the Kennecott Copper Corporation's annual meeting in New York this spring to propose that Kennecott formally resolve to minimize ecological damage wherever feasible in its mining operations, a number of small shareholders rose to denounce the proposal as Socialistic or as, even worse, just the kind of supposedly harmless resolution that could lead to wasting shareholders' money on anti-pollution devices. The disagreements between management and small shareholders have never been about the desirability of high profits. Of nine shareholder proposals put before the General Motors Corporation this spring, the most successful was a proposal by a church group that G.M. make certain disclosures about its operations in South Africa; after extraordinary research and publicity efforts by the churches involved, the proposal drew 2.34 per cent of the vote. But the second most successful stockholder proposal, with only a tenth of a percentage point less, was a proposal by Evelyn Y. Davis—who is to annual meetings what Miss Miller was to the Jack Paar show—that the General Motors management be prevented from giving away the corporation's money to charity.

Some of the modern critics of corporations believe that the presence of the traditional annual-meeting gadfly has always served the interests of management—that it has been a way to give the appearance of democracy while discussing trivial issues, that it has helped develop the picture of the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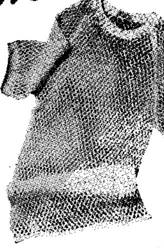
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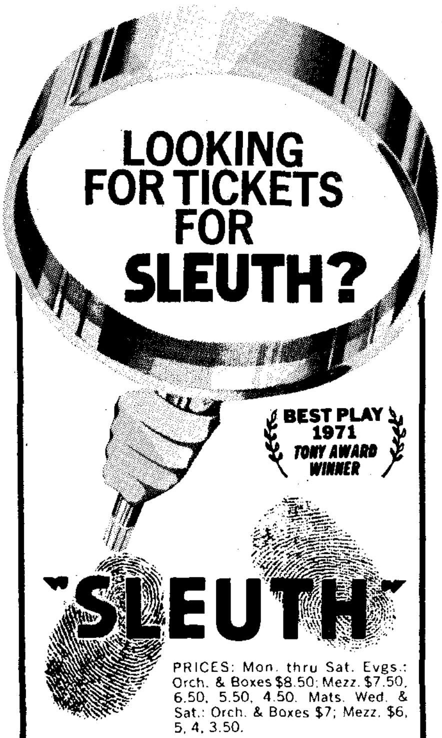
company president as a man who manages to remain cool under the taunts of eccentrics even though what he really wants to do is to get on with the serious business of the corporation. (The loudest applause at an annual meeting often comes when some stockholder rises to tell Mrs. Davis to either shut up or go home.) The old proponents of shareholders' rights and the new proponents of corporate responsibility sometimes do support the same proposal—an alliance that has no appreciable effect on the outcome of the vote. The modern dissidents are interested in opening up corporate boards to women, for instance, and Wilma Soss has been making that proposal at annual meetings for years—along with a proposal that the board add a public-relations counsellor. But the tendency of the old-fashioned gadflies to equate human rights with shareholders' rights causes them to look upon some of the new campaigners as unbalanced. At one point in the meeting, somebody like Wilma Soss or one of the Gilberts is apt to rise and ask why the Bishop's representative makes speeches only on the issue of South Africa and remains silent when other moral issues, such as cumulative voting for directors or proxy-balloting procedures, are up for discussion.

Management's routine of putting up with people like the Gilberts as part of the annual show has gradually been extended to include the new critics. Everyone is treated politely. At the General Motors meeting, remarks from the floor are handled by company representatives stationed at numbered microphones, who turn on a light to attract the chairman's attention and then tell him who the speaker is, more or less the way the man on the radio used to tell Dr. I. Q. about the lady in the balcony. It has been customary for Mrs. Davis to sit next to Microphone No. 1 and for Lewis Gilbert and Mrs. Soss to be near Microphone No. 3. The company now reserves seats for Campaign GM next to Microphone No. 4. This year, the General Motors representative introducing speakers at Microphone No. 4 was black—a coincidence, perhaps, or a demonstration that General Motors has plenty of public-relations counsellors already.

General Motors Has Examined Itself and Has Found Itself Good

The people who run projects such as Campaign GM say that success cannot be measured in terms of whether or not their proposals are



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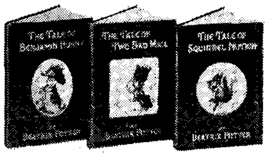

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adopted at annual meetings—which is, of course, the only sensible position to take for people who regularly walk away with about 1.5 per cent of the vote. They talk of using shareholder proposals and annual meetings to focus public pressure and to build a case for litigation or legislation or boycott. There have been, of course, some specific results of their pressure already. Of the five corporations that were asked this year to disclose facts about their South African operations, two of them—Mobil Oil and International Business Machines—agreed to make the disclosures. It is generally accepted that General Motors named a black director in response to criticism of the makeup of its board, that it appointed a public-policy committee of directors to undercut the demand of Campaign GM that an independent committee be named to monitor the social effect of General Motors policies, and that the campaign last year to force General Motors to close its South African operation led Gerstenberg to make a trip there himself.

But as the critics point out these signs of progress, they are likely to denounce them as public-relations gestures. The black director, in fact, abstained this year on the proposal that General Motors divulge information about its business in South Africa. Gerstenberg's visit resulted in a statement that he found General Motors to be a progressive force in South Africa. This year, one of the proposals of Campaign GM was that the public-policy committee meet in open session to hear testimony from people who are affected by the corporation's operations, and that it make its findings public. During the discussion, the implication that the committee is more or less nominal led Gerstenberg to explain that its investigations had been extensive and time-consuming. He was asked to name some specific recommendations made by the committee, and he did. One of them was that General Motors should remain in South Africa.

—CALVIN TRILLIN

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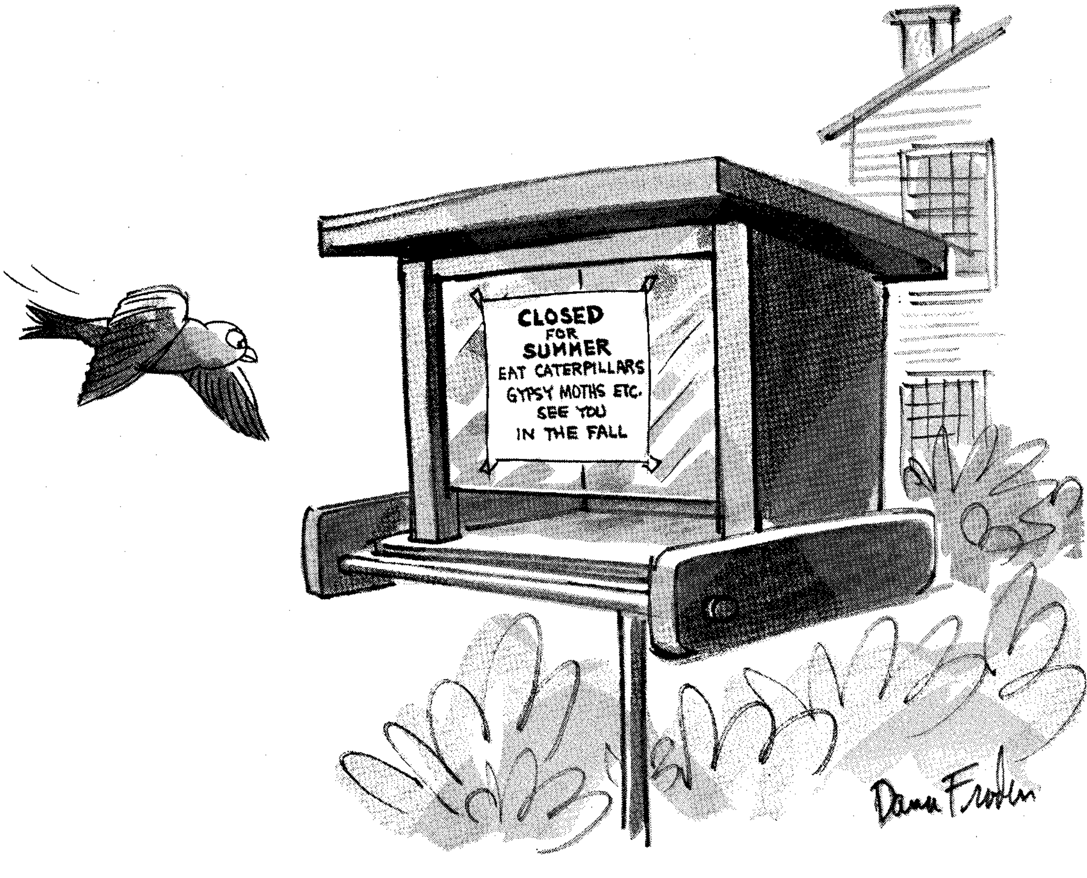
BOOKS

Time-Travellers

A PORTION of the British genius that is eminently exportable—but that, alas, does little to alter the balance of payments—is a sense of wonder at other peoples, times, and places. It is seen to good advantage in two books by Britons who have travelled, within the confines of the twentieth century, not only in place but in time. "Queen of the Head Hunters" (William Morrow), the autobiography of Sylvia Lady Brooke, the last white Rani of Sarawak, brings its author's inquisitive innocence to bear on two survivals of an earlier age: the highest society of Edwardian London and the Raj of Sarawak, a primitive kingdom administered solely, and justly, by an English raja. "When the Snow Comes, They Will Take You Away" (Scribners), an autobiographical fragment by the English travel writer Eric Newby, is a fond recollection in middle age of the Italian peasantry of the high Apennines who sheltered him, an escaped prisoner of war, from the German Army in 1943.

Both books partake of the effects and atmosphere of romantic fiction, with the saving proviso that here it has all come true, for once, and the authors couldn't be more modest, or more matter-of-fact, in setting it out for the reader. An admission of wonder implies a self-exposure of one's innocence, the other side of which is a becoming modesty; in the case of Mr. Newby, the reader is almost fatally put off by a too self-deprecating preface, but he recovers swiftly with the opening chapters. What Mr. Newby has written is a sort of true, and winning, parallel to that extravagant romance "A Farewell to Arms;" his young English lieutenant is injured just before his escape from an Italian prison during the false armistice of September, 1943, meets a beautiful girl in a village hospital, falls in love with her while she teaches him Italian, and is assisted by her and her father in a second escape to the mountains when the Germans announce their intention to round up all ex-prisoners and everyone who has helped them.

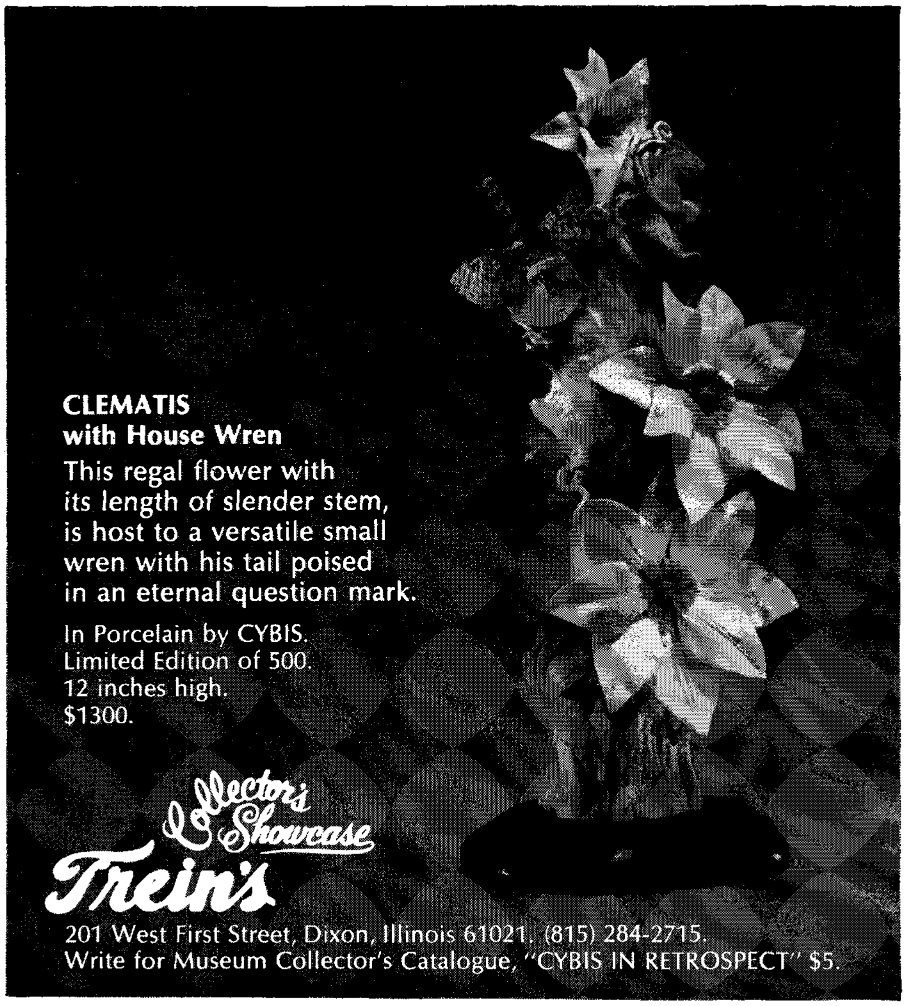
Though Mr. Newby is not a writer of great style or fluency, the power of his experiences comes through almost undiminished in this book—perhaps again because he is so well able to express his wonder, as an innocent English city boy not long out of school, at the towering dignity and integrity of the peasants and at the towering landscape in which they live. "When the Snow Comes, They Will Take You Away"—the lovely and symbolic title repeats the words of a peasant who foretells Newby's recapture at the onset of winter—is built up out of a series of clear, sharp, *cinéma-vérité* scenes of each of his series of refuges and of the people who harbor him. As the fall passes and the Germans' dragnet comes closer, Newby is forced farther and farther, higher and higher up the eastern slopes of the Apennines. After being handed on from peasant family to peasant family via a sort of underground railroad, he comes to rest—if rest is the word for the hardest of physical labor—at a farm on the Pian del Sotto ("the Lower Plain," though there was nothing higher but the mountains), where he is taken in by a decent, hard-bitten family and set to work clearing a field of stones. His descriptions of life in that family—an almost literally Sisyphean struggle against the land and the weather, yet lit with camaraderie and kindness—are among the best I have read of peasant life; in their palpable grittiness, they are reminiscent of Orwell's accounts of working-class survival in "The Road to Wigan Pier." But for all its hardships, this is not the life of the exploited or oppressed. Newby's peasants are proud and free, chained to the land only by the ties of tradition and duty. Eventually, the danger of his presence to the family is too great; after a startling encounter in a high meadow with a German officer who turns out to be a harmless and friendly lepidopterist, and a raid on a village dance by some more serious Germans, Newby retreats to a shepherd's hut on the upper slopes of a mountain. The shepherd nurses him through an illness; then he is summoned back to the village, where a council of elders tells him that, since he is in the same situation as some of their sons on the Russian front, they have decided to build him a house concealed in a cleft of the mountain. There he eventually encounters a friend, another escaped prisoner. Newby and his friend keep on the move, but they are recaptured just after Christmas of 1943.



This bare outline of the story, and its epilogue, in which Newby and the girl who helped him, and is now his wife, return to the region for a reunion with the peasants in 1956, scarcely conveys the currents of love—there is no other word for it—that pass between the escapee and his protectors at almost every encounter. "When the Snow Comes, They Will Take You Away" is a beautiful and a memorable book.

SO, in its far more worldly way, is "Queen of the Head Hunters." Writing in her early eighties, Sylvia Lady Brooke has lost none of the ingenuous charm and vivacity that made her, as a young débutante, the particular friend of George Bernard Shaw, already a lion of the London stage, and James M. Barrie. Brought up in a noble and supremely well-connected household—her father, Viscount Esher, was on intimate terms with the Royal Family—she felt scorned and neglected by him and escaped into writing, which brought her to the attention of the literary community. Fancying herself doomed to spinsterhood, she joined an orchestra—as a drummer and cymbalist—of blue-blooded girls formed by Margaret, the then Rani of Sarawak, for the express purpose of finding wives for her three sons. Vyner Brooke, the Rani's eldest son, made known his selection by approaching the author and murmuring, "I want you to let me tune your drum for you. May I, Miss Sylvia?" There ensued a comically calamitous and long-drawn-out courtship, their marriage, and their passage to Sarawak, in the course of which Brooke told his wife, in the most considerate fashion, that he was a compulsive womanizer and not likely to change. Nor did he; throughout this book, Lady Brooke displays a wise and admirable forbearance toward her husband's lifelong escapades. Often, she says, she was required to vet and pass on his girls before he could comfortably accept them. Some sort of beneficent double standard was clearly working here, since Brooke made it plain throughout his life that his wife, as his best friend, came first with him, though his affairs were almost equally indispensable to his well-being.

Life in Sarawak as absolute monarchs—a life they shared with Charles Brooke, Vyner's father, who, in his eighties, was still the model of the nineteenth-century benevolent colonial despot: an icy, withdrawn, steel-willed man who wore a glass eye meant by a taxidermist for an albatross and who, capriciously, still conducted his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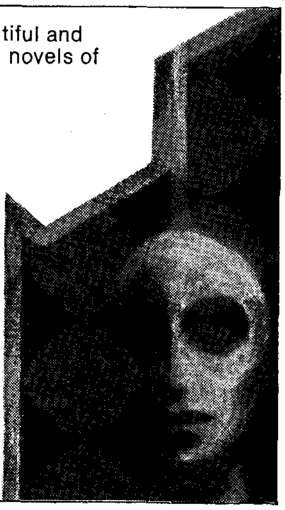

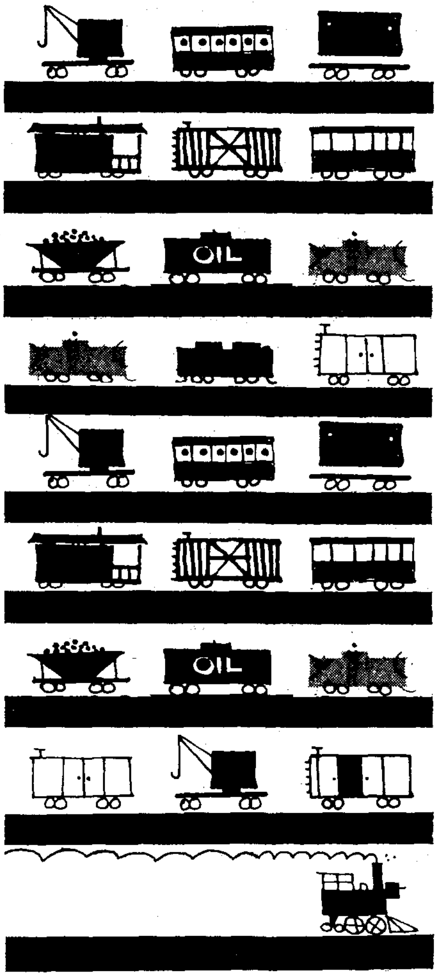

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amorous passages with women solely in French—was enthralling for Sylvia and Vyner Brooke. They took the white man's burden seriously; to fit themselves for rule, they learned the native languages and travelled at length in the interior of a sweltering tropical country many of whose natives were still head-hunters and practitioners of human sacrifice; a native whose wife had been eaten by a crocodile took along the Rani on an expedition by canoe to find and kill the miscreant. They returned, some hours later, towing the fifteen-foot animal behind them. Like the best of the British colonialists, the Brookes became, in spirit and inclination, members of the people they ruled. Lady Brooke recalls the years of their reign with a sure, unsentimental fondness.

The rest of the story is a sad but triumphant one. Vyner Brooke, having, perhaps unwisely, ceded his throne to the King of England shortly after the Second World War, returned to London to pass his remaining years in retirement with his wife and his girls. When her arthritis made it impossible for her to remain all year in England, the Rani moved to Barbados for the winters, but her summer reunions with her husband had the joy in their companionship that distinguished their marriage from the beginning, even though, at the very end, he was preoccupied with a girl of nineteen who apparently worshipped him at the age of eighty-seven. He died in the spring of 1963, to the eulogies of those who remembered his kind and temperate rule of Sarawak; his wife lived on to memorialize him permanently in this unassuming, often funny book, which epitomizes the glory and remorse of the final days of empire. —L. E. SISSMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

AN EXPERIENCE OF INDIA, by R. Prawer Jhabvala (Norton). Oh, East is East and West is West, and the twain do sometimes meet, but it never works out for long. "I think of myself as strapped to a wheel that goes round and round and sometimes I'm up and sometimes I'm down," writes Mrs. Jhabvala, who has lived in India for most of her adult life. Her adopted country is fascinating, she says, but "I must admit that I am no longer interested in India. What I am interested in now is myself in India, which sometimes, in moments of despondency, I tend to think of as my survival in India." These statements are from an essay, "Myself in India," but their wry, disquieting humor can also be found in the seven other pieces in this book, which are all short stories. Mrs. Jhabvala is distinguished for the ease and directness with which she depicts hope and disillusionment, passion and entrapment. One story appeared in this magazine.

THE RED HOUSE, by Derek Lambert (Coward-McCann & Geoghegan). A chatty and consistently interesting report of a year in the life of a Soviet diplomat, Vladimir Zhukov. The story begins with Zhukov's arrival in Washington on New Year's Day, 1968, and ends with his return to Russia a year later. From the moment of his arrival, Zhukov is torn by the reappearance of old doubts he had imagined to be buried and forgotten long ago. In general, he begins to wonder if capitalism does not offer a bit more in the way of comfort—mental, spiritual, and physical—than the Soviet Union does. He finds that he likes America and the Americans. And when his eighteen-year-old daughter, Natasha, arrives from Russia for a visit, the fat is in the fire, because after a short period of perfectly natural timidity Natasha finds she loves America, and loves one young American very much indeed. Mr. Lambert has given us a garishly colored but very credible picture of the stresses and pleasures of life in official circles in Washington.

CONVENTIONAL WISDOM, by John Bart Gerald (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). Mr. Gerald writes as if he were simply trying to string words together in long and short sentences, with every now and then a simile appliquéd, like a flower, on the page. One can see what he is up to, though, and that is to reduce a commonplace story about Boston student types caught in an eternal triangle (Will and Sarah and Maggie), and the tragic death of Maggie's husband, Joe, right down to its essential elements of pure feeling. It's there, it's undeniable, and it's almost utter sop.

GENERAL

DARK AND BLOODY GROUND: A GUERRILLA DIARY OF THE SPANISH CIVIL WAR, by Francisco Pérez López, translated from the French by Joseph D. Harris; edited and with an introduction by Victor Guerrier (Little, Brown). The work of a French farm laborer of Spanish origin whom M. Guerrier recently got to know, this book is a find, and a most unusual one. It is a journal kept by Pérez López during service as an officer in one of the International Brigades, during two years (of a thirty-year sentence) of imprisonment, and during a long, foot-slogging, partisanlike break across the width of Spain and over the Pyrenees to France. It is infinitely detailed, infinitely precise, and as graphic as a documentary film: "The windows of the little building were lighted. We approached softly: four Civil Guardsmen were eating supper at a table. We threw a grenade through a windowpane, then kicked open the door and fired a burst. . . . Two Guardsmen were dead. I finished off the third, who was badly wounded. The fourth was in a side room; we killed him. . . . These bastards had enough food for a week. . . . We took the clips and three boxes of bullets, a ten-litre demijohn of wine, and started climbing to get back to the heights before daylight. It was tiring as we were so heavily loaded." There are no comments, no explanations (and certainly no justifications), and none are needed.

THE GREAT COALFIELD WAR, by George S. McGovern and Leonard F. Guttridge (Houghton Mifflin). A well-researched account of a violent, pathetic episode in American labor history: a strike in the Colorado coal fields that lasted from September, 1913, to December, 1914, and was finally broken by mineowners' money, which—to put it bluntly—bought soldiers and politicians. The authors (one of them is indeed the senator) are remarkably good at grasping and conveying the personalities of the powerful people who figure in their sanguinary tale—the Governor of Colorado, Elias Ammons; the richest of the mineowners, John D. Rockefeller, Jr.—as well as the obscure miners (Louis Tikas, who was killed by the Colorado militia) and miners' wives (Mary Thomas, who used to sing to cheer everybody up). The effect of this work is simply enraging, for the reality that the documentation evokes, both of wickedness (exploitation allied to smarmy smugness) and of the suffering that that wickedness caused (poverty, death, disease, maiming, servitude, ignorance), is intolerable.

MYTHS TO LIVE BY, by Joseph Campbell (Viking). This book presents a

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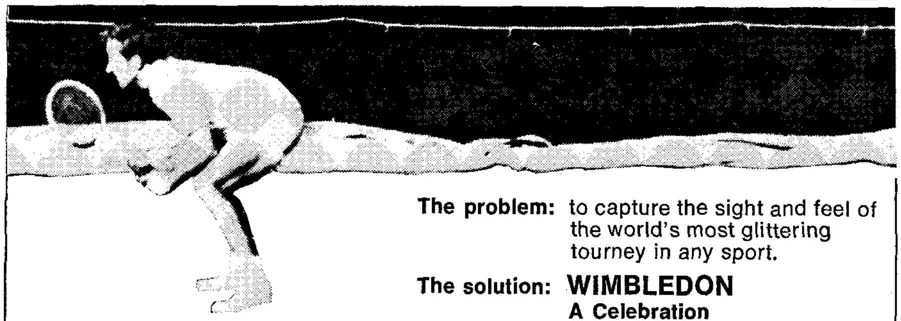

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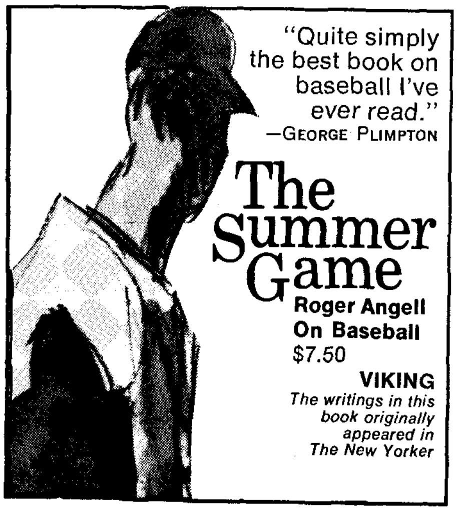

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series of lectures given at Cooper Union, and charmingly conserves the personal directness of speech while discussing, with pith and earnestness, some of the profoundest human concerns. Mr. Campbell explains the necessity of myths to human well-being, and deplores the fact that (at least in his opinion) no religious myth at present meets this need. He describes the similarities between Eastern and Western religious myths, and the divergent uses that Occident and Orient make of the same fables; he talks of myths of war and myths of peace, myths in schizophrenia, space travel, love, and poetry, and he most hopefully suggests the shapes that new myths may take.

WORDS WITH MUSIC, by Lehman Engel (Macmillan). A prominent Broadway musical director examines the whole field of musical theatre, from the musical show to opera, and from Sophocles to "Hair" and "Oh! Calcutta!" He is very knowledgeable on the subject, and his analyses of music, plots, characters, and situations in contemporary musical comedy, as well as in previous modes of drama with music, are shrewd and illuminating. He considers the Broadway musical to be the most honest and most direct, as well as the most successful, musico-dramatic expression of present-day America, and he presents his reasons. He strongly believes in the traditions of the past, on which all good musical theatre is built, and he deplores the non-plot "happening" that is attracting so much attention nowadays. He also believes strongly that any artist works best within a limiting framework. Nearly everyone interested in the theatre can learn something from this book. It is comprehensive in its scope and penetrating in matters of detail.

NOTE: Farrar, Straus & Giroux has published Ved Mehta's "Daddyji," a biographical portrait of the author's father. All the book first appeared in this magazine.

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Since high levels of uric acid in the blood are associated with gout, this may explain the common clinical observation that heavy consumption of alcoholic beverages is a frequent factor in government.—*First Special Report to the United States Congress on Alcohol and Health, from the Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare.*

Jack Anderson will have the story any day now.

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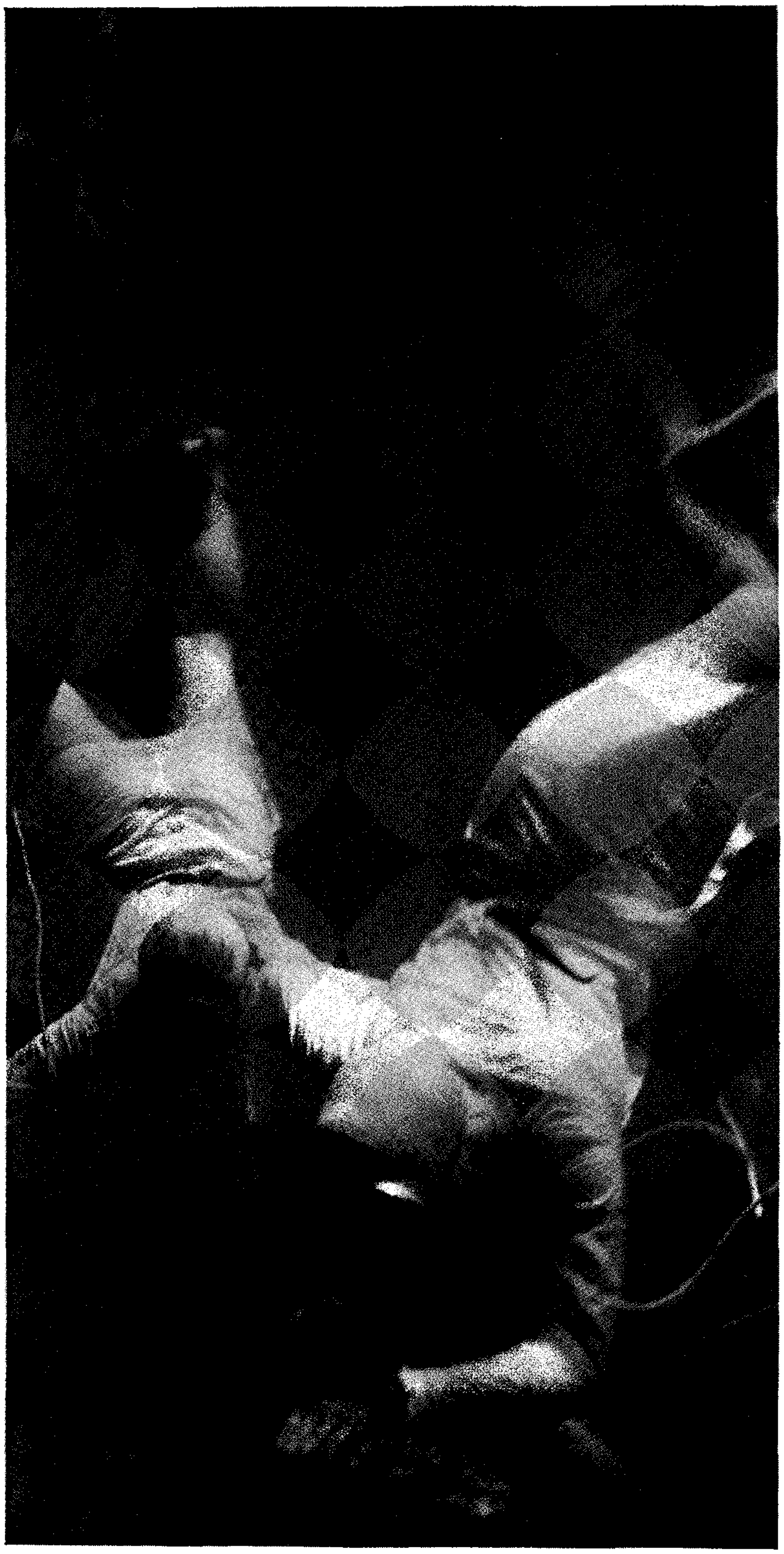
"Diving 40 ft. without oxygen was scary enough, until I found out what the white mizugi was for."



"Here we were, just offshore from the famous Mikimoto pearl island in Japan—about to dive with the legendary *ama*. These incredible lady pearl divers can plunge as deep as 40 ft. and stay under for over a minute. Their white *mizugi* (bathing suit), I was politely told, is worn to ward off inquisitive sharks.

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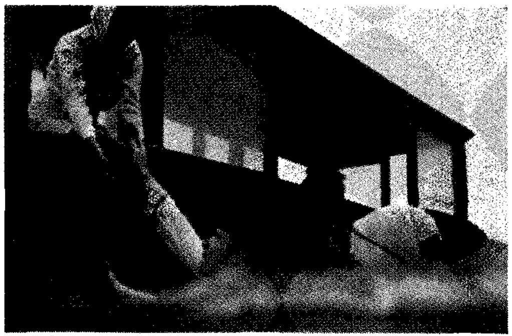
"Splash! Over I went into the chilling waters. Jan cheered, 'Bring back a necklace!' A mere 20 seconds later, gasping for breath . . .



"I surfaced and presented my beautiful wife with the sea's rarest treasure—a genuine pearl oyster. Not bad, I thought, for a guy who didn't even qualify for the high school swimming team.

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